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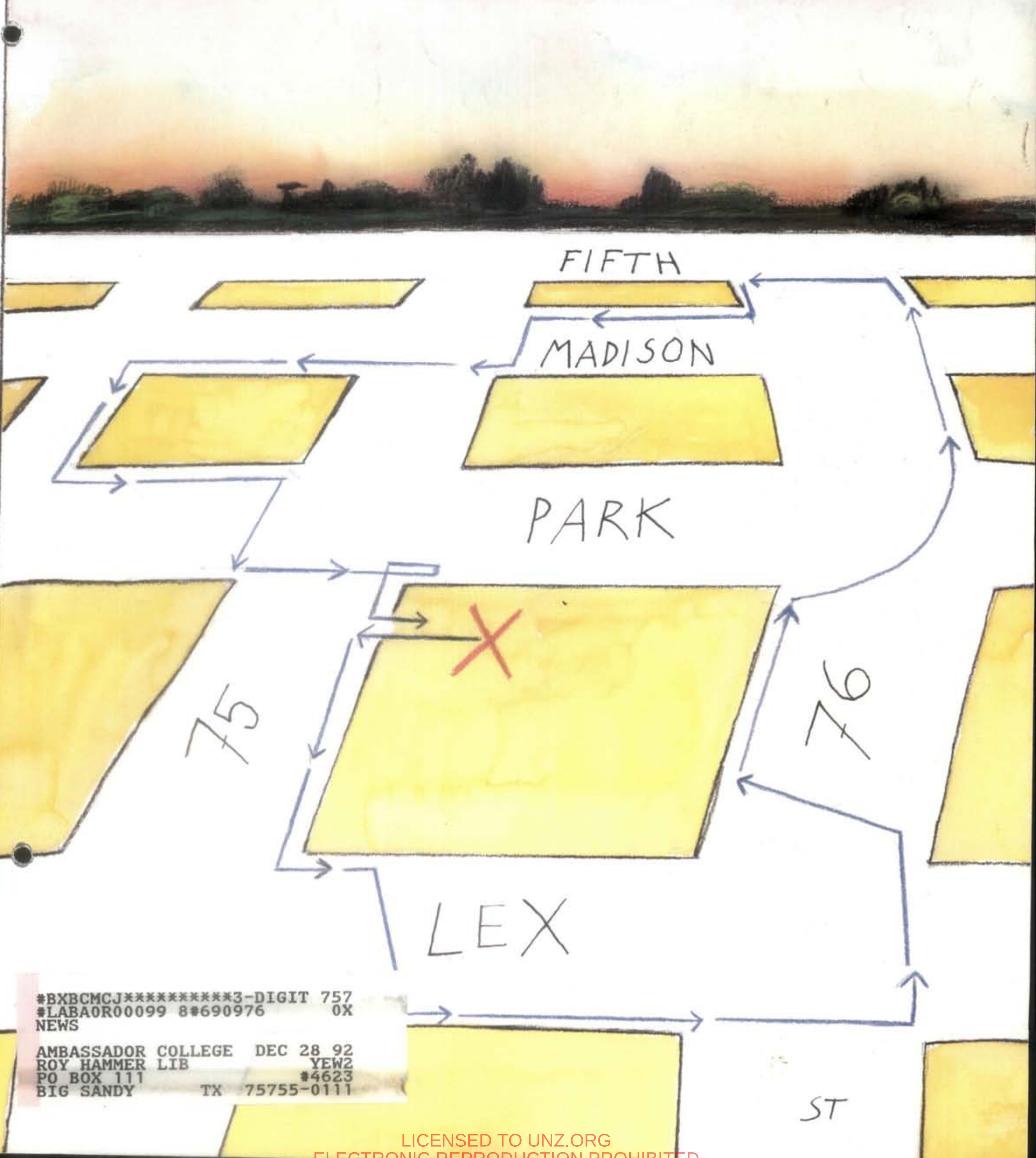
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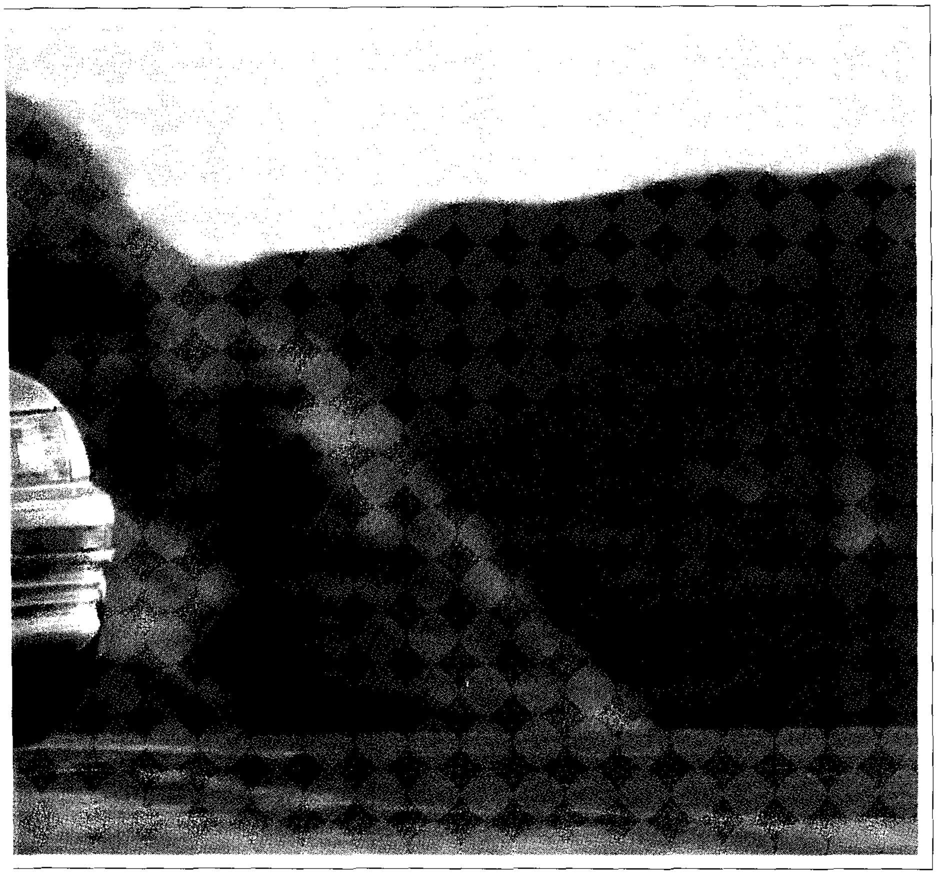

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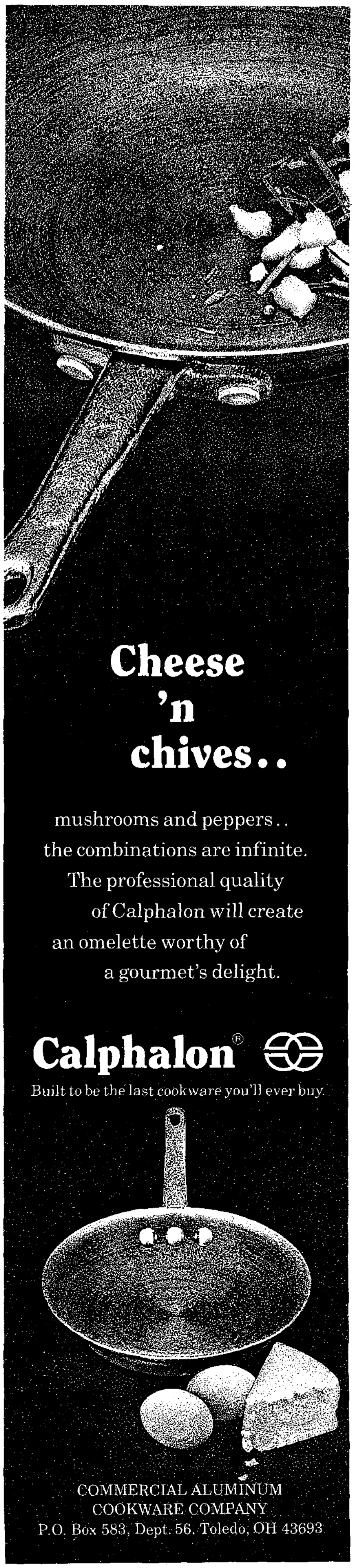

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Ian McKellen in "Richard III"

THE THEATRE

ALTHOUGH the National Theatre, in London, had been officially created in 1949, and had been operating at the Old Vic since 1963, it did not have a modern home of its own until October 25, 1976, when H.M. the Queen christened its concrete headquarters on the Thames. H.M.'s firstborn, had he already embarked upon his second career, as architectural critic to the realm, would surely have lambasted the building's squat, rebarbative design, as well as its unfortunate siting in the artistic ghetto that is the South Bank. Anonymous took up the cudgel instead, remarking that "the best view of London is from the National Theatre, because from there you can't see the National Theatre."

As has been shown by other grand European cultural complexes—by Beaubourg, for example, if not yet by the Bastille—aesthetic disappointment has a way of becoming less acute through the years. In the case of the National, you learn to overlook the building's eyesores as long as each visit yields a performance or a production to put in your scrapbook; and there is always an outing to the Royal Shakespeare Company's home—the even more brutal Barbican—to fall back on if neither actors nor directors come through. A London stopover last month gave us little to carp about, Nationally speaking. There was Nicholas Hytner's genial, hit-or-miss production of "The Recruiting Officer" to consider, as well as his gin-dry reading of Alan Bennett's new play, "The Madness of George III," a saga of royal patronage and gruesome medical procedure which has been a tough ticket for months. Even harder to procure was admittance to the final performance of "Uncle Vanya." The clamor was understandable, what with Eric Porter as Serebryakov, Antony Sher as Astrov, and, perhaps of greatest interest to those who queued in the rain for returns, Ian McKellen in the title role.

There are no plans to take "Uncle Vanya" abroad. Beginning June 9, however, when the company opens a sixteen-week Stateside tour in our town, theatregoers will be able to see Mr. McKellen as Richard III. For a fortnight, the best view in New York may well be from Brooklyn, because from seats there—at BAM—you *will* be able to see the National Theatre.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ANNA, THE GYPSY SWEDE—Viveca Lindfors wrote and stars in this one-woman play. Previews June 4-7. Opens June 8 at 8, and runs through June 28. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

BALANCING ACT—A new musical comedy by Dan Goggin. In previews. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

THE INNOCENTS' CRUSADE—A new play by Keith Reddin. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

THE PRICE—Hector Elizondo, Debra Mooney, Joe Spano, and Eli Wallach in the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of the Arthur Miller play. Previews through June 10 at 2. Opens June 10 at 8. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

PUNCH ME IN THE STOMACH—A one-woman show starring Deb Filler. Written by Ms. Filler and Alison Summers, who directed. Presented by New York Theatre Workshop. Opens June 2 at 8. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 302-6989.)

RICHARD III—A Royal National Theatre production of Shakespeare's play, starring Ian McKellen. Previews June 9-10. Opens June 11 at 7, and runs through June 21. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

SALOMÉ and **CHINESE COFFEE**—Al Pacino stars in two shows that will run in repertory. The first is a production of the Oscar Wilde work, and the second is a contemporary play by Ira Lewis. Both are in previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

SPIKE HEELS—A play by Theresa Rebeck, with Kevin Bacon, Tony Goldwyn, Saundra Santiago, and Julie White. Previews June 1-3. Opens June 4 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

WEIRD ROMANCE—Ellen Greene and Jonathan Hadary in a new science-fiction musical by Alan Brennert (book), Alan Menken (score), and David Spencer (lyrics). In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. It features three old favorites (Michael McGrath, Toni DiBuono, and Roxie Lucas), and a Mr. Patrick Quinn, who is new to us and constitutes a real find. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lun[illegible] Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The final play of the season is **EMPTY HEARTS**, by John Bishop. With Mel Harris and Cotter Smith. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes June 14.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the Irish memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

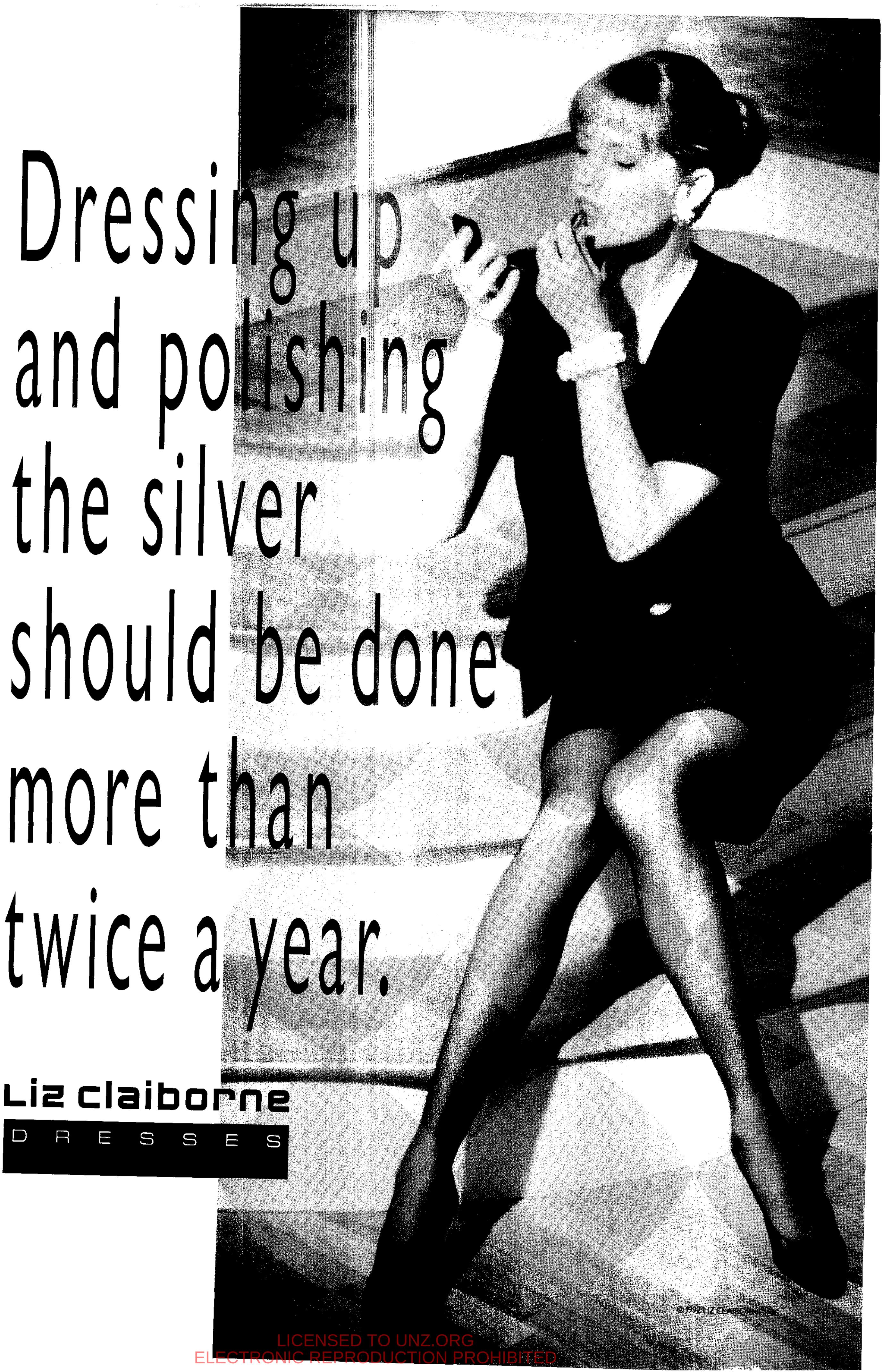
DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—Mike Nichols' Americanized version of Ariel Dorfman's play (in which Juliet Stevenson took London by storm last year) is a sad disappointment. The play, which is set in "a country that is probably Chile" and concerns a woman's attempt to punish the man she holds responsible for torturing her in captivity fifteen years before, is anything but subtle, and Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman are all grossly miscast. (3/30/92) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

DREAM OF A COMMON LANGUAGE—The Women's Project presents a play by Heather McDonald. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 873-3767. Closes June 7.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—The company's annual one-act festival winds up with works by Lise Erlich, J. e Franklin, Frank D. Gilroy, OyamO, and Stuart Spencer. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes June 7.)

THE EXTRA MAN—Richard Greenberg's new play, about a blocked writer who tricks a married friend into an adulterous affair so that he will have something to write a novel a[illegible]t, is arch, smug, and inept, and—desp[illegible] a first-rate cast that consists of Adam Arkin, Boyd Gaines, Laila Robins, and John Slattery—does nothing to offset one's impression that this playwright's experience of life is confined to parties, chic restaurants, and the New York literary scene. Please, somebody, get this a guy a job! (6/1/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes June 21.)

FALSETTOS—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of William Finn's "Marvin" trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a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DRESSES

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dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Fires in the Mirror: Crown Heights, Brooklyn and Other Identities—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer in Crown Heights, Brooklyn (in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato). Ms. Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. Those here gathered include Angela Davis, in California; Professor Leonard Jeffries, of City College; and the omnipresent Reverend Al Sharpton. There are also a couple of rabbis, a couple of rapping street kids, a local Jewish housewife, and, most notably, Norman Rosenbaum, an Australian whose brother Yankel was stabbed to death in retribution on the night of the accident. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Hauptmann—A play by John Logan about Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the accused kidnapper of the Lindbergh baby. Recently seen at the Victory Gardens Theatre, in Chicago. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Julie Halston's Lifetime of Comedy—For up-to-the-minute coverage of what it is like to be "divorced, over thirty, hormonally imbalanced," you can't do better than the wit and wisdom of this multitalented actress-comedienne-sage. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes June 7.)

Lotto (Experience the Dream)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore. (Heckscher, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. 369-6500.)

Macbeth—John Bolger and Cecil Hoffmann star in the Willow Cabin Theatre Company's production of Shakespeare's play. (One Dream, 2 North Moore St., at West Broadway. 886-1889. Closes June 7.)

Man of La Mancha—The granddaddy of all junk musicals. This road-show revival, starring Sheena Easton and Raul Julia, is in every respect adequate to the occasion. Miss Easton is not the most expressive actress in the world, but then Mr. Julia is not the most accomplished singer. Tony Martinez, who plays Sancho, recently celebrated his two-thousandth performance in the role—and it shows. Joan Diener substitutes for Ms. Easton on Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinées. (5/11/92) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Most Happy Fella—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

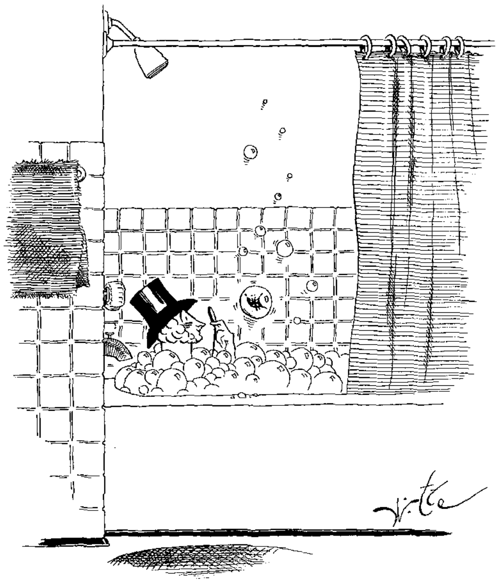
Nowhere—A work by the French playwright Reine Bartève, in a translation by Bruno Kernz and Lorraine Alexander. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562. Closes June 7.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. Personally, she gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

Sight Unseen—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. With Dennis Boutsikaris, Jon De Vries, Deborah Hedwall, and Laura Linney. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

A Small Family Business—This cynical comedy is not the strongest of Alan Ayckbourn's plays, but there's fun in it all the same. With Brian Murray as an almost incorruptible executive and Anthony Heald as a ditto private investigator. (5/11/92) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Gregory Mosher's revival, with Jessica Lange in the role of Blanche DuBois, plays like a parody. It features a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a Stella (Amy Madigan) straight out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a lot of embarrassing staging. Miss Lange's acting is all "for the camera." One feels that she is trying to rescue the role of Blanche from decades' worth of assumptions about it but hasn't had much help or guidance from her director. (4/27/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)



The Substance of Fire—Jon Robin Baitz's play about an intransigent publisher at odds with his grown children, having moved from Playwrights Horizons, seems stronger than ever in this more formal theatre. The remarkable Ron Rifkin continues in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the members of the company—Patrick Breen, John Benjamin Hickey, Cordelia Richards, and Maria Tucci. (3/9/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Tubes—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

Two Trains Running—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after Tony nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

Cats: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **The Fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **Forever Plaid:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **Lips Together, Teeth Apart:** Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.). . . **Lost in Yonkers:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **Les Misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **Miss Saigon:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **Nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **Pageant:** A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.). . . **Perfect Crime:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **The Phantom of the Opera:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **The Secret Garden:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **Song of Singapore:** A musical with a promising conceit: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.). . . **Tony n' Tina's Wedding:** The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation, as you probably know. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.). . . **The Will Rogers Follies:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

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DANCE

THIS is the kind of story they tell about Stanley Williams: One day, as he was going in to teach a class at the School of American Ballet, whose faculty he had joined in 1964, at the invitation of George Balanchine, one of S.A.B.'s administrative staff ran up to him and said, "Is it O.K. if a member of the press comes in today to watch class?" Mr. Williams raised his eyes and answered, in his characteristically soft voice, "Do I have to talk? I talked yesterday."

Mr. Williams is considered to be one of the greatest ballet teachers in the world, and one of the quietest. When he wants to distinguish, for instance, between full-point, seven-eighths point, and three-quarter point, he may merely walk over to a girl and demonstrate with a few restrained gestures of his hand. The other day, we dropped in on one of his rehearsals of the pas de trois from August Bournonville's "La Ventana," for the S.A.B. workshop performances coming up this week, at the Juilliard Theatre, and found that even when Mr. Williams was watching the students from a chair he was alert to all three dance parts as well as the voice of the piano. Of course, he was alert to them very quietly, sometimes mirroring the port de bras for the boy, or unfolding an arm to point out the correct dynamic for the working leg for one of the girls, or lightly pattering his white jazz shoes to keep up the energy of the musical tempo. For Mr. Williams, to teach means to dance. There was never a moment when he just looked.

This year, Stanley Williams has been named the recipient of S.A.B.'s Mae L. Wien Award for distinguished teaching. He is a graduate of the Royal Danish Ballet School, in Copenhagen, and a former member of the Royal Danish Ballet. His advanced class for men has attracted the greatest dancers of our day, including Mikhail Baryshnikov and Rudolph Nureyev. Edward Villella, who during the nineteen-sixties worked intensively with Mr. Williams on classical technique, credits him with his placement and with having helped him reshape his musculature. Among Mr. Williams' more recent pupils is Darci Kistler, who still comes in to take the occasional class. Students of a quiet teacher don't quit.

New York City Ballet—June 2 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "The Waltz Project," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ June 3 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Glass Pieces."... ¶ June 4 at 8: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "Prague Symphony."... ¶ June 5 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Concertino," "I Have My Own Room," and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ June 6 at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Bugaku," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ June 6 at 8: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ June 7 at 1: "Raymonda Variations," "The Waltz Project," and "Prague Symphony."... ¶ June 7 at 7: "The Four Temperaments," "Concertino," "Reunions," and "Prodigal Son."... ¶ June 9 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "The Waltz Project," and "Prague Symphony."... ¶ June 10 at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Tarantella," and "In G Major." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Continues through June 28.)

American Ballet Theatre—June 1-2 and June 4 at 8, and June 3 at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ June 5 at 8 and June 6 at 2: "The Other" (New York première), "Grass," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ June 6 and June 8 at 8: "The Other," "Grass," and "Serious Pleasures."... ¶ June 9 at 8 and June 10 at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Continues through June 20.)

School of American Ballet—Workshop performances of "Mozart Serenade," "Allegro Brillante," the pas de trois from "La Ventana," and "Who Cares?" (Juilliard Theatre, 165 W. 65th St. June 6 at 2 and 8, and June 8 at 7, a benefit. For information about tickets, call 877-0600.)

American Repertory Ballet Company—The troupe, formerly known as the Princeton Ballet, presents two programs. June 4 and June 6 at 8: "Dracula," a full-length work.... ¶ June 5 at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Don't Teach Me Sweet Poetry," and "Prokofiev Third Piano Concerto." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. For reservations, call 1-908 246-7469.)

Yves Musard and the VA Dancers—In an hour-long "dance installation." (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. June 4-7 at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Gina Gibney Dance—Performing "Landings," a full-evening work. Presented by the Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 529-2318. June 4-6 at 8:30.)

Nicholas Rodriguez & DanceCompass—In "Murder in the Sutherby Manner," a theatre-dance piece. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 5-6 at 8 and June 7 at 4. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Colin Connor—With his company and guest artist Risa Steinberg. The program consists of "Two Guys," "Welcome," "Drifted Off (The Dormatorium)," "Requiem," and a solo work for Ms. Steinberg. (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. June 5-7 at 9. For reservations, call 1-718 871-8676.)

John Gorka at the Bottom Line

NIGHT LIFE

LOOKING over some recent Social Distortion reviews, we find that the Los Angeles-based band has been compared to the Clash, the Pogues, the Replacements, Neil Young, PiL, Gene Vincent, Johnny Cash, Jason and the Scorchers, Merle Haggard, and the Sex Pistols. Even Social D.'s front man, the glowering, slick-haired neo-greaser Mike Ness, has put in his two cents, saying, "People ask us, 'What do you sound like?' And I say, 'Well, it's kinda like if Hank Williams got in a car wreck with the Ramones.' "

What's funny about all this frantic categorizing is that Social Distortion is not exactly long on subtlety. The band has been doing more or less the same thing for thirteen years: playing blunt, grinding rock that puts rage before beauty. Social Distortion was born during the L.A. punk boom. Many of the group's musical contemporaries have since gone to seed, but Social D. has survived through what seems like sheer force of will. Over the years, Ness and his bandmates have digested some sorrowful, hangover-style country music and reined in their punk instincts somewhat. The fine-tuning seems to have worked. Social Distortion's latest album, titled "Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell," has been the subject of a terrific buzz. And a recent show by the band at CBGB was broadcast live on the giant video screen in Times Square—an unusual event, although someone could probably write a dissertation about whether it was a blow *for* the counterculture or against it.

We missed Social Distortion's CBGB gig, but we caught up with them at the Academy Theatre. Visually, Social D. has an obvious focal point: Mike Ness's tattoos. (He has so many that he looks as if he were wearing a bodysuit.) Musically, they slash and burn through one song after another, rarely changing gears. That can be tiring or it can be thrilling, but the crowd at the Academy looked as if it would be up for days.

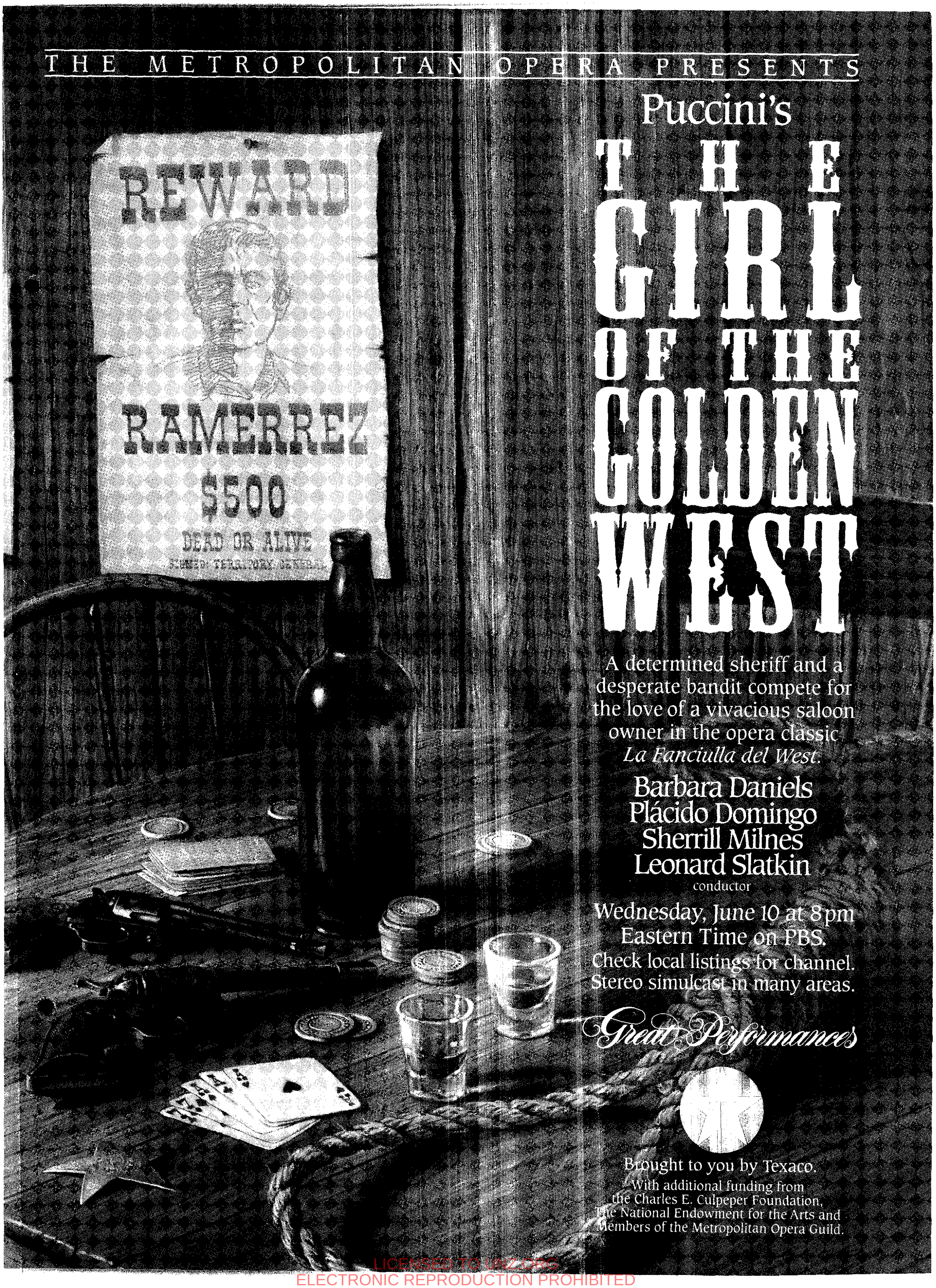
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Beginning June 2, the **WISEGUYS** take up residence in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Their program will feature such composers as Jerome Kern, Harold Arlen, Ray Noble, and Maltby and Shire. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Singers who stop in at this cool green cabaret must be surprised to find that they can strut their stuff on an honest-to-goodness stage. Some of them know how to make use of the space and some of them, used to simply perching atop a grand piano, look a bit lost. German-born actress and singer **INGRID CAVEN** makes her New York début June 2-6. Caven has a deep, gravelly voice and traffics in outsized emotions. Onstage, her pale face is set off by a black Yves Saint Laurent dress as she sings of broken hearts, usually her own. Caven was married to the German filmmaker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and part of her set is devoted to lyrics he wrote for her back in the seventies. She will also perform a pair of Kurt Weill numbers, as well as the inevitable "La Vie en Rose." **CRAIG CARNELIA** performs in an AIDS benefit on June 8. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. Vocalist **VIKKI CARR** holds forth June 2-7. **EDDIE PALMIERI** and his Afro-Caribbean octet trade sets with **JACK DE JOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION** beginning on June 9. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk and rock. Burgers and fries. **LOS LOBOS,** who'll be here June 4-6, have gone through some changes over the years, although they're still best known known for their "La Bamba" cover, which ran riot on the airwaves about five years ago. These days, Los Lobos is an extraordinarily tight rock-and-roll outfit, and their three-night stand here should make for a pretty dramatic showcase of their talents. On June 8, the highly touted folkie **JOHN GORKA** shares a bill with **PATTY LARKIN; CLIFF EBERHARDT** and



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Puccini's

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Sherrill Milnes
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Mare Winningham turn up on June 10. Music from eight.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small, peach-walled storefront. Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or café au lait and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. The café doesn't have a schedule per se, so it's often after the fact that one hears that some great Irish rocker has made a stop here. A frustrating state of affairs, perhaps, but one can have fun just hoping, waiting, and watching the door. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is once again home to **Bobby Short**. Mr. Short, who is accompanied by a bassist and a drummer, commands the room like a jovial headmaster. He has trouble sitting still: he keeps rising from the piano bench to snap his fingers, emphasize a lyric, or lean forward and address the audience. His selections are uniformly witty and sly. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** presides at the piano. Carroll's sets, which are usually equal parts jazz and cabaret, include songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Dizzy Gillespie, and Billy Strayhorn, along with some of her own. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. In recent years, CB's has become something of an empire; the club is now flanked by a pizzeria/boutique on one side and a performance space/record store on the other. All your shopping needs taken care of in one convenient location. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (255-7373)—A club that features "only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." This concept may not appeal to New York blues artists, but it could save local blues aficionados a trip to the Midwest. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A candlelit restaurant within ticket-scalping distance of the Palladium. Perhaps because of its out-of-the-loop location, Condon's is one of the city's more low-key jazz clubs, a place where the seating arrangement doesn't seem intended as some kind of punishment. **Don Pullen's African-Brazilian Connection** is here June 2-7 and **Dizzy Reece** begins an engagement on June 9. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays.

Cornelia Street Cafe, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes, where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre-of-the-cramped. The restaurant itself is a wine-and-candle-light neighborhood café; downstairs, there's a do-it-yourself, sixties-coffeehouse aesthetic at work.

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

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CIAO!

You know those little Santa Maria ship plaques on the walls of the uptown and downtown Columbus Circle I.R.T. platforms? Well, now the M.T.A. is in the process of supplementing them with seventy-four art works about Columbus's voyage, and that's only a fraction of the total number submitted by students, professional artists, and members of arts organizations around the city and on Long Island who responded to the M.T.A./ Arts for Transit project "Hello Columbus! Design-A-Plaque Car Card Competition." There is a lot of boat imagery, as well as a variety of other creations, such as a forest with frightened-looking red eyes peering out, watching for the momentous arrival. The original designs were hand-copied onto special aluminum plates, sprayed with a graffiti-resistant coating, and mounted on large aluminum sheets silk-screened with a design by Sandra Bloodworth, an M.T.A. program manager and artist. The art works will be installed at the station in the IND passageway connecting 57th and 58th Streets. Some of the entries that were not selected will appear as placards in the subway itself.

Putting up the underground gallery was part of the M.T.A.'s "limited renovation" of the station, pushed through in time to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of Columbus's arrival. Project manager David Borjes said that his job normally doesn't involve curatorial expertise, but allowed that if installing art brought in more passengers, he was for it. "If that brings in people, I'll make a palace," Borjes said. "I'll make a Taj Mahal."

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The seating arrangements in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement make flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. **Red Rodney** appears June 2-7, and **Pharoah Sanders**, an avant-garde saxophonist who teamed up with John Coltrane in the sixties, starts up on June 9. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-and-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including the Arthur Barron and Mike Gerber quartet June 3-7 and, beginning on June 10, Hal Schaefer's trio. Sets begin at eight every night but Sunday (when the music begins at six-thirty).

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly. The schedule, in part: **Ann Hampton Callaway's** trio on June 4; the **La Verne Butler** quartet on June 5; the **Rick Hardeman** quartet on June 6; and the **Gian Paolo Biagi** quartet on June 7. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Judys', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—An intimate, burgundy-walled *boîte* attached to the Iroquois Hotel. In the front room, which is decorated with photos of famous Judys—and of the famous daughter of a famous Judy—a pianist keeps the happy-hour barbirds occupied. In the dining room, vocalists work out at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker is an airy, good-spirited place and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-forty-five.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. June 4: the Polanskies, the Maudlins, and Freedy Johnston. June 5-6: **Steve Coleman & Five Elements**. Music after nine.

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—It's an improbable bar in an unlikely location, but Lauterbach's has spawned a scene of sorts—and the owners have a wall of press clippings to prove it. In its short life span as a rock venue, the club has become HQ for a tight little community of Brooklyn bands.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest belowstairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **Beat Rodeo**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities. Sets at eleven.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. **Johnny Allen** performs on June 3; **Bobby Radcliff** claims June 4; and June 5-6 belong to the **Jon Paris Blues Revue,** with the **Uptown Horns.** Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. June 5: the **Waterlilies.** June 6: **Nova Mob** and the **Magnolias.** Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. Beginning on June 2, the music and the menu turn to New Orleans, with pianist Terry Waldo leading a jazz group that includes clarinettist Orange Kellin and legendary trumpeter Bill Dillard.

Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Woody Allen plays in a Dixieland group on Mondays. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. A revue of cowboy songs and lore concludes on June 6, and SUSAN ANTON moves in for a month beginning on June 9. Shows from nine. Singer-guitarist JOHN PIZZARELLI spends an evening here on June 7, with sets at seven and nine-thirty. Pizzarelli, who has often been heard trading solos with his father and fellow seven-stringer Bucky, is an entirely winning front man. His singing isn't on the same level as his bright and varied guitar playing, but he's such a quick-witted, good-natured performer that one tends to overlook the wavering vocals. Pizzarelli's latest album is "All of Me," which finds him playing with an orchestra, a swing band, and a trio. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Bob Litwak's group provides the tunes on June 3, and trumpeter Jordan Sandke leads his band on June 10. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre was once the famous Studio 54, where the late Steve Rubell's henchmen helped popularize the policy of turning away the unbeautiful. Now it's the home of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly housed in a decaying ballroom in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. IRON MAIDEN is here on June 8, and SKINNY PUPPY appears on June 9. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. ANNE FRANCINE performs on June 7. Shows Sundays at eight and ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. JOHN SCOFIELD'S quartet is in action June 2-7. MC COY TYNER, AVERY SHARPE, and AARON SCOTT begin work on June 9. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter MILES EVANS is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, located near what was once called the Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. But the sound system has been known to be temperamental. WALTER (WOLFMAN) WASHINGTON is here on June 5. Music from eight on weeknights and from eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room—which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a live-in Nevelson sculpture—salsa bands pack them in on Mondays. Luis (Perico) Ortiz and his band appear on June 8, along with saxophonist Paquito d'Rivera. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, the JEFF WILLIAMS trio performs June 3-7, beginning at ten. . . . ¶ At the Top of the Gate, MICHAEL FEINSTEIN, BURTON LANE, DICK HYMAN, and others will present a Gershwin evening on June 4 at six-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." June 2-7 belong to the MARK WHITFIELD trio. DON CHERRY'S foursome commences work on June 9. The VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A relatively young club that has already managed to make a scene. Wetlands is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Shows here can be absurdly sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. Shows from ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

WEST BROADWAY and Grand Street used to be SoHo's backwater. In fact, it used to be that the only time anyone even acknowledged the crossroads was whenever a rainstorm backed up the sewer on the northwest corner; in mock tribute to the always empty restaurant closest to it, residents would then talk about the mysterious reappearance of Lake Tamu.

A few years ago, Lucky Strike opened just off the southeast corner, immediately attracting scores of Luxembourg/Odeon/Canal Bar young'uns as if to undiscovered country. La Jumelle appeared next door, easily absorbing the overflow. Soon, Jour et Nuit's two floors came to command the northeast corner, welcoming troops of a stripe almost unknown in this city—benign Eurotrash. Now, with the opening of Félix (340 West Broadway), on the site of the late damp Tamu, the intersection has officially become the busiest in the neighborhood. Even on the eve of Memorial Day weekend, with Johnny Carson hosting an inspired Robin Williams and a back-to-being-Divine Miss Midler, and with the summer sun appearing as suddenly as Ross Perot, there should have been a crossing guard.

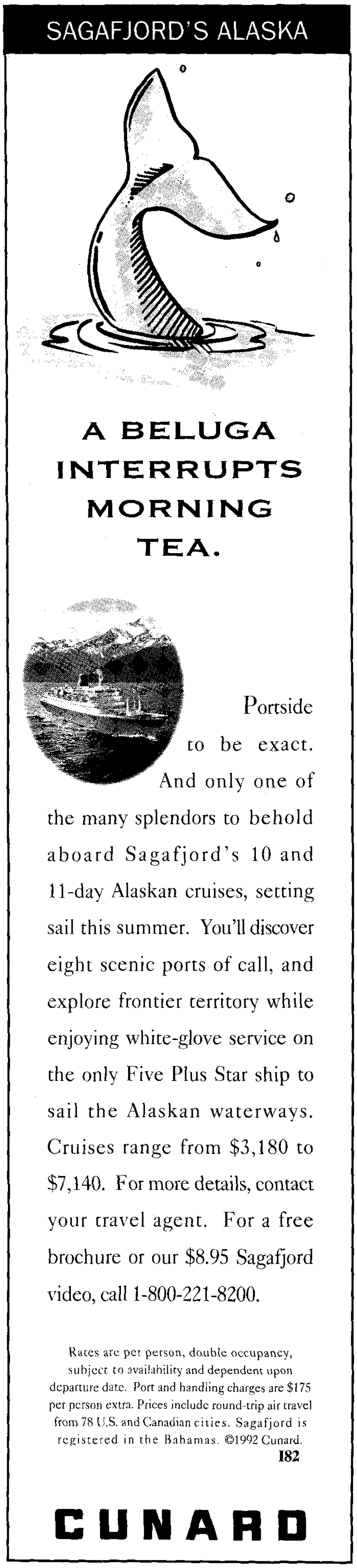
The problem is that the tight-skirted, chambray-shirted, sockless, alfresco-loving forces are hungrier for recognition than they are for hanger steak, so they table-hop. Between restaurants. "Is this taken?" asked two ladies with regard to a prime sidewalk table at Félix. "Yes," said the young man at the next one. "She's just in the bathroom at Jour et Nuit arguing with her ex." Another young woman came over to him, looking for Gianfranco. "He's at Lucky Strike getting us a table," the man told her. "Why don't you meet us there in half an hour?" "O.K." she said. "If you go sooner, let me know. I'll be at La Jumelle." Too bad the lake's dried up. Someone could have made a small fortune running a ferry service.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"ROY COHN/JACK SMITH"—A play conceived by Ron Vawter. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. June 2-6 at 8.)

ICE SHOW—With Debi Thomas. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. June 4-5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 695-6556.)

"THE VULTURE SPEAKS"—A collaborative work by William Pope L., Jim Calder, Joan Harmon, and Sigfrido Aguilar. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1227. June 4-6 at 8 and June 7 at 5.)



SAGAFJORD'S ALASKA

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CUNARD

ART

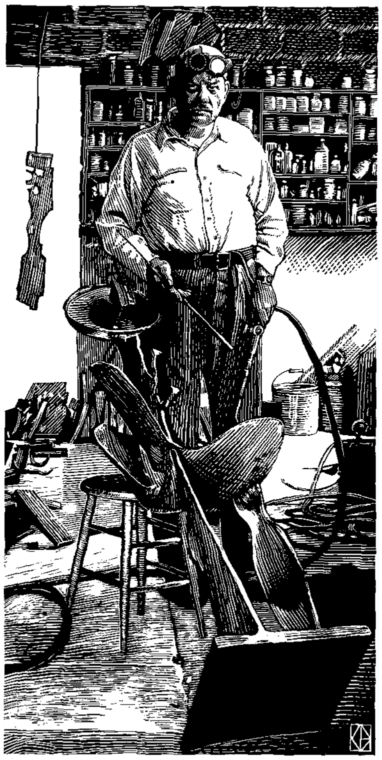
OVER the past few years, Peter Halley has somehow emerged as a *chef d'école.* His paintings, as boldly schematic as ever, are looking magisterial these days, and are once again of industrial-strength brightness and opacity, following a short-lived brownish episode. The artist recently defected to the Gagosian gallery, and the interestingly off-putting works he showed at Sonnabend, about a year ago, may now be understood to have been a signal of displeasure. Halley's new paintings, ablaze in the cool light of Gagosian's SoHo branch (136 Wooster Street; through June 27), are right up there with Frank Stella's “Protractor” series in the Apollonian department. Like all Halley's works, these suggest the blueprints of computer circuits, and they depend on that kind of association as a metaphoric language. Thus, according to the artist, they are not, despite appearances, really abstract.

Andy Spence and the young Gary Hume have toyed with similar conceits in their paintings. Spence's subtle, dry abstractions are in fact the schematic depictions of subjects ranging from tennis courts to stereo speakers, and Hume's lusciously painted rectangles are all portraits of doors. Halley's grandly constructed works, however, have a representational will of their own. Despite his circuit-board allusions, some of his more stucco-like paintings may recall the bold façades of Mexican village houses, while intricate compositions in black and Day-Glo orange evoke one's experiences of metropolitan transit systems or malls. Halley seems to be refocussing on color with a vengeance. The ripe-tomato-red center of “The Place,” for example, or the multitude of greens—chlorophyll, chartreuse, Granny Smith, Kelly, and Certs—that so electrifies “Nirvana,” is probably the story you'll go home talking about.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—“Korean Ceramics from the Ataka Collection” includes more than a hundred examples of celadon ware and other glazed ceramics from the tenth century through the nineteenth. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A large gathering of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Paduan Renaissance master Andrea *Mantegna. Through July 12.* . . . ¶ A retrospective of black-and-white and color photographs by Helen Levitt. Through June 28. . . . ¶ Fifty works by William Harnett (1848-92), an Irish-American painter who was the father of the trompe-l'oeil school. Through June 14. . . . ¶ “Modern Design: 1890-1990” shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. . . . ¶ “The Lotus Transcendent.” Through June 28. . . . **Note:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—“Antoni Tàpies in Print” presents more than a hundred lithographs, intaglio prints, and illustrated books, from the forties to the present, by the Catalan artist. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Félix González-Torres has created a piece for the “Projects” series that consists of an enlarged black-and-white image of a slept-in, empty double bed; the same image appears on billboards throughout the city. Through June 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934), including genre scenes, allegorical compositions, and portraits of New Yorkers, Native Americans, and fellow-photographers. Through July 14. . . . ¶ “More than One Photography,” an exhibition of sixty post-1980 works that incorporate photography in one way or another, drawn from each of the museum's six curatorial departments. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-three videotapes, mostly from the seventies, by Joan Jonas, Nam June Paik, and William Wegman. Through July 16. . . . ¶ A display of glass and ceramic tableware by Finnish designer Kaj Franck. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



David Smith

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early summer.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibition of landscapes,seascapes, portraits, and boxing matches by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Starts June 5. . . . ¶ Eighty-five works by Richard Prince, including his “re-photography,” drawings, collages, silk-screen paintings, and wall reliefs. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A well-framed, expertly installed, compact exhibition of recent “Pastels” by Joan Mitchell. They're beautiful: vibrant, nimble, and utterly authoritative, though seemingly unfettered. Mitchell is in peak form here. Through June 21. . . . ¶ The first part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection is currently on view; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—“Tacit Transit,” a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. . . . ¶ A display of first-edition etchings from Giovanni Battista Piranesi's “Carceri d'Invenzioni” group. Through July 26. . . . ¶ “Contemporary Wood Sculpture” includes works by Kenji Fujita, Jane Greengold, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through June 7. . . . ¶ “Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts.” (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by new members includes pieces by Chuck Close, Martin Puryear, Saul Steinberg, and Elizabeth Murray. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show that documents several stages in the design of Frank Gehry's new bentwood furniture (several models of which were seen a few months ago at MOMA). Included are original drawings, prototypes, production models, photo-murals, and a history of bentwood furniture. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ “A Decade of Craft” highlights works in glass and wood that the museum has recently acquired. Through July 26. . . . ¶ Three site-specific installations: Sam Gilliam's “Windows Go Orange (e.e. cummings),” Robert Kushner's “Butterflies,” and Dale Chihuly's “Niijima Floats.” (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Fifty works by the colorful and prolific painter Chang Dai-chien (1899-1983). Through July 19. . . . ¶ “The Cosmic Dancer.” The tenth-century Hindu bronze of Shiva Nataraja, Lord of the Dance, is the centerpiece of this exhibition of fifty bronze, stone, and wood sculptures from India and Southeast Asia. Through June 28. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—“An Album of Interiors” consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—“Bridges and Boundaries: African-Americans and American Jews.” This show—comprising three hundred and fifty art works, photographs, and documents—explores the complex relationship of coöperation and tension between the two groups. Through July 19. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—“Sketching at Home and Abroad” presents more than a hundred British landscape drawings and watercolors—from the literal to the lyrical—by Turner, Constable, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Puss in Boots, the Master Cat, is the subject of an exhibition that spans three hundred years' worth of illustrations, beginning with Charles Perrault's original manuscript of Mother Goose stories. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ “Leaping the Fence,” a show that examines, through illustrated treatises, the development of the English landscape garden. Through Aug. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—“The Art of Embellishment” includes nearly fifty examples of painted and stenciled doors, furniture, tinware, and textiles from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. . . . ¶ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of “Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane.” Starts June 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-four prints, drawings, and watercolors by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925). Through June 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Nearly forty artists have lent their vision to “The Art Mall,” a conceptual cornucopia of kiosks, nail salons, fashion shows, and a Santa Claus. *Through June 28.* . . . ¶ “Last Words,” a window video installation by Seyed Alavi, presents pictures of Oakland high-school students, superimposed with their response to this proposal: “Imagine that you had the opportunity to speak on national television, but are limited to a single word. Consider further that after you say your word you must take a vow of silence. In essence, this word would be your last.” Yikes. Through June 28. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show chronicling the design, construction, and urban context of New York's City Hall (1803-12). Forty-seven drawings, along with watercolors, prints, books, and a model, illuminate the neoclassical edifice. Through June 28. . . . ¶ "Forever Wild: The Adirondack Experience" presents two hundred paintings, photographs, architectural plans, pieces of furniture, and other objects. Through July 12. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Hail, Delirium!," a show of illustrated books and prints by Dorothea Tanning. Through July 18. (Third Floor Gallery.). . . ¶ One of the more comprehensive shows in the current crop of Walt Whitman centenary celebrations is "In Life or Death Forever": a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. (Berg Exhibition Room.). . . ¶ Percy Bysshe Shelley, gifted and influential Romantic poet, also made forays into the political arena, as evidenced in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Through Aug. 8. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.). . . ¶ "On the Edge" is a show of more than two hundred black-and-white and color photographs from the covers and pages of *Vogue*. Through Aug. 1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88) designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his own sculptures. The entire range of his work is on view—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings—as is documentation of his prodigious public-art projects. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with sculptures. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Slow Art: Painting in New York Now," Alanna Heiss's show of paintings by a hundred and three more or less New York-based artists, has no theme, no pretensions, no stylistic point of view, no concentration on either fame or obscurity, no axe to grind. All of this—plus the fact that most artists submitted what they clearly must have felt were strong pieces—may be why the show is so pleasant. It's an idiosyncratic and uneven "salon" exhibition that doesn't know it. There are no nineteenth-century airs or archly cluttered walls. The installations, throughout a dozen or so rooms on two floors of this big old building, are in fact surprisingly breezy—the rooms are almost underhung, believe it or not. By the end of your tour, you might find yourself wishing a few *more* artists had been included. Highlights include works by Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, Alex Katz, Byron Kim, Peter Hopkins, Jane Kaplowitz, Matthew Weinstein, and Stephen Mueller. But there's so much here that one could come up with a completely different list. Through June 21. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Fifty-seven paintings, drawings, and installations by the twenty-five-year-old Russian artist Sergei Bugaev, a.k.a. Afrika. Through June 14. . . . ¶ "Circumference," an installation of hand-blown glass objects by Robin Stanaway. Through June 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of fifty works by the painter Archibald J. Motley, Jr. Through June 7. . . . ¶ "Africa and the Diaspora" features nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. Through June 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Georg Baselitz—New York has yet to come to terms with the work of this formidable German artist, whose emphatically masculine paintings have come to symbolize Teutonic aggression. While Baselitz did not start exhibiting here until the eighties, he has been making mature work for as long as, say, Roy Lichtenstein, and this show aims to help us catch up. It centers on the artist's first inverted paintings, from the early seventies, which are both dazzling and modest. It may come as a surprise to see how realistically they are rendered, particularly the three that were painted by finger—an apt tool for an art that is at once cerebral and personal. These are unsettling paintings: the people depicted in them are both disembodied forms and real people detached from a real world, like specimens in an ethnographic museum. This detachment was directly addressed by Baselitz in a painting of an Aborigine (included here) which looks as if it were based on a *National Geographic* photograph. The colors are mostly cool and crisp, although in a painting of the artist and his wife the palette heats up. In that double portrait, the artist's head is tilted to one side like a marionette's, and his legs dissolve into passages of pure paint barely distinguishable from the abstract strokes that surround them. Through June 26. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. . . . ¶ Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St., has recent drawings by Baselitz. Through June 26.)

Short List—**roberto aizenberg,** CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (open Sundays, noon to 3, through June 30); **suzanne bocanegra,** Munroe, 9 E. 84th St. (opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays; through July 3); **james rosenquist,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through July 11); **barbara schwartz,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 19); **david smith,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through June 27); **richard smith,** Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (through June 20).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

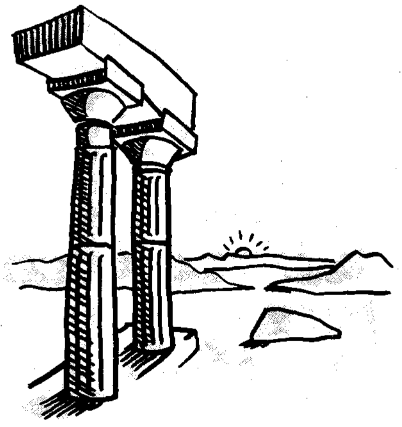
Jared French (1905-88)—Along with Paul Cadmus and George Tooker, French formed a sort of mid-century mini-movement dedicated to applying Renaissance techniques to contemporary themes, in compositions that variously recalled Post-Impressionism, symbolism, social realism, and Surrealism. French, who taught his friend Cadmus how to paint with tempera, is the quirkiest, most blithely quizzical member of this trio. His "State Park" (1946), for instance, from the Whitney Museum's collection, suggests a perverse "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," and "Business" (1959-61), an unlikely Pinteresque seaside dining scene involving a couple in bathing suits, an armed Turk, and a waiter, is surely one of the great imponderables of twentieth-century art. This retrospective is high entertainment. Through June 5. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

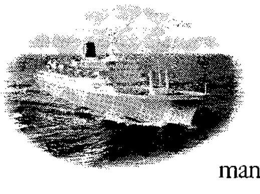
Philip Smith—A strong show of recent paintings. Smith has a highly idiosyncratic, painstaking technique. First, he makes a sort of rough-draft abstraction, using broad swaths of color, which he buries under a waxy monochrome. Then he scratches hundreds of inscrutably personal, spidery little hieroglyphic drawings into these surfaces using the tip of a screwdriver, in the process revealing bits of underlying pigment. The results of these concealments and revelations, at once serenely lyrical and overwrought, suggest a peculiar synthesis of Cy Twombly, Raoul Dufy, and, possibly, recent paintings by William Wegman. What's more, they have considerable decorative appeal. Through June 12. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**valerio adami,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 6); **avigdor arikha** and **magdalena abakanowicz,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 6); **sonia gechtoff,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through June 6); **ron janowich** and **frederic thursz,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through July 31); **cynthia knott,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through June 27); **ed ruscha,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 13); **george segal,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 6); **dorothea tanning,** Cavaliero-Navarra, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 6).

GALLERIES—SoHo

James Brown—There are a number of very seductive works in this show of paintings, watercolors, and sculptures. One canvas, for example, composed of two reddish browns, has some of the romantic mystery of Styll and Newman, though on a more modest, domesticized scale. But despite his sensitivities, Brown is all too often little more than a great designer, standing in the shadow of Schnabel. Through June 6. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)





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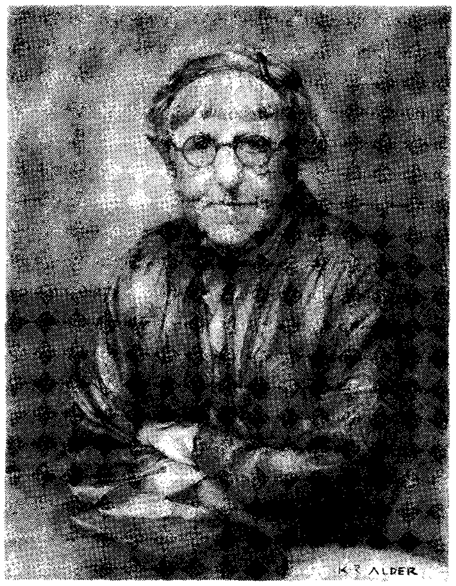

Gertrude Käsebier

Ian Davenport—This young British artist uses several different types of house paint, each a slightly different shade of the same color. The paint is liberally poured onto the canvas and allowed to assume its own position and shape. The paintings here are covered with repeated spatula shapes, and their shiny and matte grays have moments of great sensuousness. Davenport seems to be trying to pick up the minimalists' thread, but right *now he is more like a sadistic Morris Louis.* Through June 27. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Jacqueline Humphries—Dab-and-drip paint storms. The artist has a strong hand and a good feel for earth tones, but she fails to add anything to the territory explored by Pat Steir and Ross Bleckner. Through June 20. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

John Lindell—Lindell had an impressive group of shows a season ago involving issues of homosexuality and AIDS. Now he is having some difficulty carrying his memorial work any further. The current show centers on a group of gay-porn texts drawn in stencil form on the wall. The method of presentation seems to have been appropriated from Jenny Holzer's sarcophagi, though Lindell has used it for his own ends: the texts unexpectedly read from bottom to top, with the end or top of the text nearly dissolving into a shimmer. A huge white flag made of wedding-gown material and dragging on the floor, while evocative of thoughts of peace, surrender, and humble memorialization, never quite succeeds. More to the point is a modest series of collages made of porn-text fragments attached to postcards of the Taj Mahal. They are the simplest works, yet by invoking the most sublime memorial of all they also become the most potent. Through June 27. (Cugliani, 40 Wooster St.)

Curtis Mitchell—Overly self-conscious works that have been deliberately torn, cracked, and distressed. A huge collage, made of wood, Sheetrock, wallpaper, and photos, was ripped apart and the pieces left scattered where they fell; it is modestly engaging, although its title, "History of Spring '92," could have been less grandiose. The most noteworthy piece consists of a shattered aquarium reassembled with caulk and filled with a mixture of coagulated lard and 2000 Flushes. Through June 13. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Jessica Stockholder—Stockholder is a scatter artist with a difference—namely, an attentiveness to color and composition. She's more aestheticized and therefore less venturesome than, say, Cady Noland. This installation, however, is an unsuccessful Schwitters-like "Merzbau." As her work has got larger, the fundamental lack of ambition that has characterized it all along has become more evident. Through June 6. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

Elyn Zimmerman—*Zimmerman is known primarily* for environmental-scale public sculptures that follow in the contemplative tradition of Isamu Noguchi. This exhibition features three large-scale sculptures—two portals and a buttressed wall, all made of both polished and unpolished granite. While handsome, the sculptures are also clunky, and are far less engaging than a series of photographs by the artist, on view in an adjacent room, of architectural details of ruins at Machu Picchu and Tikal. These shadowy pictures of open spaces with broad staircases and empty terraced altars succeed in calling forth the sense of ritual that the sculptures aspire to but fail to achieve. Evidently, when it comes to the neutral indoor environment of a gallery Zimmerman is hamstrung. Through July 11. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

"Hand and Eye—Modelled Sculpture"—A group show with some particularly fine works. Louise Bourgeois's labyrinthine form touches on organic and social issues; Franz West's Oldenburg-like papier-mâché object was made in part with pages torn from an Austrian telephone directory; and Pier Consagra's kitschy glazed terra-cotta lamps depict an Arabian dancer—here female, there male—*dramatically gesticulating* to a low-wattage bulb. Through June 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

"Sculpture"—Mostly by painters. All of it is figurative, most of it phallic. One of the most arresting works is an above-the-knees mold of a man by Juan Muñoz, the one painter here who makes sculpture regularly. Sandro Chia, Mimmo Paladino, and Donald Baechler have added nothing to the genre of three-dimensional art, but Aldo Mondino's carved-chocolate, tusk-shaped tower of elephants is amusing; Julian Schnabel's sculpture of weathered wood cylinders on top of a stone-like amalgam of resin, sand, and graphite has a sensitive yet tough presence; and Ray Smith's witty post-Picasso totem is enjoyable to look at. Bruce Nauman's grouping of four pairs of bronze heads stuck together may be an overly familiar image, but it is also the most satisfying sculpture in the show. Through June 27. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Short List—**JENNIFER BOLANDE,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through June 13); **CHRISTOPHER BROWN,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. (through June 20); **PETER DUDEK** and **LISA BECK,** Theodore, 580 Broadway (through June 20); **FRED FEHLAU,** Nordanstad-Skarstedt, 49 Greene St. (through June 20); **DAN FLAVIN,** RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through June 26); **JAN GROTH,** Brown, 23 Watts St. (through June 6); **ALFRED LESLIE,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 27); **JILL LEVINE,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through June 27); **GLENN LIGON** (through June 6) and **JUDY PFAFF** (through June 27), Protetch, 560 Broadway; **HUNG LIU,** Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (through June 27); **ROBERT MORRIS,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through June 27); **MARKUS OEHLEN,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through June 26); **TIM ROLLINS + K.O.S.,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through June 27); **EDWIN RUDA,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through June 23); **CHRISTY RUPP,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through June 27); **HAROLD SHAPINSKY,** National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. (open daily, except Sundays, at noon; through June 27); **MASAMI TERAOKA,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through June 24); **JIM WAID,** Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through June 13).

OTHER GALLERIES

"Metamorphose"—Guillaume Gallozzi is a young French dealer who has been on the scene here since the early eighties. Leaving the contemporary markets to others, he has become a specialist in European art and miscellany from roughly the Surrealist period, and in particular from Britain—a rather murky field. His gallery (which is also his home) makes for a pleasantly irregular sort of visit: pictures are hung all over the place—high on the walls, for instance, of the double-height living room (which is bedecked, grotto-style, with moss), and all the way up a steep and narrow stairwell. This show includes small works from the mid-thirties to the mid-fifties by British artists, all of them rendered in a feverish, Surrealist style. Famous figures like Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland are represented, but most of the artists are little known. Steven Sykes, who was born in 1914 and is still living, is the one whom Gallozzi, quite tellingly, considers to be his find. In Sykes's "Untitled (*Anthropomorphic Moonscape*)," a crescent moon like a bulging eye looms out of a red-tinted sky over a craggy landscape of bewitched and dancing vegetation. Through June 20. (203 W. Houston St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

"Witnesses of Time," a book of black-and-white photographs by Flor Garduño, with an introduction by Carlos Fuentes, comes out in the United States this month (Thames and Hudson). While Garduño, who lives and works in Mexico, is not exceptionally original, there is an unmistakable love expressed in these pictures, taken since 1981, in Central and South America. Garduño has a real knowledge of the indigenous Americans who are the subjects of her photographs—you don't feel that she is just some outsider, dropping in. Her images evoke mystery and traditions, and Fuentes' introduction, while stylistically inflated, helpfully elaborates on her intentions, emphasizing the relationships that he sees between Garduño's pictures and time. "Time as survival, yes," Fuentes writes, "but time as promise as well, time as restitution, but also as inevitable loss." Ultimately, these pictures are predictable more than unforgettable—it's *as if they were composed of elements* from a still-life. Yet one could also say that Garduño's work is in the school of such fine photographers as Tina Modotti and Manuel Alvarez Bravo, whose exquisite pictures of various subjects in Mexico and South America have been an inspiration for decades.

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934)—A small, connoisseur's treat of a show, which highlights two of the strongest forces in Käsebier's vision: narrative photographs of domestic life, and portraits of her male colleagues, many of them significant figures in the history of photography—Clarence White, Edward Steichen, Baron Adolf De Meyer, and Alfred Stieglitz. And Käsebier's portraits of Native Americans have a power and a directness that we've often found lacking in Edward Curtis's pictures on this topic. In addition to the evocative subject matter of these pictures, there's a real physical pleasure to be had from the prints themselves—platinums and gum-bichromates that vary deliciously in texture and tone. Through July 14. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Helen Levitt—New York finally has a show of Levitt's work which is big enough to give viewers a true sense of this photographer's important contribution to the medium. Levitt's name has become virtually synonymous with New York street photography of the thirties and forties, though in fact she has stayed with this subject right up to the present—and here you can see both the changes and the continuity in her vision. Through June 28. (Metropolitan Museum.)

Sally Mann—A selection from "Immediate *Family," the artist's most recent series of* photographs of her children. A number of these pictures have an edge of sensuality, and even eroticism, to them. Mann will sometimes go back and re-create with her kids a scene that, in the course of their daily lives, has presented itself as a potential photograph. Her pictures have qualities—of simultaneous consciousness and unconsciousness, the casual and the staged—that make them spellbinding. Through June 27. (Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Short List—**DMITRI BALTERMANTS,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through June 21); **ADAM FÜSS,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 13); **ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through June 20); **LORIE NOVAK,** Baum, 588 Broadway (through July 3); **GARY SCHNEIDER,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through June 27); **LORNA SIMPSON,** Baer, 476 Broome St. (through June 20); **SANDY SKOGLUND,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through June 19); **ANDY WARHOL,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 26).

MUSIC

WHEN art attempts to address present tragedy, can it have the breathing room, the resonating room, it needs? Artists, poets, and musicians have always responded to their own griefs and those of the world around them, but perhaps most often at a remove, through treatment of myth or history, or by expressing particular feelings in universal terms. As the various events of the Second World War have been replayed during their successive fiftieth anniversaries, there have been repeated occasions to hear Holocaust-inspired music, pacifist music, memorial music (Britten's "War Requiem," for instance, just revived by the New York Philharmonic, which leaves us with a sense of feeling the subject, but not the music, deeply). There have been AIDS plays and AIDS poems. And eighteen American composers have begun work on an "AIDS Quilt Songbook," to be sung by a group of American baritones, on June 4, in Alice Tully Hall.

When you think of art treating the plagues of history—well, something like Poe's "Masque of the Red Death," with its chilling detachment and implied moral judgment, is not what you want to think about while loved ones are dying. Better to read Manzoni's nineteenth-century novel "The Betrothed," with its urgent and particular treatment of the Great Plague of Milan and its fervent denunciation of the posturing, hysteria, greed, and prejudice that impeded healthful measures. Manzoni conceived a passionate anger against injustices some two hundred years old when he wrote about them, but anyone reading his book for the first time today would be bound to see reflections of it in the headlines. We look forward to the AIDS-quilt concert with the sombre hope that some of the contributors have captured, and honed, an anger and a sympathy like Manzoni's.

OPERA

"Photo-Op"—A staging of Conrad Cummings' operatic swipe at presidential campaigns. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. June 4-7 at 7:30. Through June 14.)

Group Opera of New York—Presenting "Rigoletto," lightly staged (in "rehearsal dress"), and with an orchestra. On the second night, the cast will include soprano Rachel Rosales, tenor Ronald Naldi, and baritone Russell Christopher; the opening night features less established singers. (Good Shepherd Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. June 5-6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Central City Chorus—Charles Pilling directs Purcell's "Welcome to All the Pleasures" (one of the composer's lesser-known odes for St. Cecilia's Day), as well as a concert performance of his opera "Dido and Aeneas," with an accompanying ensemble of period instruments. The soloists in the opera include sopranos Alexandra Montano and Rita Lilly, countertenor Jeffrey Dooley, and tenor Patrick Romano. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-0808. June 1 at 8.)

Concordia—Marin Alsop conducts the chamber orchestra in Copland's "Appalachian Spring" and Clarinet Concerto (the latter featuring Sharon Kam), as well as in recent works by David Heath and Gary Anderson. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 5 at 8.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducts Honegger's Symphony No. 2, Bernstein's "Serenade" (featuring violinist Victor Schultz), and shorter works by Mozart and Frank Martin. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 9 at 8.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice directs several sacred works by Hugo Weisgall, as well as pieces by Vaughan Williams and David McKay Williams. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. June 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducts a mostly Vivaldi concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 10 at 8.)

Sondheim Tribute—However you care to classify his works—and they surely span the genres of opera, musical theatre, cabaret, and pop—Stephen Sondheim is one of a kind. Paul Gemignani conducts the American Theatre Orchestra and as many stars as you might find in the Swedish sky of a summer night. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 10 at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Asako Urushihara and Miki Maruta—The violinist and the koto player collaborate in a recital. Ms. Urushihara plays (among other works) Chausson's "Poème" and sonatas by Strauss and Vivaldi; Ms. Maruta performs traditional koto pieces, as well as the première of Lowell Liebermann's "Fantasy for Bass Koto." Pianist David Korevaar assists. Presented by Salon de Virtuosi. (Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St. June 1 at 7. For information about tickets, call 369-3911.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Presenting the première of Anthony Davis's "Litany of Sins" in addition to Ravel's Sonatine (for flute, viola, and harp) and Beethoven's Septet (Op. 20). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 2 at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Presenting music by Stefan Wolpe and composers he influenced: Manuel Enríquez, Max Lifchitz, Raoul Pleskow, John Thow, and Nils Vigeland. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 2 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Consort of Viols and Zephyrus—The string ensemble and the vocal quintet, plus vihuelist Michael Jaffee, perform sixteenth-century music from Spain, as well as pieces in the Aztec Nahuatl language, from colonial Mexico. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. June 3 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Heidi Skok—The soprano performs Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," in addition to songs by Dowland, Obradors, and Argento; assisted by pianist Levering Rothfuss and classical guitarist Robert DiCello (who will also perform a selection of solo-guitar works). A benefit concert. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. June 3 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 526-0722.)

John Kelly—The performance artist will assume the persona of Dagmar Onassis, mythical Greek-American diva, to offer a program of songs and arias that rank near the top of the scale of heightened emotion; with the assistance of pianist Fernando Torm-Tohá. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 3 at 8 and June 7 at 8:30.)

William Parker

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MUSIC—Cont'd

Music by Tan Dun—In a "live" recording session, the Talujon Percussion Quartet and assisting musicians will perform several of the composer's works, as well as pieces by John Cage, Lou Harrison, and John Bergamo. (BMG Studio A, 110 W. 44th St. June 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 349-7076.)

Bargemusic—Clarinettist David Shifrin, violist Misha Amory, and pianist Ursula Oppens will present chamber music by Mozart (his "Kegelstatt" Trio), Brahms, Bruch, and Joan Tower. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 4-5 at 7:30 and June 7 at 4.)

William Parker's "AIDS Quilt Songbook"—Baritone William Parker has prevailed upon nearly two dozen of our country's foremost vocal composers (many of whose works he has previously championed) to contribute to a cycle of songs relating to the AIDS crisis. His invitation yielded the kernel for a sort of "sonic AIDS Quilt," and—like the now immense and well-travelled Quilt—the musical collection is continuing to grow, taking on something of a life of its own. This official unveiling of the Songbook will comprise eighteen songs, including works by such noted American song composers as Bolcom, Harbison, Hoiby, and Rorem. Mr. Parker will perform some; others will be entrusted to fellow-baritones Kurt Ollmann, William Sharp, and Sanford Sylvan. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 4 at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Presenting the première of John Eaton's "Peer Gynt," in which six instrumentalists (including clarinettist Jean Kopperud, in the title role) enact the familiar tale. Richard Duncan conducts this staged performance, which shares the bill with works by Oliver Knussen and Diana McIntosh. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 4-5 at 8.)

Robert Stallman and David Buechner—The flutist and the pianist, with assisting artists, perform two separate programs of flute music old and new. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. June 6 at 8:30 and June 7 at 2.)

Russian Musical Arts Society—Presenting vocal and piano works by Vladimir Ryabov and Victor Copytsko (both of whom will be present to discuss their compositions). (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. June 7 at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Composers String Quartet—The ensemble plays Tchaikovsky's D-Major Quartet (Op. 11), Wolf's "Italian Serenade," and shorter works by Puccini, Turina, and Webern; and pianist Evelyne Crochet joins them for Mozart's G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 7 at 7. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert)

Azzoni-Dovalis Duo—Christine Azzoni Dow and Pinio Dovalis Miner, a two-piano team from California, perform Schubert's F-Minor Fantasia, Milhaud's "Scaramouche," and works by J. C. Bach, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 9 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Tracy Chapman—When this scourge of the Big Chill burst on the scene in 1988, her sudden rise to fame was frightening; it was an accident of global iconography and had little to do with her musical essence, and it left her teetering atop the narrow pedestal of premature greatness. The achievement of her hit single, "Fast Car," which unforgettably married a terse blues lyric to the folk idiom, has not been repeated, and the process of finding her natural level has seemed like a long fall. Surprisingly, given her reputation as a prophetic truthteller, the lyrics on her new album, "Matters of the Heart," are formulaic and sloganeering. But the canonization of Tracy Chapman's frowning political correctness is a red herring. The crucial ingredient in her continuing success is the guilty bourgeois pleasure of listening to the velvet-covered sound of her scolding, meditative, steady-burning voice. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 9 at 8.)

Indigo Girls—With Matthew Sweet. (Beacon Theatre. June 1-4 at 8.)

Genesis—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 2-3 at 8.

Curve—Manhattan Center Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. June 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.

Tuck & Patti—Central Park Zoo, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. June 8 at 7. For information about tickets, call 861-6030.

Bandwagon—Presenting "Unsung and Rarely Sung, Cut and Forgotten Songs of Rodgers and Hammerstein," a benefit concert. Performers include Christine Baranski, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Bob Cuccioli, and Joan Roberts. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. June 8 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 947-9023.)

Pet Shop Boys—With Salt-N-Pepa, Frankie Knuckles, and others, in a benefit concert. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. June 8 at 10. For information about tickets, call 245-3240.)

Chaka Khan—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. June 8-9 at 8.

Simply Red—Performing a benefit concert. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-park at 72nd St. June 10 at 7. For information about tickets, call 360-2777.)

Tracy Chapman

Carnegie Hall Folk Festival—June 2: Charlie Chin, the Gandy Dancers, U. Utah Phillips, and Robin and Linda Williams. . . . ¶ June 5: The Gospel Christian Singers, the Thomas Sisters, and the Gospel Soul Seekers. . . . ¶ June 9: Tom Paxton, Linda Russell, Mike Seeger, and the Heavenly Tones. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Concerts at 8. Through June 12.)

Percussion Festival—June 5: Soh Daiko, Mob of Angels, Mar & Magatte, Tootie Heath, Jerome Cooper, and Adam Rudolph. . . . ¶ June 6: Don Cherry, Ed Blackwell, Nana Vasconcelos, Adam Rudolph, Iyakekere, and Yaya Diallo. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Concerts at 8.)

SPORTS

"THE track is fast, and the turf is firm," intoned Belmont Park's announcer as we made our way into the hangar-like grandstand the other day. It was a bright and warm late-spring afternoon, and the racing conditions seemed ideal. We took a seat and tried to pick some horses, relying mostly on instincts—Dr. Zoom in the first race, Dividend Statement in the second, and Will Cojak in the third. Though a couple of these horses showed, we had bet to win, and three straight losses confused our horse sense and our spirits. We needed some perspective, so we listened in on two elderly and clearly experienced punters seated nearby.

"Look!" one man said. "That guy's kid down there is trying to climb onto the track. My God, he could be killed!"

"Sometimes," the other man replied solemnly, "when you get around the track and you're a gambler, you just forget about your kid, you know?"

Our outlook slightly broadened, we got in the bettors' line again. Two men there argued strategy. "If you're gonna play the horses, play the long shots," we heard. And then, "Forget the horse, you gotta play the jockey!" We played both—a long shot, Ask Don, in the fifth, and a hot jockey, Chris Antley on D'Ruby, in the sixth—and pocketed enough change to subsidize our next trip to the track, on June 6, for the Belmont Stakes.

The Kentucky Derby winner, Lil E. Tee, has dropped out, but the Preakness winner, Pine Bluff, will be there, as will A.P. Indy, a son of Seattle Slew. He blew away the field at Belmont's Peter Pan Stakes on May 24, and is now considered the favorite. Trains leave from Penn Station as early as 9:45 A.M., but you might consider going earlier (by bus or car) to see horses like these work out, which can be as exciting as the race itself. Just keep an eye open for any stray offspring on the track.

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Detroit Tigers, June 4-6 at 7:30 and June 7 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, June 8-10 at 7:30.

Mets—Vs. the San Francisco Giants, June 1-2 at 7:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Belmont is on June 6; post time is 5:30 P.M. The Mother Goose is on June 7. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Dog Meet—The people at Pedigree, a dog-food company, are sponsoring their annual doggie Olympics in Central Park. The main event is an obstacle course, which last year was completed by Murrow, an American Eskimo dog, in less than twenty-seven seconds. All canines may enter. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 6, from 11 to 3. No tickets necessary.)

Festival—In Central Park, a celebration of Puerto Rican music and crafts. Performers include Los Pleneros del Truco, Los Pleneros de la 21, Cuerdas de Borinquen, and Manny Oquendo y Libre. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 7, from 1 to 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gatsby—Symphony Space has organized a reading of "The Great Gatsby" that will take place on five successive Mondays in June. Readers will include Christine Baranski, Roscoe Lee Browne, Charles Keating, Mary Beth Hurt, James Naughton, Maria Tucci, and others. (Battery Park City. Evenings at 6:30. No tickets necessary. For more information, call 864-1414.)

Walks—June 6 at 1: A tour of Astoria, sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For reservations, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2: A walk around Sunset Park, Brooklyn, sponsored by the Brooklyn Historical Society. For reservations, call 1-718 624-0890. . . . ¶ June 7 at 3: A stroll around Roosevelt Island, sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For reservations, call 265-2663.

Tribute—To the writer Edward Abbey. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. June 8 at 8. For information about tickets, call 645-0905.)

Memorandum—The New York Aquarium, on Coney Island, is celebrating its thirty-fifth anniversary, June 5-7. For more information about events there, call 1-718 265-3474.

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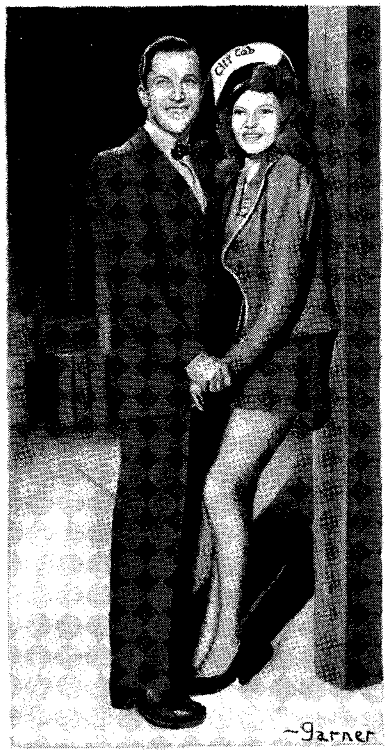

At the Brooklyn Museum, Gene Kelly and Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Pepi, Luci, Bom" (1980, directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: "The Waterdance" (Neal Jimenez and Michael Steinberg), with Eric Stoltz, Wesley Snipes, William Forsythe, Helen Hunt, and Elizabeth Peña.
Theatre 4: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine.
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 4: "Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse). From June 5: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Cousin Bobby" (†); and "Pictures from a Revolution" (Susan Meiselas, Richard P. Rogers, and Alfred Guzzetti).

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through June 4: "The Enchantment" (Shunichi Nagasaki; in Japanese).
From June 5: "Effi Briest" (1974, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†). From June 5: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Poison Ivy" (Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore. From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "K2" (Franc Roddam), with Michael Biehn and Matt Craven.
Theatre 3: "The Favor, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish" (Ben Lewin), with Bob Hoskins, Jeff Goldblum, Natasha Richardson, and Michel Blanc.
Theatre 4: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 4: "Thunderheart" (Michael Apted), with Val Kilmer. From June 5: "Patriot Games."
Theatre 6: "Deep Cover" (†).
Theatre 7: "Incident at Oglala" (†).

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 4: "The Good Woman of Bangkok" (Dennis O'Rourke).
From June 5: "The Famine Within" (Katherine Gilday).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Toto le Heros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Cabeza de Vaca" (Nicolas Echevarria; in Spanish). From June 5: "Beautiful Dreamers" (John Kent Harrison), with Rip Torn.
Theatre 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).
Theatre 4: "Cold Heaven" (Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell, James Russo, Talia Shire, and Mark Marmon.
Theatre 5: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 7: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.

Cinema Village 3rd Avenue, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Fourth Animation Celebration: The Movie."

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "White Sands" (Roger Donaldson), with Willem Dafoe.
Theatre 4: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 4: "Split Second" (Tony Maylan), with Rutger Hauer. From June 5: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Playboys" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Alien^3" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).
Theatre 3: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.
Theatre 4: "Sister Act."

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Basic Instinct" (†). From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†). From June 5: "Patriot Games."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Far and Away" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Mambo Kings" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Incident at Oglala" (†).
Theatre 2: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.

Crown Gotham, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"My Cousin Vinny" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Midnight Clear" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Thunderheart" (Michael Apted), with Val Kilmer. From June 5: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "Deep Cover" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"White Men Can't Jump" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Waterdance" (Neal Jimenez and Michael Steinberg), with Eric Stoltz, Wesley Snipes, William Forsythe, Helen Hunt, and Elizabeth Peña,
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "The Playboys" (†). From June 5: "For Sasha" (Alexandre Arcady, in French), with Sophie Marceau and Richard Berry.
Theatre 3: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin; and (evenings only) "Crisscross" (Chris Menges), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 4: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze.
Theatre 5: "Poison Ivy" (Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 6: "Alien^3" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Player" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†). From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 4: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.
From June 5: "Beautiful Dreamers" (John Kent Harrison), with Rip Torn.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 4: "Wayne's World" (†).
From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 5: "Crisscross" (Chris Menges), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 6: "Thunderheart" (Michael Apted), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 7: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Once Upon a Time in China" (directed by Tsui Hark; in Cantonese, with Chinese and English subtitles). From June 3: "Wisecracks" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through June 2: "Titicut Follies" (1967, Fred Wiseman), a documentary made at the state prison for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts. From June 3: "Once Upon a Time in China" (Tsui Hark; in Cantonese, with Chinese and English subtitles).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alien^3" (†).

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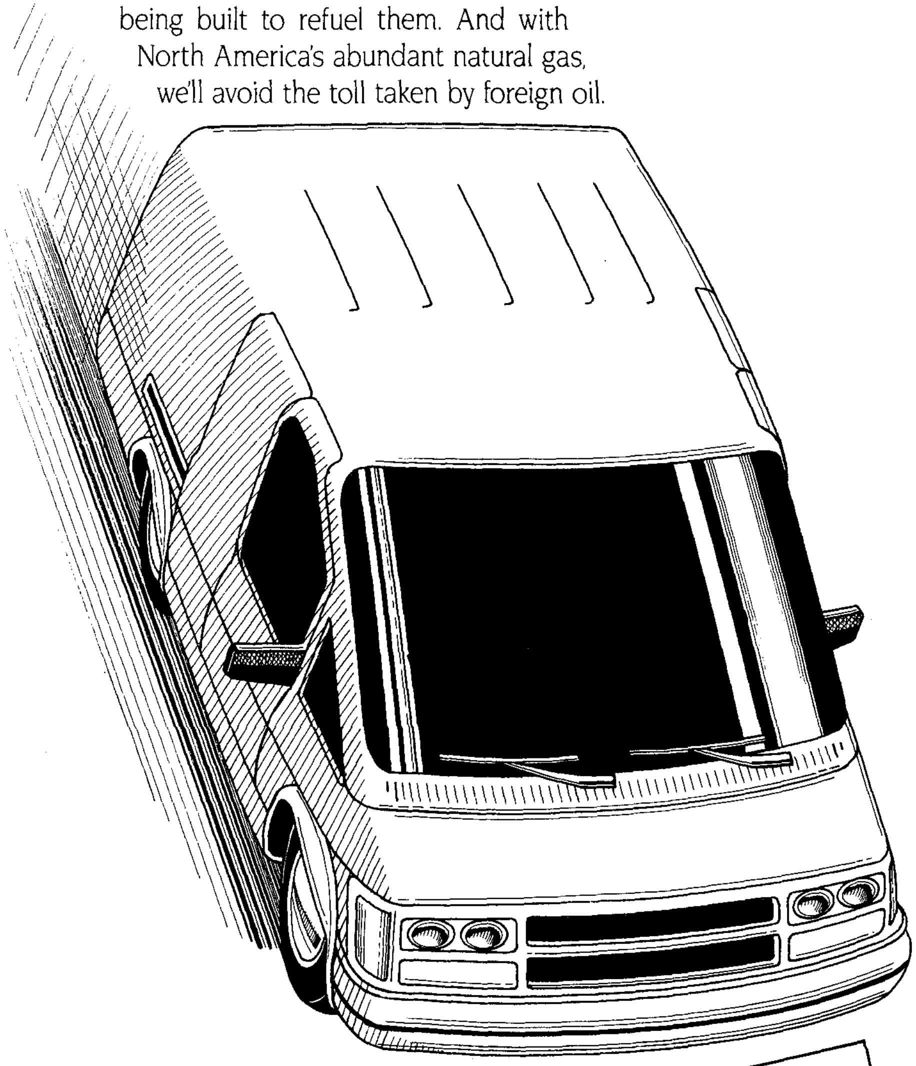

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Midnight Clear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "A Woman's Tale" (Paul Cox), with Sheila Florance; and "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Silk Road" (Junya Sato; in Japanese).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "My Cousin Vinny" (†). From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 4: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 5: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 8: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 9: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Deep Cover" (†).
Theatre 2: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Midnight Clear" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Diary of a Hitman" (Roy London), with Forest Whitaker, Sherilyn Fenn, and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beethoven" (Brian Levant), with Charles Grodin.
Theatre 4: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "FernGully . . . The Last Rainforest" (Bill Kroyer), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Crisscross" (Chris Menges), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 6: "City of Joy" (Roland Joffé), with Patrick Swayze.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Far and Away" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"K2" (Franc Roddam), with Michael Biehn, Matt Craven, and Raymond J. Barry.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Cold Heaven" (Nicolas Roeg), with Theresa Russell, James Russo, Talia Shire, and Mark Marmon.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The Favor, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish" (Ben Lewin), with Bob Hoskins, Jeff Goldblum, Natasha Richardson, and Michel Blanc.
Theatre 2: "Mississippi Masala" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.

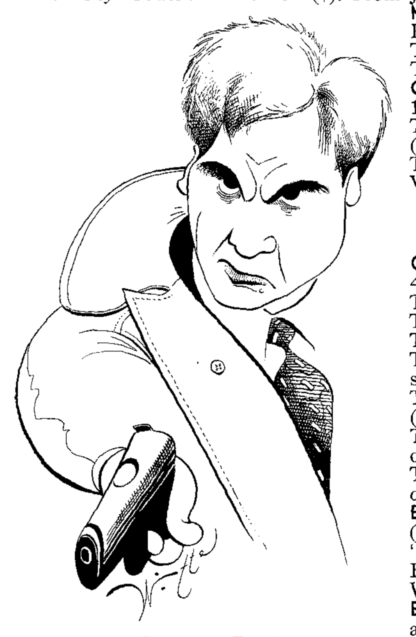
Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Night on Earth" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).
Theatre 2: "Adam's Rib" (Viatcheslav Krishtofovitch; in Russian).
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French). From June 5: "Monster in a Box" (Nick Broomfield), with Spalding Gray.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Far and Away" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Wayne's World" (†). From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Basic Instinct" (†). From June 5: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 5: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 4: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†). From June 5: "Patriot Games."


Harrison Ford in "Patriot Games"

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alien^3" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Deep Cover" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 4: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 5: "Deep Cover" (†).
Theatre 6: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Sister Act" (directed by Emile Ardolino), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beauty and the Beast" (Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise), a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: "Passed Away" (Charlie Peters), with Bob Hoskins.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through June 2: "Sleepwalkers" (Mick Garris).
June 3-4: Theatre closed.
From June 5: "Patriot Games" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "White Men Can't Jump" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Split Second" (Tony Maylan), with Rutger Hauer. From June 5: "Class Act" (Randall Miller), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
"Frida Kahlo: A Ribbon Around a Bomb" (directed by Ken Mandel), a documentary.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
June 1: "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974, John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands; and "Shadows" (1961, Cassavetes).
June 2: "A Woman Under the Influence"; and "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie" (1976, Cassavetes), with Ben Gazzara.
June 3: "A Woman Under the Influence"; and "Opening Night" (John Cassavetes).
From June 4: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Film.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
"The Proud Ones" ("Les Orgueilleux"; 1953, Yves Allégret; in French), with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan.

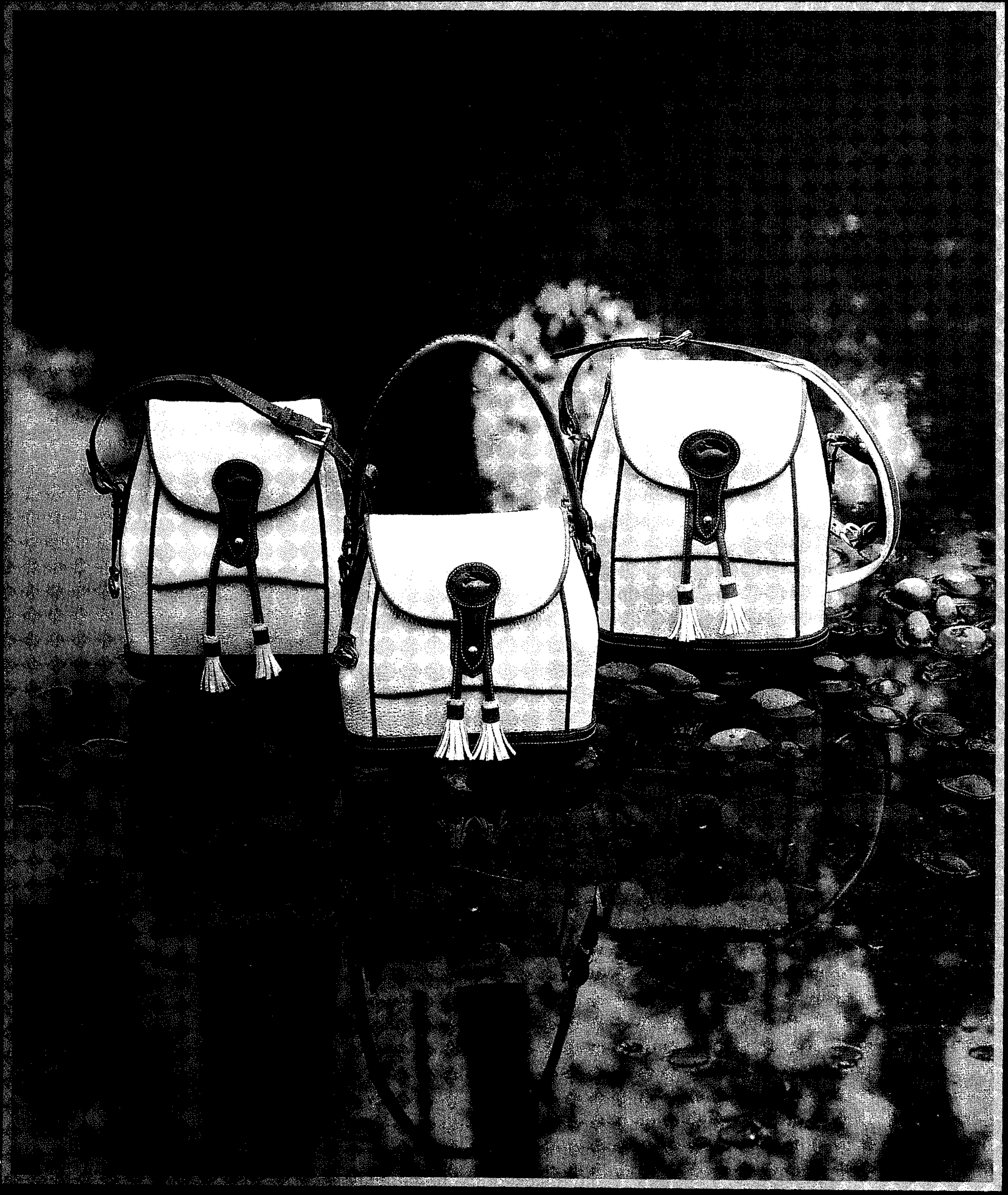
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 1: "La Rupture" (1970, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; and "Ophélia" (1962, Chabrol; in French).
June 2: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Anne Bancroft, Hoffman, and Katharine Ross.
June 3: "Topaz" (1969, Alfred Hitchcock), with Frederick Stafford; and "Torn Curtain" (1966, Hitchcock), with Paul Newman and Julie Andrews.
June 4: "Reds" (1981, Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
June 5-6: "Take the Money and Run" (1969, Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Bananas" (1971, Allen), with Allen.
June 7: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972, Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.
June 8: "L'Avventura" (†); and "L'Amore" (1948, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
June 9: "Breaking Away" (see page 24); and "American Flyer" (1985, John Badham), with Kevin Costner and David Grant.
June 10: "The Fountainhead" (†); and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Linda Christian, Louis Jourdan, and Rod Taylor.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 1 at 2:30 and June 6 at 5: "Old and New" (1929, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "Symphony of the Donbas" (1930, Dziga Vertov; in Russian), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 2 at 2:30: "Salt for Svanetia" (1930, Mikail Kalatozov; in Russian), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 2 at 3 and 6: "An Imaginary Tale" (1990, André Forcier; a Canadian film, in French). . . . ¶ June 2 at 6: "New Babylon" (1929, Grigori Kozintsev; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 4 at 3 and 6: "Bali Beyond the Postcard" (1991, Peggy Stern), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 4 at 6 and June 9 at 2:30: "Moscow in October" (1927, Boris Barnet; a Russian silent film) and "Outskirts" (1933, Barnet; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 5 at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30, June 6 at 4 and 5:30, June 7 at 5, June 8 at 3, and June 9 at 12:30, 2:30, and 6: A program of about ninety television commercials made by American production companies. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30 and June 7 at 5: "Earth" (1930, Alexander Dovzhenko; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2 and June 8 at 2:30: "China Express" (1929, Ilya Trauberg; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 7 at 2: "The Road of Life" (1931, Nikolai Ekk; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929, Friedrich Ermler; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ June 8 at 6:30: A program of films by Michael Brynntrup, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "White Bird, Black Markings" (1971, Juri Ilyenko; in Ukrainian).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—June 1 at 2 and 6 and June 2 at 4:15: "The Threat" (1987, Stefan Jarl) and "Javna—Reindeer Herdsman in the Year 2000" (1991, Jarl). . . . ¶ June 1 at 4 and 8, June 2 at 8:45, and June 3 at 2: "Painting the Town" (1992, Andrew Behar). . . . ¶ June 2 at 2 and 6:30, and June 3 at 3:45: "Good People" (1990, Jarl). . . . ¶ June 4 at 2 and June 5 at 4:15: "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief" (1986, Carol Geddes) and ". . . And Woman Wove It in a Basket" (1990, Bushra Azzouz, Marlene Farnum, and Nellie Jackson Kuneki). . . . ¶ June 4 at 4:15 and June 6 at 3:45: "In the White Man's Image" (1992, Christine Lesiak and Matthew L. Jones) and "The Leaning Path" (1991, Loretta Todd). . . . ¶ June 4 at 6:30 and June 7 at 8:30: "Navajo Talking Picture" (1986, Arlene Bowman) and "Foster Child" (1986, Gil Cardinal). . . . ¶ June [illegible] at 9: "Coyote Goes Underground" (1989, Chuck Banner, Maggi Banner, and J. Leonard Concha) and "Going Inland/Nunaqpa" (1991, Zacharias Kunuk). . . . ¶ June 5 at 2 and June 6 at 8: "Return of the Country" (1984, Bob Hicks) and "Starting Fire With Gunpowder" (1991, David Poisey and William Hansen). . . . ¶ June 5 at 6:30 and June 6 at 6: "Pueblo Peoples: First Contact" (1990, George Burdeau) and "Wiping the Tears of Seven Generations" (1991, Gary Rhine and Fidel Moreno). . . . ¶ June 5 at 9 and June 7 at 6:30: Three works by Victor Masayesva. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2: "Tiwa Tales" (1990, Banner, Banner, and Concha) and "The Gathering Place" (1989, Kunck). . . . ¶ June 6 at 10 and June 7 at 4:15: "Harold of Orange" (1983, Richard Weise) and "Sun Moon & Feather" (1989, Jane Zipp and Bob Rosen). . . . ¶ June

Photographer: Minh Nguyen



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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

7 at 2: "Transitions" (1992, Darrell Kipp and Joe Fisher), "Place of Falling Waters" (1991, Roy Big Crane and Thompson Smith) and "Warrior Chiefs in a New Age" (1991, Dean Curtis Bear Claw). . . . ¶ June 8 at 2 and 6:30: "World Apartment Horror" (1991, Katsuhiro Otomo; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 8 at 4:15 and 8:30: "For Kayako" (1984, Kohei Oguri; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 9 at 2 and 6:45: "A Farewell to the Land" (1982, Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 9 at 4:30 and 9:15: "Death by Hanging" (1968, Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 10 at 2 and 6:15: "Extremely Personal Eros" (1974, Kazuo Hara; in Japanese). . . . ¶ June 10 at 4 and 8:15: "Sumo Do, Sumo Don't" (1991, Masayuki Suo; in Japanese).

THE FILMS OF LOUIS MALLE—At **TINKER AUDITORIUM**, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100): June 8 at 3: "Phantom India, Episode 1" (1969). . . . ¶ June 8 at 10: "The Fire Within" (1963, in French). . . . ¶ June 9 at 12:30: "Le Monde du Silence" (1956, in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 9 at 3: "Phantom India, Episode 2.". . . ¶ June 9 at 10:30: "A Very Private Affair" (1961). . . . ¶ June 10 at 3: "Phantom India, Episode 3.". . . ¶ June 10 at 11: "Histoires Extraordinaires: William Wilson" (1967). . . . At **FLORENCE GOULD HALL**, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160): June 8 at 6: "Elevator to the Gallows" (1957, in French). . . . ¶ June 8 at 8: "The Lovers" (1958, in French). . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "Viva Maria" (1955, in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 9 at 8:30: "Zazie Dans le Métro" (1959, in French). . . . ¶ June 10 at 12:30 and 6: "The Thief of Paris" (1967, in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 10 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, in French).

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—June 2 at noon: "The Little Fugitive" (1953, Morris Engel). . . . ¶ June 9 at noon: "Chan Is Missing" (1982, Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 6 at 3 and 7: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (1990, Kurosawa; in Japanese).

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway. (1-718 783-6501)—June 6 at 2: "The Little Fugitive" (1953, Morris Engel). . . . ¶ June 7 at 2: "Cover Girl" (1944, Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—June 5 at 7: A program of films by Ian Hugh, Larry Jordan, William Maas, Helen Levitt, Janice Loeb, and James Agee. . . . ¶ June 5 at 8:30: A program of films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ June 5 at 10: "Rapt" (1934, Dimitri Kirsanoff). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2 and 6: "The Gold Rush" (†). . . . ¶ June 6 at 4: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969, Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Super 8 Diary: 1979, Parts 1-3" (1979-80, Robert Huot). . . . ¶ June 7 at 2 and 8: "The General" (1926, Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; silent), with Keaton and Marion Mack. . . . ¶ June 7 at 4: A program of films by George Landow. . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "Super 8 Diary: 1979, Parts 4-5" (1979-80, Huot).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

ALIEN^3—The latest and perhaps the last of the science-fiction horror series that began with "Alien" in 1979. Here, the heroine of the previous films, Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), crash-lands on a godforsaken planet whose population consists of a couple of dozen mean-looking convicts running some sort of dilapidated foundry. She has, unwittingly, brought one of those nasty, dripping, sharp-toothed aliens with her in the spacecraft. The script (by David Giler, Walter Hill, and Larry Ferguson) is designed to keep us asking ourselves the fundamental questions: Who will get eaten by the alien? In what order? Is the next one going to be too grisly to watch? Unfortunately, the director, David Fincher, doesn't seem to have the skill to make even the simplest action sequence coherent, or the patience to give the audience the narrative information it needs. Although he's a gifted imagemaker, the images never quite add up. In the long climactic sequence, in which Ripley and the cons try to maneuver the beast through a maze of passageways, Fincher's fractured style becomes maddening: we're trapped in these elaborate sets and have no better idea where we are then the monster does. And our interest expires long before the alien has hissed its last. Also with Charles S. Dutton, Charles Dance, and Lance Henriksen. Cinematography by Alex Thomson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/92.) (Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

L'AVVENTURA (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. The characters are active only in trying to discharge their anxiety: sex is their sole means of contact. Too shallow to be truly lonely, they are people trying to escape their boredom by reaching out to one another and finding only boredom once again. Because the film is subtle and ascetic, yet laborious about revealing its meanings, it suggests Henry James when he "chewed more than he bit off." Visually, it's extraordinary: a calm hangs over everything—Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: disparate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. Also with Dominique Blanchar. Cinematography by Aldo Scavarda; script by Elio Bartolini, Tonino Guerra, and Antonioni. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

BASIC INSTINCT—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way. Also with George Dzundza and Jeanne Tripplehorn; there's a very peculiar cameo by Dorothy Malone.—T.R. (4/6/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 4.)

COUSIN BOBBY—Jonathan Demme's film about his cousin Robert Castle, an Episcopal pastor who works in Harlem, has a loose, friendly home-movie quality that's weird but appealing. Bobby is a chunky, balding, sixtyish priest who leads his poor parishioners on protest marches, delivers fiery speeches on the evils of racism, and generally stirs things up on behalf of the disadvantaged, the neglected, and the oppressed. Demme's offhand approach draws us into an unusual kind of intimacy with Bobby and the ravaged urban world he lives in. The movie is a brilliantly original portrait of a complex personality: it does justice to both the continuities and the discontinuities of its subject's life story. Demme, who is onscreen a fair amount, acts as a genial, low-pressure host; his manner is an invitation to the audience to join in the family feeling that's growing between him and his cousin. The movie's rhythm tries to reproduce the odd, intermittent nature of developing friendship—a process that in this case also includes a full, felt understanding of the priest's political ideas. The film ends up being a lovely, amiably persuasive demonstration of the personal sources of political conviction.—T.R. (6/1/92) (Little Theatre.)

DEEP COVER—Hip novelist-screenwriters Michael Tolkin and Henry Bean must not have watched enough TV in the eighties to realize that the premise of their script—an undercover cop gets sucked into big-time drug life—has been done to death. The director, Bill Duke, a veteran of shows like "Hill Street Blues" and "Miami Vice," should have fessed up. Larry Fishburne plays the righteous policeman who goes to work for the D.E.A. and discovers that he loves being a narcotics baron. Jeff Goldblum is the drug-dealing Jewish lawyer who becomes his partner in crime. Goldblum gets most of the good lines and a fair share of the awful ones. He knows what to do with them, but his character is self-loathing and loathsome—the White Negro in a slick post-yuppie edition. The visuals are as gaudy as the language (Bojan Bazelli did the look-at-me cinematography), and the plot is jolt-happy. If there's such a thing as dull flash, "Deep Cover" defines it.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

EUROPA EUROPA—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Quad Cinema.)

FAR AND AWAY—Despite all the publicity about the film's physical grandeur and the Gaelic heritage of the director, Ron Howard, this historical fantasy, set in the early eighteen-nineties, centers on the spectacle of the real-life spouses Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise enacting a coltish courtship. She's headstrong Shannon Christie, the only child of a wealthy Irish landowner (Robert Prosky) and a suffocatingly proper mother (Barbara Babcock). He's rebellious Joseph Donelly, a tenant farmer's son who botches an attempt to kill Shannon's father. You may be willing to accept the broad farce and melodrama for the sake of the scenery, shot in an imposing new Panavision Super 70 process. But Cruise and Kidman are a couple of kids playing "Let's pretend." When they reach the United States, you keep waiting for them to light out for the territories. They're stranded in Boston, where she plucks chickens, he becomes a bare-knuckled boxer, and Howard exposes the backside of the American Dream and of America's favorite young star. The director stages the climactic Oklahoma land rush with aplomb, but by then the audience has ceased to care. Mikael Salomon earns his credit for the cinematography; Bob Dolman wrote the script from a story he concocted with Howard.—M.S. (6/1/92) (34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—A little delirious and definitely skewed. Can people who see this picture ever forget the sight of the silvery-blond columnist Dominique (Patricia Neal) galloping up on her black horse and slashing her riding crop across the face of the tall, mocking stranger who had looked at her impertinently while he was using a pneumatic drill in the quarry? He's the genius architect Howard Roark (Gary Cooper). When his design for a public-housing project is altered, he dynamites the building; put on trial, he justifies his action with an attack on collectivism and the parasites of the left. Ayn Rand wrote the screenplay, based on her 1943 novel, and, true to her hero's principles, she wouldn't permit any changes in her (megalomaniac, comic-book) dialogue. King Vidor directed this paean to the individualism of "superior" people, made in a sleek, hollow, Expressionist style that owes a lot to film noir. It's an extravaganza of romantic, right-wing camp, with the hyper-articulate superman Roark standing in the wind on top of a phallic skyscraper, and the fierce, passionate Dominique rising in an open elevator to join him there. Despite Rand's denial, Roark was said to be based on Frank Lloyd Wright, and Vidor wanted Wright to design Roark's buildings, but had to settle for some bland imitations. The futurist structures are often obvious models and painted backgrounds. With Raymond Massey as the newspaper tycoon; Kent Smith as the mediocre architect; Robert Douglas as the despicable architecture critic; Henry Hull as Roark's Louis Sullivan-like teacher; and Ray Collins and Jerome Cowan.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

Fried Green Tomatoes—Cancer, wife-beating, burning crosses, barbecue, fat-lady jokes at the expense of Kathy Bates, wisdom dispensed by Jessica Tandy, and female bonding that stops just shy of lesbianism. That's the recipe for this clunky, fraudulent, yet apparently crowd-pleasing laugh- and tearjerker. In the framing story, Tandy befriends Bates and inspires her with the Depression-era tale of tomboy Idgie (Mary Stuart Masterson) and pretty, demure Ruth (Mary-Louise Parker), who discover happiness when they found the Whistle Stop Café in Idgie's small Alabama home town. The director, Jon Avnet, drenches the palate with sweet sauce, then goes for the throat. The only good white males are run over by a train; in this feminist wish fulfillment, it isn't only tomatoes that get sliced. Written by Fannie Flagg (who has a bit role) and Carol Sobieski from Flagg's novel "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café."—M.S. (Worldwide Cinemas.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters, "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this work as the second-greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; Chaplin later added music and a narration.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; June 6.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful,

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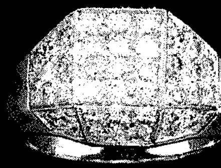

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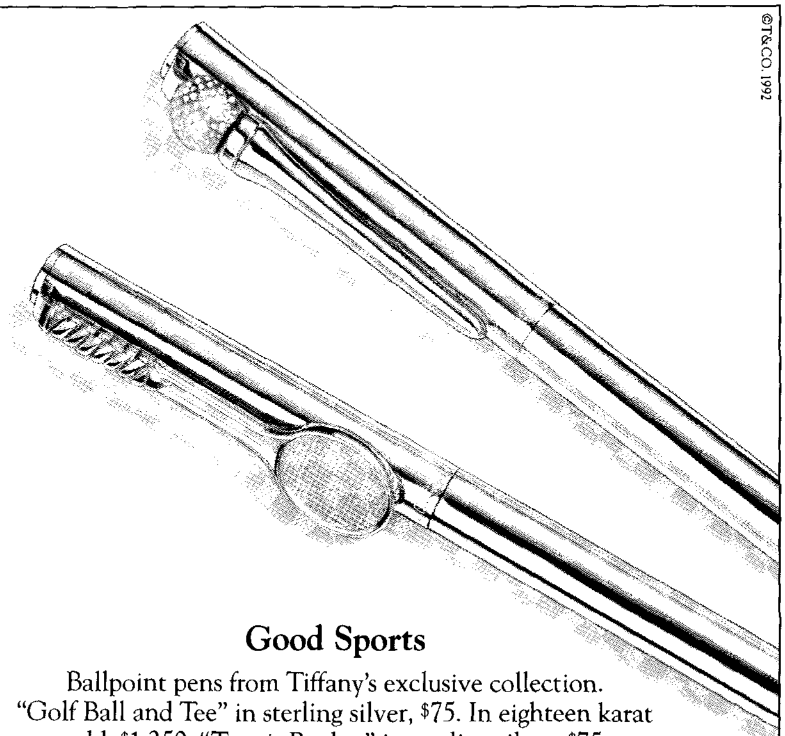

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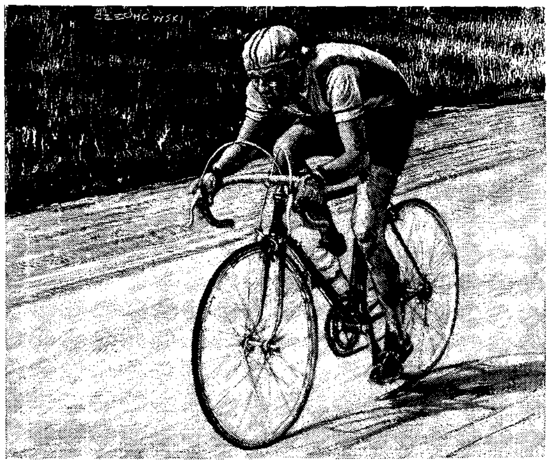
well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Incident at Oglala—Michael Apted's documentary is an investigative report on the case of Leonard Peltier, an American Indian Movement activist who was convicted of killing two F.B.I. agents in a 1975 shootout on the Pine Ridge reservation, in South Dakota. The movie contends that Peltier (who has been serving time for the murders since 1977) was railroaded by the F.B.I. The filmmakers don't require us to believe that Peltier is innocent (although they clearly think he is). They concentrate on demonstrating that he didn't get a fair trial: the movie is built on an accumulation of subtle discrepancies and nagging doubts, rather than on a sense of inexorable progress toward a smoking-gun solution. For the most part, Apted guides us through this tangle of ambiguous evidence and back-and-forth legal maneuvering with patient, unobtrusive skill, and the cool rationality of his manner makes the movie's arguments seem all the more irrefutable. The picture never tries to whip us into a frenzy of indignation, but its restrained, lawyerly laying out of a pattern of injustice is devastatingly effective. Narrated by Robert Redford (who is also the executive producer).—T.R. (6/1/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Sutton.)

Lethal Weapon 3—When that manic L.A.P.D. detective Martin Riggs (Mel Gibson) visits the home of rough-and-ready I.A.D. cop Lorna Cole (Rene Russo), he notices that her personal computer contains Three Stooges software. Moe, Larry, and Curly, who showed up in a film clip in "LW2," have become the guiding spirits of the series. The director, Richard Donner, and the screenwriters, Jeffrey Boam and Robert Mark Kamen, assembled this entry as if it were a wacky computer game of their own. The filmmakers are too proud of their hit formula. They keep restating it: Cole describes the career of Riggs and his staid partner, Roger Murtaugh (Danny Glover), as a combination of "*The Police Gazette* and *Mad* magazine." Topically enough, the villain is a brutal, corrupt ex-cop (played by Stuart Wilson). But all Donner and company deliver is their usual proficient mix of quasi-comic "chaos and mayhem." (That's another of the script's flagpost phrases. "He's chaos," Riggs quips. "I'm mayhem.") Cole reveals the ability to fight and mug as hard as Riggs and Murtaugh, and Joe Pesci surfaces again as Valley-speaking fixer Leo Getz, presumably to prove that the more stooges the merrier. But the central gag goes unstated. Riggs and Murtaugh are supposed to be effective. The "Lethal Weapon" movies put Keystone Kops on the Thin Blue Line and ask us to cheer them toward victory.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)



Dennis Christopher

"Breaking Away" (playing June 9, at Theatre 80 St. Marks), a 1979 sleeper, is a midwestern coming-of-age story that combines the warmth, silliness, and spunk of Booth Tarkington's boys' books with its own contemporary sense of American incongruity. The airily goofy hero (Dennis Christopher) is a bicyclist who models himself after the victorious Italians he reads about in sports magazines. To the dismay of his father (Paul Dooley), he shaves his legs because the Italian champs do. Christopher even gets his mother (Barbara Barrie) to cook what Dooley calls "'ini' food. Zucchini. Fettucini." Dooley's looks of ingrained anguish are persuasive, mirth-provoking, and cumulatively touching. The family comedy-drama culminates in a bridging of the generation gap that, despite the characters' roughness, is delicate.

The movie is also about the playful, affectionate bond between Christopher and three other aimless nineteen-year-olds (Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley). Their friendship provides a cushion for mutual frustrations. The volatile Quaid blurts out, "The only thing I'm afraid of is wasting the rest of my life with you guys," and the hangdog Stern replies, "I thought that was the plan. We'd waste the rest of our lives together." The movie casts such an observant eye on Bloomington, Indiana, that it becomes less a small city than a small world. When Christopher and his pals compete against the campus heroes of Indiana University in a bicycle race, they fight for the dignity of all "cutters"—as townies are called here, because the main blue-collar industry is quarrying. Directed by an Englishman, Peter Yates, and written by a Yugoslav immigrant, Steve Tesich, "Breaking Away" is a modest marvel of wit, construction, and empathy. It shows how fantasizing about Europe can humanize Americans—and how Old World grace can flower in unlikely spots.

The Mambo Kings—Oscar Hijuelos' overlong yet likable novel "The Mambo Kings Play Songs of Love," about two Cuban musician brothers who immigrate to New York and land a guest spot on "I Love Lucy," should be prime fodder for the movies. But in the hands of first-time director Arne Glimcher it becomes the worst sort of varnished kitsch. Glimcher and his screenwriter, Cynthia Cidre, ransack old movies for corner-cutting devices and use them to jack up Hijuelos' nostalgic evocations of the fifties. The result is overpoweringly ersatz—"The Cotton Club" with a Cuban accent. Armand Assante is the fiery brother, Antonio Banderas the sensitive one, Maruschka Detmers a book-reading beauty, and Cathy Moriarty a slangy, sexy cigarette gal. They're all encouraged to be icons; only the engagingly salty and good-humored Moriarty breaks her assigned mold.—M.S. (Eastside Cinema.)

A Midnight Clear—Everything about this antiwar film is geared for poignancy, from the snow-swept settings (the area around Park City, Utah, stands in for Europe) to the Christian symbolism. But what keeps viewers watching this tale of six young G.I.s on the German-French border in the winter of 1944 is the tense jeopardy of military service. The heroes belong to a genius-I.Q. intelligence-and-reconnaissance unit; the action hinges on their vain attempt to complete a rapprochement with a handful of weary Germans. The movie is high-strung yet shockproofed. A voice-over narration sets a tone of boyish contemplation and signals that there'll be spiritual solace even if the worst happens. The writer-director, Keith Gordon, has reverently adapted William Wharton's 1982 novel. His movie has no traction, only a holy, sepulchral glow. It's so determined to be haunting that it gives up the ghost. Ethan Hawke, Gary Sinise, Frank Whaley, Kevin Dillon, Peter Berg, and Arye Gross play the soldiers; Mark Isham did the rustling mood music, and Tom Richmond the blue-white cinematography.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Plaza, Quad Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

Mississippi Masala—In this multicultural variation on "Romeo and Juliet," the Capulets are East Indian refugees from Uganda, and the Montagues are African-Americans who live and work with them in Greenwood, Mississippi, circa 1990. Denzel Washington stars as Demetrius, a can-do guy with his own carpet-cleaning business; Sarita Choudhury, in her feature début, plays Mina, a vaguely dissatisfied motel maid. If Demetrius and Mina are meant for each other, it's solely because they're the best-looking couple in town. Their romance fails to move past physical attraction, and that's more than a disappointment—it's a crippling letdown. The director, Mira Nair, introduces viewers to a milieu in which Indians practice their bright-hued rituals while competing with whites in the motel trade and keeping a friendly distance from blacks. But Nair and her screenwriter, Sooni Taraporevala, try so hard to be all things to all racial and ethnic groups that by the end the story ceases to make sense on its own terms. You may feel that it has no terms of its own, only a good heart and the will to please. The talented supporting cast includes Roshan Seth, Sharmila Tagore, Joe Seneca, Tico Wells, and Charles S. Dutton; the keen-eyed cinematographer is Ed Lachman.—M.S. (4/20/92) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

My Cousin Vinny—The recipe behind this Dixie-based comedy hit is simple. The Southern characters consider themselves the salt of the earth; the Northern ones are proud to be the pepper. Joe Pesci plays Vinny Gambini, a neophyte Brooklyn lawyer who hightails it down to Wahzoo City, Alabama, to help his college-boy cousin (Ralph Macchio) and a friend (Mitchell Whitfield) beat a bum murder rap. Vinny's quest takes at least thirty minutes too long. The producer-screenwriter, Dale Launer, bides his time, scattering hoary gags while planting details that eventually pay off. Luckily, the director, Jonathan Lynn, keeps the cork on Pesci, releasing his energy only in the trial sequences, and doesn't rely on him to carry the movie. Marisa Tomei, as

Vinny's fiancée, imbues the most obligatory reactions with either a startling ferocity or a farcical ambiguity worthy of her character's name: Mona Lisa Vito. Fred Gwynne brings a wise, weighty charm to the role of a Yale-educated judge; in a cartoon, he'd be a basset hound called Beauregard. When Pesci sags, Tomei, Gwynne, and others (especially Austin Pendleton) perk things up. At best, it's a genial variety show that could use more variety.—M.S. (4/20/92) (Crown Gotham, Worldwide Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through June 4.)

Night on Earth—This anthology film, written and directed by Jim Jarmusch ("Stranger Than Paradise"), has a gimmicky premise. Each of its five stories takes place in a different city, and each is about a taxicab ride. All the trips are going on at the same time, but in different time zones, so there's an illusion of temporal progress: the picture begins at sunset in Los Angeles and ends at dawn in Helsinki. (The intervening episodes take place in New York, Paris, and Rome.) It's a feeble but serviceable conceit; if the sketches were funny, we'd barely notice the preciousness of the structure. Unfortunately, the material is very thin, and the movie doesn't vary its style from sketch to sketch: Jarmusch sticks doggedly to his trademark deadpan manner. The comedian Roberto Benigni, playing a motor-mouth cabbie in the Italian episode, briefly enlivens the picture with a riotous erotic monologue. But, for the most part, the movie induces in the viewer an eerie, suspended feeling that mimics the time-stands-still monotony of a long airplane journey. It tries for a chipper, lighthearted tone, but it gives the audience a gruelling flight—a red-eye to nowhere. Also with Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Giancarlo Esposito, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Rosie Perez, Isaach de Bankolé, Béatrice Dalle, and Matti Pellonpää. In English, French, Italian, and Finnish.—T.R. (5/18/92) (Angelika Film Center, and 62nd & Broadway.)

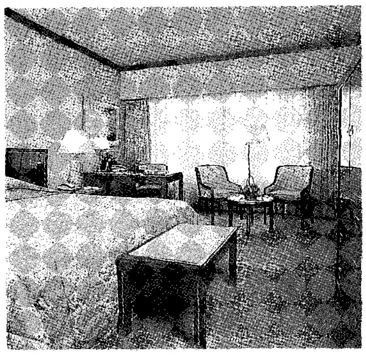
The Playboys—This absorbing, uneven romantic comedy-drama, set in a small Irish town in 1957, takes its name from a travelling troupe. The heroine is an unwed mother named Tara (Robin Wright). She challenges every male authority figure in town and drives all the men wild—especially the violent, alcoholic constable, Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), who seethes when he sees her with her actor lover Tom (Aidan Quinn). The screenwriters, Shane Connaughton (who co-wrote "My Left Foot") and Kerry Crabbe, are full of ideas and observations about orthodox religion, claustrophobic village mores, the craziness of life in a divided country, and the last gasp of strolling players before TV's ascendancy. Wright and Quinn are well matched, and the director, Gillies MacKinnon, and his cinematographer, Jack Conroy, provide images that sparkle with amorous possibilities. But the filmmakers don't funnel their panoply of themes gracefully into Tara's story. Her affair with Tom comes off as a foil to Finney's passionate portrait of stewed wrath and despair. He endows a clenched, masochistic character with such scale and force that he takes over the movie.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through June 4.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. Also with Greta Scacchi, Peter Gallagher, Fred Ward, Whoopi Goldberg, Cynthia Stevenson, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lyle Lovett, Dean Stockwell, and Richard E. Grant; dozens of movie stars (and a handful of writers) turn up in cameos. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Wayne's World—"Saturday Night Live" has become a repackaging industry. The extended antics of vidiot savants Wayne Campbell (Mike Myers) and Garth Algar (Dana Carvey) betray the same slapped-together quality as the TV specials "Toonces, the Cat Who Could Drive a Car" and "Saturday Night Live Goes Commercial," though the film is not as entertaining. Seen in five-minute spurts on "S.N.L.," beaming out their cable-access program from Wayne's basement, these two come off as cracked bellwethers of the Next Big Things of suburban youth culture, Hard Rock Division. (Their pre-"Truth or Dare" show with Madonna was a classic.) In the movie, Myers still boasts his inexplicably confident and cheery expressions—he's a mischievous smile button. But Carvey overworks his twisted mouth. Wayne and Garth weren't meant to be frozen on celluloid the way they are in this parody of coöptation, which casts them as victims of a manipulative commercial-TV promoter (Rob Lowe). Here they function as leaders of a nostalgia-fest for audiences with short attention spans. Carvey has one good bit, playing out a murder with some frosted crullers, and the ever-game Lowe musters up a funny walk after a cop gives him a heavy frisk. Penelope Spheeris directed, from a script by Myers, Bonnie Turner, and Terry Turner.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Gemini, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 4.)

White Men Can't Jump—A resourceful, sneaky-fast comedy about playground basketball. Ron Shelton, the writer and director, focusses on grown men trying to make a living at a boy's game, and he does full justice to the sweet absurdity of that enterprise. He keeps his eye on the fine points of playground culture and lets the story's meaning—and its humor—emerge from the details. The heroes, Sidney (Wesley Snipes) and Billy (Woody Harrelson), are addicted to the game. As a two-man team, they venture into the tough, hostile inner-city neighborhoods of Los Angeles and try to hustle the kings of the local courts. It's a great con: everyone assumes that Billy can't play the speedy, shake-and-bake style of black playground ball. Shelton and his crew (which includes the cinematographer Russell Boyd and the editor Paul Seydor) have put together basketball sequences that capture the free-flowing rhythms of the game. The two-on-two contests here give us the delicious feeling a player gets when he's *almost* out of control: flying but lucid. Harrelson's performance is rich, subtle, and delicately funny. And Snipes is just amazing: everything he does seems to leap off the screen. Shelton orchestrates the narrative like a veteran point guard: he's a wily pro with a streak of playground showmanship, and that's an ideal style for movies as well as for basketball. Also with Rosie Perez, Tyra Ferrell, Kadeem Hardison, and Marques Johnson.—T.R. (4/6/92) (Murray Hill Cinemas, 59th Street East Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and National Twin.)

Wisecracks—The Canadian filmmaker Gail Singer explores the pressures on women comedians while showcasing performers ranging from Phyllis Diller, Whoopi Goldberg, and the talk-show host Jenny Jones (in her standup days) to a trio of madly inventive lip-synchers known as the Clichettes. In interviews and clips, Singer's subjects manage to be witty about everything from P.M.S. to pro-lifers, including the hostility these standups sometimes face from audiences and promoters alike. Singer doesn't pose any topic that comics like Maxine Lapiduss, Ellen DeGeneres, Sandra Shamas, Joy Behar, and Lotus Weinstock can't riff on or parody. The director has a sure sense of balance: she knows that what sounds portentous in theory can be hilarious in practice. Her movie succeeds as investigation because it also succeeds as entertainment.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Film Forum; starting June 3.)



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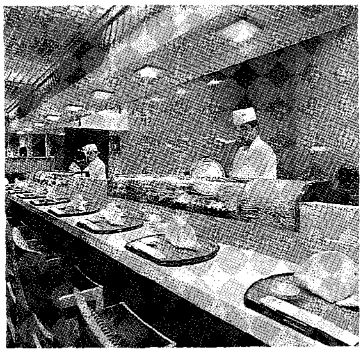

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THE NEW YORKER

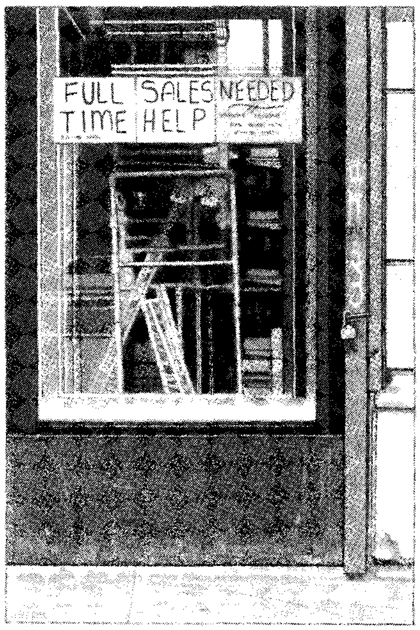
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the weeks since Los Angeles burned, our national conversation has had a shocked, disjointed quality. Other subjects arise, and we turn to them gratefully, but they cannot hold our attention long. The sulfurous pall of "Los Angeles" still poisons the air, and in the flickering afterglow of the riots almost nothing is clear. What did the fire this time reveal? The desperation of those who live in poverty in our central cities scarcely came as news, but its abrupt combustion into days of widespread violence cast a strange and awful light on our politics, our recent history, our idea of who we are. For conservative politicians and their followers, the riots were, as always, about "law and order" and the astonishing number of miscreants among the poor. For those determined to find a coherent political message in the violence, there were the vast Los Angeles street gangs, who made peace among themselves in order, it was suggested, to wage war against their common foes, the police and Asian shopkeepers—thus the talk of a rebellion set to rap music, of "a black *intifada*." Neither of these interpretations of what happened seemed very persuasive, though. Opinion polls showed that most Americans thought the riots were much more than a law-and-order problem and less than a plotted insurrection.

Surprisingly, a solid majority of those polled said that the federal government was not spending enough money on big cities or on improving conditions for black Americans. Besides confounding the conventional wisdom, which holds that taxpayers don't want the government to spend more on anything, these views presented a sharp contrast to the ones expressed by most Americans just four years ago. They seemed to refute, moreover, the cynical political calculation that, because a majority of American voters now live in the suburbs, our cities may be neglected without significant electoral cost. Indeed, if any single policy failure became clear in the Los Angeles riots, it was the abandonment of our cities by the federal government. Since 1981, direct federal spending on cities has declined by more than sixty per cent. The inevitable result has been a reduction in public services, hastening the flight of the black and white working and middle classes to the suburbs, and leaving behind an ever denser concentration of poverty and unemployment.

Giving an extra twist to this sad but familiar story is a fact disclosed by a recent study: that our major cities, despite their shrinking tax base, pay far more in taxes to support the Pentagon—the main beneficiary of the Reagan-Bush federal budgets—than they receive in military spending (on bases, contracts, and so on). In 1990, New York City, for example, suffered a net loss of more than eight billion dollars to the Pentagon; Los Angeles suffered a loss of more than three billion dollars. In the crucial area of employment, these losses cost New York City two hundred and fifty thousand permanent jobs, according to the study, and cost Los Angeles a hundred thousand jobs—though it might be argued that Los Angeles did finally receive some repayment for its heavy support of the Pentagon when President Bush ordered thousands of federal troops to the city on the third day of the riots.



Mr. Bush, who had been struggling to find the right tone for his response to the Rodney King verdict and the riots, actually seemed relieved to be playing again, if only briefly, the role of Commander-in-Chief. It is the role in which he has enjoyed his greatest successes as President, and, as it happened, some of the Army units he sent to Los Angeles had participated in the 1989 invasion of Panama, while many of the marines sent in were veterans of the Gulf War. According to a story in the *Times*, the infantry forces were "fast, mobile troops designed to respond quickly to third world hot spots." The phrase "third world hot spots" is, in fact, a painfully apt description of our own urban ghettos, and the national-security theme in the official response to the riots continued to be sounded in the aftermath of the violence, when William Webster, a former director of both the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., was appointed to head the official inquiry into the police performance in Los Angeles, and when it was reported that hundreds of federal agents had been reassigned from foreign counter-intelligence work to jobs gathering information on American street gangs. But the belatedness and the inadequacy of a simple law-and-order approach to what happened in Los Angeles were underscored, nearly two weeks after the violence ended, by a spate of news stories about the arrest of four suspects in a vicious beating that was broadcast live on television during the early hours of the riots. Daryl Gates, the disgraced Los Angeles police chief, made one of the arrests personally, with the aid of about two hundred police officers, and, in doing so, managed to get his picture on the front page of the *Times*, wearing a military flak jacket and looking, somehow, both weak and dangerous.

In Washington, the scramble to provide emergency aid to Los Angeles came amid reports of a rare "consensus" between Democrats and Republicans on the urgent need for a new urban policy. Even President Bush announced, "There must be no return to the status quo." What, exactly, this meant—which parts of the "status quo" had to go—was unclear, though; the White House offered no new proposals, and the only real consensus in Washington on the subject of urban poverty, it turned out, was that no previous policy had worked. The distance between official Washington and this country's problems has rarely seemed greater. Staring at a news photograph that was captioned "A Bipartisan Caucus Tackles Urban Aid Proposals" and that showed twelve comfortable-looking white men sitting around a table in Washington, we recalled a chilling remark made by a Los Angeles gang member, known as G-Roc, to the journalist Léon Bing: "It don't matter what you say about gangbangin', you know, don't matter if anybody understand it or not. We just bringin' home the hate." What, we wondered, would G-Roc and Newt Gingrich, one of the men around the Washington table, ever have to say to *each other?*

It isn't that riots such as those in Los Angeles cannot be understood, or even that they are unique to America. Stuart Hall, a black British social critic, could have been describing this country when he wrote, after the Tottenham riots in London in 1985, "Britain has a long and distinguished history of urban and rural riot. And that history has an unmistakable pattern to it. It occurs amongst that section of a population excluded from the social, political, economic and cultural life of society. It results from a long and gruelling period of deepening poverty and neglect, so that people begin to feel as if they are permanently out of sight of the society at large: living behind God's back. As the screws tighten, the fragile bonds which tenuously link such communities to the dominant society loosen. Those who have no stake in society, owe it nothing. They have nothing but their poverty, their exclusion, to lose. At that point, 'the riots' have already begun, though no one has yet thrown a single brick."

The violence in Los Angeles has deepened an already pervasive disenchantment with our national leadership. The political vacuum created by this despair is being partly filled by the startling Presidential non-candidacy of Ross Perot, whose appeal so far seems to derive primarily from popular disgust with the two major political parties. Many Americans are angry and frightened, and are looking for a savior. As a people, we don't like what we see in the mirror of Los Angeles, and we don't accept the simpleminded scapegoating being offered us by most politicians. But the challenge presented by the Los Angeles riots is less to our understanding, really, than to our hearts. The air is still acrid with rage, and a question hangs in the haze: How much longer do we plan to keep millions of Americans living behind God's back?

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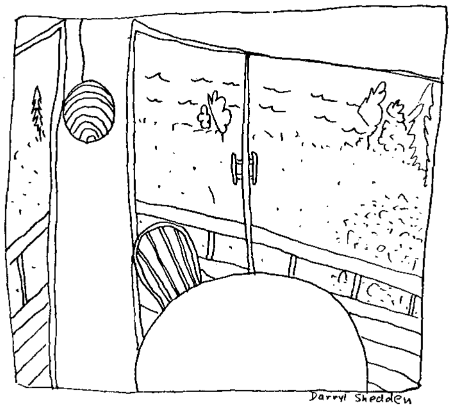
THE first of Marlene Dietrich's two funeral services was held in Paris, where she had spent the last fifteen years of her life. It took place on Thursday, May 14th, in the Madeleine—the huge church built by Napoleon to honor his Grande Armée—and the church was packed. Up front were the family and the dignitaries and the floral arrangements (the one from le Président de la République looking suspiciously artificial), and high above the altar, in Jules-Claude Ziegler's curved fresco, hovered Napoleon himself, not to mention Joan of Arc, Dante, and the Emperor Constantine. An organ boomed, a choir sang, and Dietrich's coffin, draped in the Tricolore, was borne down the center aisle and placed on a catafalque, together with a black velvet pillow holding her Légion d'Honneur and other medals. Two priests dressed in white and purple (one of them the *prêtre des artistes*, who specializes in celebrities) conducted the service and spoke stirringly of Dietrich. An actor read aloud from the Revelation of St. John. A close family friend talked about Marlene, read her favorite poem, and bade her a final "*À bientôt*." And, miraculously, the mob of reporters and cameramen restrained itself—inside, not outside, the church—except for one photographer, who suddenly appeared way up under the dome, on a narrow walkway, snapping shots of the service from above. (The Hunchback of the Madeleine?) Everything about the occasion made it clear that the Dietrich being honored—France's Dietrich—was the international figure, the friend of statesmen and writers, the *soldat*, the legend.



Paris was bearing witness to Dietrich in other ways, too. By a happy coincidence, a still from her famous 1932 film "Shanghai Express" was the image on the official poster for this year's Cannes Film Festival, and it was plastered throughout the city: wherever you looked, there was that soft, sensual face. ("It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily.")

In Berlin, where Dietrich had finally elected to be buried, a dozen yards or so from the grave of her mother, things were very different. On the hot, clear morning of May 16th, as the coffin was driven in an open nineteen-fifties Cadillac through the streets, people came out in crowds to say goodbye. Others gathered at the gate of the exquisite little cemetery, only a few minutes from the center of the city, where the burial was to take place. The crowd booed when the Mayor of Berlin arrived, and then, as the coffin neared the gate, it applauded—

and unfurled a large pink banner reading "Gays and Lesbians Say Goodbye to Marlene." But the burial itself, with only thirty or forty people at the grave—the family, a few friends, government representatives, the German actors Maximilian Schell, Hildegard Knef, Horst Buchholz—and presided over by a single pastor, in black, was simple, dignified, actually private, despite the scores of reporters and photographers perched on a grandstand nearby and hanging over the cemetery walls. Even though a television camera dangled overhead, broadcasting the ceremony to millions, at the graveside it was a mother and grandmother being buried, not a star.

Yet this was an event with national meaning, one that everybody seemed to take personally—the most famous German woman of the century choosing to make her home again in Germany, after sixty years. There were news stories, editorials, even neo-Nazi threats. All through the rest of the day and into the evening, thousands upon thousands of Berliners filed past the grave. To some, the occasion seemed a reconciliation—a "closing of the circle," as the pastor called it. A twenty-two-year-old taxi-driver, who had seen only one of Dietrich's movies, found her return "highly appropriate." To others—a twenty-year-old waitress, for instance—the return was a cause for indignation: Dietrich should have come back sooner if she was going to come back at all. For Berlin, "Marlene" had become a symbol as well as a legend.

One perplexing thing that the two services had in common was the noticeable absence of Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich's death went unacknowledged by the studio of her great days, Paramount; by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences; by the American Film Institute. There were American diplomats at both services, there was an American flag on the coffin during its journey from the Madeleine to Berlin, but there were no American movie people, no flowers, no messages. To most of the Western world Dietrich might be a legend, to Germany she might be a symbol, but to Hollywood she was clearly just an ancient movie star—and, perhaps more to the point, of all the great stars of her era the one least attached to Hollywood, and, indeed, to the movies themselves. She was brought to California after "The Blue Angel," she went to work, she did her job. Then it was over, and she was gone. No embarrassing cameo appearances in horror flicks, no sad comeback attempts, and no vanishing into a vacuum, in the manner of her great rival, Garbo. When Dietrich's movie career ended, not only her legend but she herself *grew.* No wonder Hollywood turned its back on her at the last: she was the one who really got away.

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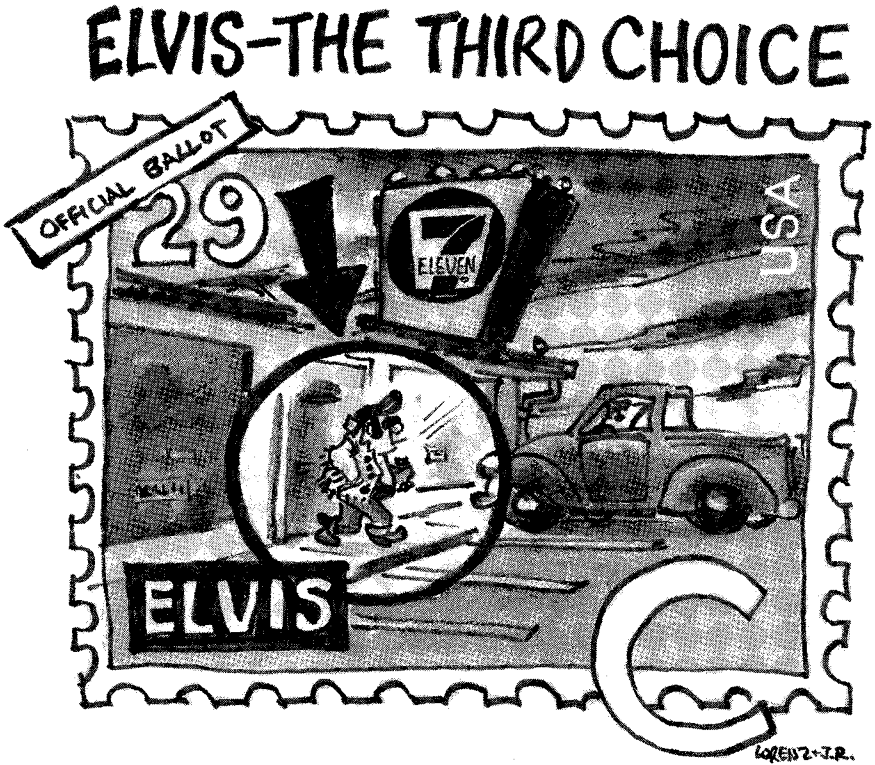

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Protein Source

MEMBERS of the New York Entomological Society paid forty-five dollars to attend the group's hundredth-anniversary dinner the other night at the Explorers Club. Among the items on the menu were cricket-and-vegetable tempura, mealworm balls in zesty tomato sauce, roasted Australian kurrajong grubs, and roast beef with gravy. Members of certain affiliated entomological organizations were asked to pay fifty-five dollars. Miscellaneous guests, including representatives of the media, had to cough up sixty-five dollars. Crews from all the major local television stations materialized, along with reporters from the BBC, CNN, TV Asahi (Japan), Christian Science Monitor Radio, Nickelodeon, Reuters, the Associated Press, *Scientific American*, the *Times*, the *Post*, *Newsday*, *U.S. News & World Report*, *Food Arts*, and a lot of other places.

Marialisa Calta, of *Eating Well*, had travelled all the way from northern Vermont. Her editor expected her to come back with a story, of course, but Marialisa Calta is more than a rote transcriber of such facts as that a hundred-gram portion of giant silk moth caterpillars provides 112.2 per cent of the recommended daily adult allowance of riboflavin, 120 per cent of the copper, and 197.2 per cent of the iron. Marialisa Calta is a thoughtful human being. "I'm trying to free my mind from the cultural bias against eating bugs," she said. "Also, I'm Italian, and we supposedly eat anything."

A waiter in black tie and a wing collar passed by with a tray of hors d'oeuvres—mealworm ghanouj on fontina bruschetta. The mealworms, which had been simmered in red wine with salt and pepper, tasted fine. The ghanouj seemed a little gummy. Marialisa Calta suggested that we chase it with a live honeypot ant. On a nearby table was a petri-like dish of ants that looked familiar except that they had been feeding on peach nectar and the abdomen of each was a large, swollen, translucent sac. "Pick out a logy one," Marialisa said. "They're easier to catch." We picked out a logy one. It tasted sweet. Though there was a limit of one per person, we might have sampled another, but a cameraman from Channel 4 jostled us and made us spill our ginger ale.

We saw a man who we instinctively felt was Norman Cooper, the president of the National Pest Control Association—an intuition based mainly on the name tag he was wearing. Mr. Cooper's wife had obtained tickets to the latest August Wilson play, "Two Trains Running," for that evening, he said, but he preferred to eat insects. Mr. Cooper is the president of ESCO, a.k.a. Exterminating Services Company—the largest pest-control firm in the metropolitan area. "We're concerned with insects as pests," he said, in a vaguely defensive tone. "My regard for the press in the past has not been the highest. I have seen them take scientific fact and distort it in order to make a sweeps-week rating higher. We've seen how they'll take a nonthreatening situation and blow it into a scare story. Of course, that's a generalization, but it's largely true."

Another waiter interrupted us, this time with a tray of fried mealworms and wax-worm fritters with plum sauce, and, when we looked up, some lower life forms had thrust a long lens and a microphone into Mr. Cooper's face.

We had a brief conversation with Robert Boyle, a writer and naturalist, who does a lot of trout fishing and fly-tying and has been eating insects for fifteen years—"not as much as I'd like but enough to repel friends." An open-minded friend of Mr. Boyle's who used to analyze bins of flour for the Army, testing them for their mealworm content, once recommended that he raise termites, "but not too close to the house." "Termites are something like twenty per cent protein," Mr. Boyle said. "That's their wet weight. Dry, they might be closer to fifty per cent."

Toni Schwed was also present. She is working on an anthology of "fiction, poetry, aphorisms, and cartoons—everything that's not nonfiction—about bugs," and has just published a book titled "Noah and Me," about a psychotherapist for animals.

On the buffet line, we caught up with Mr. Cooper again, and he introduced us to some of his fellow pest-control professionals: Ivor Specterman, the general manager of ESCO; Bob Stien, of Acme Exterminating, in Manhattan; and Gil Bloom, of Standard Exterminating, in Queens.

Gil Bloom had some wisdom to convey about the press. "Like pest control, they serve a necessary function in society," he said. "They're not always loved, but they serve a purpose. We do our best to treat them as non-target organisms. As exterminators, we tend to target only four-legged, six-legged, and, on occasion, eight-legged organisms. We don't normally go after two-legged creatures, although, if you were really interested, I could set you up with someone."

During dinner, we shared a table with Mr. Cooper and Dr. Muhammad Shadab, an entomologist on the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, where he specializes in making anatomically exact pointillist drawings of the reproductive organs of spiders. One of the centerpieces was a green-mesh-covered glass fishbowl containing a bed of aquamarine gravel and a large tarantula-colored tarantula. Dr. Shadab studied it for about two seconds before pronouncing it female.

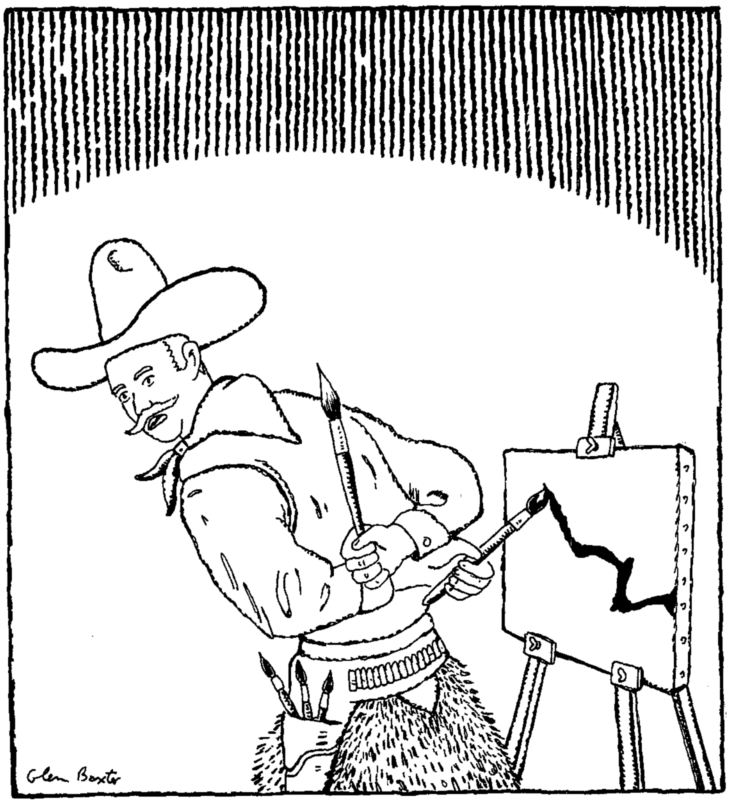
From the buffet table we had picked up a couple of two-inch-long Thai water bugs—a species that, according to Lou Sorkin, the treasurer of the New York Entomological Society, has "the flavor of lettuce, seaweed, or Gorgonzola cheese, depending where you bite into it." Instead of eating them, we decided to keep them as souvenirs.

We asked Mr. Cooper whether the Thai water bug was the same insect that people encounter in dark, dank, scary New York City basements and refer to interchangeably as the water bug and the American cockroach—as opposed to the smaller, ubiquitous species of cockroach that is found in New York City kitchens and is known as the German cockroach (except in Germany, where it is known as the French cockroach, and in France, where it is known as the English cockroach).

"Yes," Mr. Cooper said, and he explained that the Thai water bug was a close relative of the North American scary-basement water bug.

Immediately, Dr. Shadab contradicted him. "No," Dr. Shadab said. "The American cockroach is not a true bug. In common language they are all bugs, but a true bug has different wings and mouth parts. A true bug—like the bedbug—has a piercing mouth so that it can suck the juices out of plants and sometimes animals. Now, that's a true bug. A roach is a roach."

A Thai water bug



"IN ORDER TO RELEASE MYSELF FROM THE PEDESTRIAN CONSTRAINTS OF MERE REPRESENTATION, I HANDLE MY SABLES THIS WAY," EXPLAINED SETH.

sat untouched on Mr. Cooper's plate.

"Do people ever eat roaches?" he was asked.

"No," Dr. Shadab said.

"Well, perhaps," Mr. Cooper said. "But not knowingly."

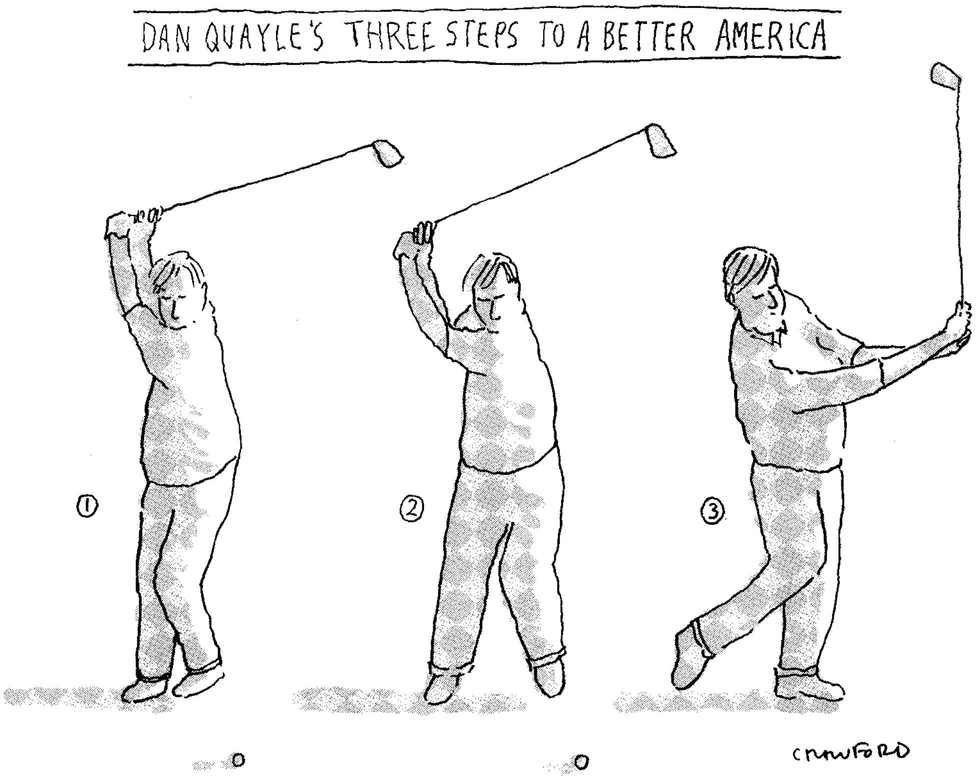
Investigation

THE light was blinking on the answering machine. There were three messages, all of them from Janet: (1) "I'm under investigation. Call me." (2) "Five hundred and eighty dollars' worth of stamps and no order number. Call me when you get in." (3) "There's a new twist to my being investigated. The guys who are investigating me have asked me not to harass them." We dialled Janet's number.

"A whole bunch of people came into my office," Janet told us. "My boss said, 'These people have come to investigate you.' I started to laugh. 'Me?' The man in charge said, 'You're under investigation, and it's not funny.' I said, 'I want to know who ratted on me,' and they wouldn't tell me. They said, 'It's anonymous.' That's how they got me—an anonymous tip. 'You're supposed to know who your accuser is,' I told them. 'Not till we go to trial,' they said. I threatened to quit, and they said, 'That's up to you.' So I gave them a huge box of everything I've ever done wrong—not keeping track of things you're supposed to keep track of. The next thing I know, all those little pink things have disappeared out of my desk. My deposit slips. 'Pink' is a very dangerous word around here these days."

We understood.

"I bought two thousand twenty-nine-cent stamps for the invitations to the concert with my own money. Then I repaid myself with a company check. Eight guys descended on me. 'Where's the proof?' they said. The stamps were already used up. Luckily for me, I never throw anything out. I found the receipt under a couple of little packages of sugar in my desk drawer. They were appeased for the moment. I told them, 'I get checks from contributors, I put them in the bank, I get bills, I write checks.' One guy asked me, 'How do you know you have enough in the bank to cover the checks?' I said, 'I don't. I expect the bank to let me know.' "


DAN QUAYLE'S THREE STEPS TO A BETTER AMERICA
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CRAWFORD

Janet went on, "I don't know if I want to be cleared. I'd prefer to sue. I asked someone whose name I can't mention if I could sue, and he said he didn't think so. I was furious. I barged into the head man's office—the G.I. No, the I.G. They never get those things straight. A receptionist asked me, 'Do you have an appointment? Make an appointment.' I said, 'I'll leave my number.' The phone was ringing when I got back to my office. The head man said he wanted me to stop harassing his agents. He's got it backward. I said, 'Listen, I may have given you some incriminating evidence against me. I want to look through that box I gave you.' I invited him for lunch, and he said, 'Not until after the investigation.'

"My secretary said to me, 'You're probably being investigated for complete incompetence.' I can't let it interfere with the concert I'm putting on. It all started with this letter they sent out. It was a New Directive. From the new chairman. 'If you want to snitch on your friends, it's O.K.' That was the gist of it. 'But do it in an orderly fashion. Do it through your superior. Through your *immediate* superior.' I have six immediate superiors. The biggest crimes get investigated by these I.G. people. It's really the most exciting thing that's happened to me in the twenty years I've worked here. I wrote a letter to the chairman: 'I cannot continue with this investigation thing hanging over my head like a dark cloud.' What do you think?"

We thought it sounded appropriate.

"Subpoenaing my accountant was the last straw," Janet said. "They could have just said, 'Janet, could you please call your accountant and ask him to send us whatever he has on you?' When I mentioned that to the agents, they said, 'This is our routine.' They have a routine.

"Meanwhile, I'm falling apart—like an old automobile. I need new parts. I need a new foot, a new knee, a new toe, and a new wrist. I've had carpal-tunnel syndrome for some time now, but the doctor is vague. He said, 'You could have an operation or you don't have to.' It's my right foot, my left knee, my left toe, my right wrist, and my memory. I don't know which way to limp. Forgetfulness is the worst. I called someone yesterday, and when she answered I said, 'I'm terribly sorry, I forgot who I'm calling.' When she told me her name, I still didn't know who she was. I once said to a long-distance operator, 'I'm losing my mind.' She said, 'Just enjoy it.' I've gone from my first childhood to my second childhood with nothing in between. All I can remember is my own name."

EYES ON

TONIGHT on "Eyes On," the scandal which *may* be burning a hole in your eye socket. You've been promised an eyewitness look at alarming scandals, eye-popping features, and exciting insights on how to manage your money, but are your scandals really scandals? Ray Battle reports.

Cut to: Ray Battle (*on steps of old Customs House*). *Battle is an old hand, or maybe he's not, but he sure knows how to dress. Hints of his having "been around" include prizefight tickets stuck in his pocket and an old campaign button saying "All the Way with Adlai." To soften the effect, which would otherwise be alarming, and disruptive to the user-friendly aspect of our program, Battle is dressed in pajamas and carries a small stuffed toy, perhaps a memento of a child he once loved.*

Battle: Scandal—you love it, I love it, they love it. We love it, you (plural) love it, they (plural) love it. Hey, wait a minute. *They* (*plural*)? Isn't that redundant?

Cut to: shot of stealth bomber crashing. (*Battle V.-O.*)

Battle: You bet. "They (plural)" *is* redundant. And that, some say, is just the problem.

Cut to: Stacy Cecil (*aging English professor*).

Cecil: Technically speaking, while you may need to differentiate between "you" (singular) and "you" (plural) you never need to say that "they" is plural.

Cut back to: Battle.

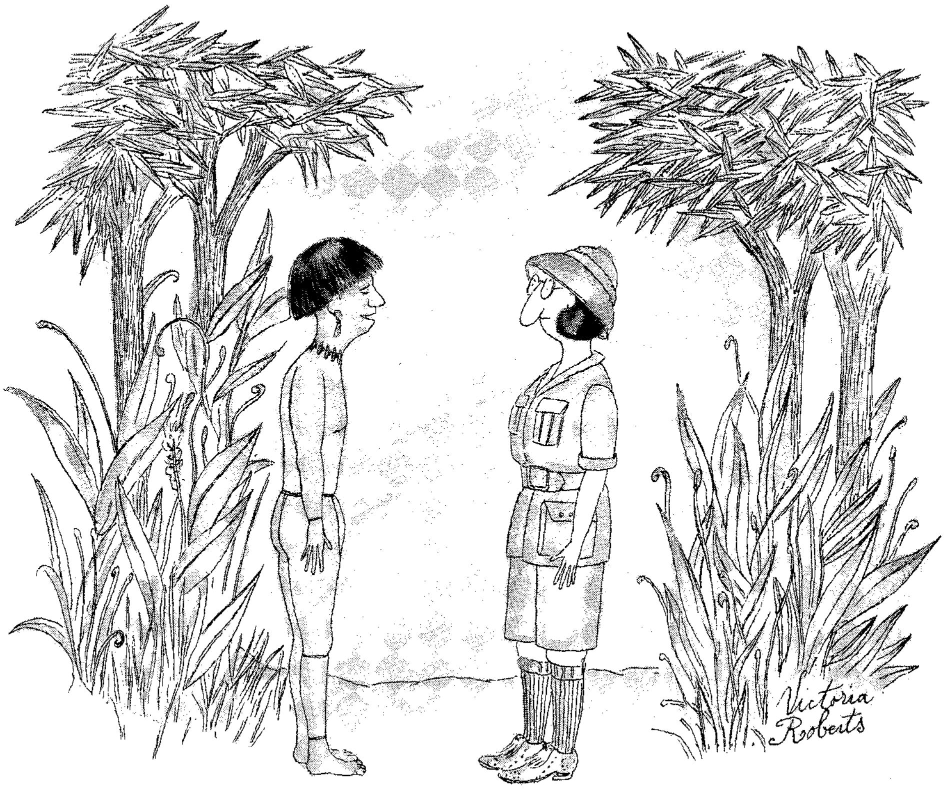
Back to: stealth bomber.

Battle: Money that *could* be spent on infrastructure and special treats is being diverted, some say, into redundant and unnecessary attempts to investigate "soft" features, which don't need *any attention at all.*

Cut to: graphic.

Battle: For instance, one network spent billions of your advertising dollars—money you generate when you buy the silly products advertised on TV—on repetitive and nearly mind-numbing information about students in a small Midwestern town who turned their soccer team into a private army. Here's the catch: some experts say it was *only an investment scam, not a real army at all.* Here's how it worked.

Cut to: stealth bomber crashing.



"I'm already seeing an anthropologist."

Cut to: graphic.

Battle (*V.-O.*): One, students voted to give up soccer, which was no longer being funded by their skinflint board of education. They took title to their soccer field and then . . .

Two, broke into secret corporate computer files, where the names and addresses of aging newshounds were on file. Then they . . .

Three, formed a military "alliance" with an irresponsible breakaway republic which gave them diplomatic passports and the right to curry favor with legitimate journalists.

The outcome? Billions of units of "silly work"—reporting stories with little or no meaning. How does this affect you, the consumer? Documents show that all this useless material was flown to Washington at government expense and put up at *prestigious Blair House.*

Cut to: reception at Blair House. *Diplomats and journalists having a high old time at taxpayer expense. (Note: Try to get footage of Warren Beatty receiving Medal of Freedom. If Warren hasn't got this yet, intercut footage of Warren getting prestigious award from French government with footage of a slow, languid tour of Blair House: the gardens, if there are gardens; if not, intercut slow, languid tour of Blair House with shots of Versailles, which is a good segue back to Warren.)*

Cut to: Harvey Millions (*bright young economics professor*).

Battle (*V.-O.*): But Harvey Millions, bright young economics professor, says *that's O.K.*

Millions: The students were quite clever, actually. I'm quite impressed by their audacity. All they really had was a pool of aging journalists and a copy of a Sylvia Porter book, I can't remember the title, but copyright 1953 or so—the one where she had salt-and-pepper hair, as opposed to the gray she had later and the gray-with-blue she ended up with. That's all they had, really. I'm very impressed by the entrepreneurship. One of them is now the premier of a breakaway republic, and the others are doing quite nicely, I would say—solid portfolios, nice country places, and so on.

Cut to: Battle. (*Battle reaches down and ties his shoelace.*)

Battle: What's wrong with that,

you ask? Well, for one thing, I might have tripped.

Cut to: stealth plane crashing.

Battle: Using up more precious defense dollars. Defense money? Going to pay off frivolous accident-liability suits? That's right. Since the so-called peace dividend has been turned into golf clubs, broadcasts like this one have been funded by the Department of Defense. Why? Don't ask me, but some studies indicate that children who didn't use this technology scored *just as well.* These studies say that giving children options as to which side of a non-issue they want information about creates stress, tension, severe depression.

Cut to: stealth plane crashing.

Cut to: graphic.

Cut to: Battle. (*Note: Get Battle to smile, for Christ's sake—maybe squeeze the toy.*)

Battle: But don't panic. You can *refinance.* For instance, if you own one of the former Baltic republics, you *may* be able to reinvest in an Asian tire company at a much lower rate. And here's a tip: instead of automatically thinking "Medellín" when the phrase "drug cartel" comes up, why not look into "Cali"? Some insiders are making millions just by investigating the less publicized group. Home ownership continues to be the Number One way to raise hell. And despite the fact that no criminal charges have been filed, the *credibility* of those who took *all* their clothes off while using their overdraft privileges at the House bank—as though House members had special Dionysian privileges denied to the rest of us—all this doesn't sit well with voters.

Cut to: voters. *Millions of them, watching a Stealth plane which very nearly crashes, then (miraculously) regains altitude, then crashes.*

Cut to: Battle, *who sits down on the Customs House steps. He's a little lonely, a little vulnerable. Possibly show divorce papers spilling out of pocket. His head nods. He's in a trance. Kind of a psychic-healing-type thing.*

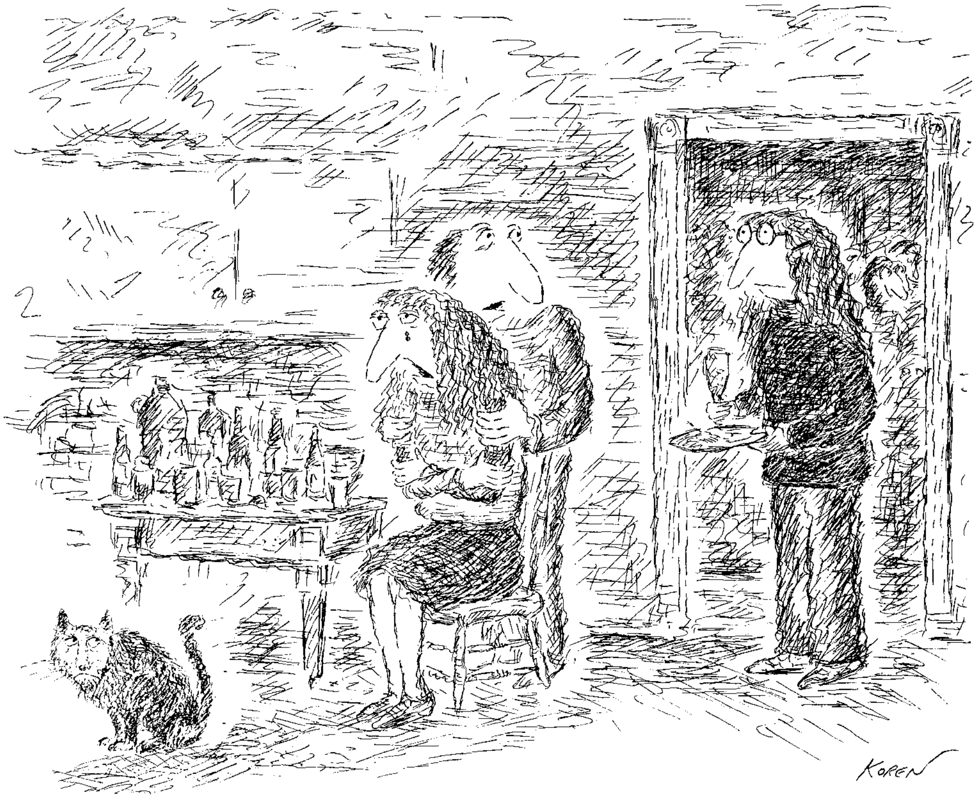
Battle (*mumbling*): Here are some other stories "Eyes On" is tracking: Way to a man's heart is through stomach, diet doctors say. Early to bed, early to rise can impact on health, experts claim. How come no new nite spots in midtown? Sarajevo a real hard-luck town. Miami Sound Machine won't play there. Bad news for former Yugo republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina; M.S.M. can still pack them in. . . . Russia still a faraway country, about which we know nothing. The Beautiful Wife misses the Latin Quarter. . . . Show-biz oldtimers remember when "Walters" meant Lou, not Barbara. No reflection on Barbara. Madonna interested in compassion; not big on Eastern Europe. How come no new niteries in those big, new Times Square hotels? Can't report East Europe . . . too dull, but Ukraine still boffo in Chi. Madonna says she won't play former Yugo republics. Gloria Estefan of Miami Sound Machine says it's a "me, too" move. Estefan says she started whole dump-Yugo thing, and now others are following suit. Madonna office says star will respond. Today's best gag: Billy Farberoso says his room is so small even the mice have hunchbacks. Madonna won't talk to members of Miami Sound Machine. Big story brewing there. Former Albania a non-starter. Bobby's Boy scratched at Santa Anita. Former Albania definitely in the dumps. "Poorest Country in Europe" tag a real floperoo. Foreign aid a dog, but Ukraine still hotsy in Chi. Today's WIN-Go number: 546. Someone should do McLaughlin Group-type thing with Ukrainian slant; use *real* stars, though. High concept to ask Madonna does she have Ukrainian friend. Compassion-type thing. "We Are the World," minus a coupla places. Home ownership. . . (*Lifts his head, looks up. In the sky over the Customs House we see a Stealth bomber, black, a little threatening, but lovely.*)

Battle: Say, that's a pretty plane.

Bomber ascends toward sun, then explodes. We ascend toward it. Suddenly, we are in the closing graphic. Not only do we see every piece of the Stealth bomber as it explodes, we have a sense of experiencing *every single atom of the plane. It's kind of slinky and granular and cool. Not only do we have a sense of the aerodynamic design of the plane, we* are *the aerodynamic design. We glide easily through the wind and go to*

Commercial.

—George W. S. Trow



"Miranda is in a lot of pain over the attitude of her cat."

• •

A NURSE

AT this time, was my dad working in the cable and wire mill? No, this was before. He was trying out a job as a sales representative for a small manufacturer of lighting fixtures. It lasted about a year. When he was out on the road overnight, selling to places like malls and office buildings, he called us in the morning from pay phones. "Do you miss us?" I said, and he answered, "Sweetheart! Do you think I'd be out here if I absolutely didn't have to?"

There'd been a launch. In the paper that day there was a photograph of a man at a capsule window. Even in the photo's grainy fuzziness, he looked depressed. I wondered if, in orbit, he stayed by the window all the time, as I would, not for the sight of stars and galaxies, or the planets in hovering closeness, but to gaze at the earth, the bowl of the earth, with an awful, *encompassing loneliness*. I thought of my father in a helmet with white starlight on the front. "How's your mother?" he said. "Is she up yet?"

"She went to the store."

"What store? It's not even seven o'clock."

"The twenty-four-hour. She borrowed Mrs. Philbrick's car." Dad had our car, a Ford wagon. Mrs. Philbrick was our next-door neighbor. Her white Chrysler was parked in the driveway between our houses; it gleamed in the early morning sun.

"How are the girls?" said Dad.

"They're great."

None of my sisters would go to school that day except Paula. I mean, Maureen wasn't going. Suzy and Lynnie weren't old enough. Lynnie was the youngest, and although she was nearly two, she hadn't started talking. She didn't walk much, either, but someone was always around to pick her up and hold her when she cried.

Maureen was sick with a flu that was going around. As the day went on, Suzy, who was four, would get it, too, then Lynnie. The three of them were in the den watching television. A "National Geographic" was on. As I talked on the phone with Dad I heard Suzy gasp and start whining. On TV an animal, a weasel, had run out from behind a tree. It caught a gray rabbit by the foot, then broke its neck. We could see a red trail in the snow as the weasel dragged it away.

"Wait a minute, Dad." I went over to the television and switched it to cartoons. "I don't want you watching that stuff," I said. "If you turn it back on, you're getting the same as that bunny." I picked up the phone again and said, "Everyone say hi to Dad." They called to him without paying attention, out of the sides of their mouths. My sister Paula was upstairs getting dressed. "Who are you talking to?" she screamed. I covered the mouthpiece with my hand and screamed, "Shut up, Paula."

"Tell Mommy I'll be home by tomorrow afternoon at the latest. I'll call again around suppertime, and don't fight."

"We won't. Do you think about us a lot?"

My dad said, "Mary Ann! If I could be in two places at once, don't you think I'd do it?" Then he said, "Hold down the fort, O.K.?"

"I will."

"Over and out, Chief."

"Over and out," I said back. We hung up. Is a father who isn't with you still yours? What if he answers your questions with questions of his own, and sounds like a man on a radio, not a telephone?

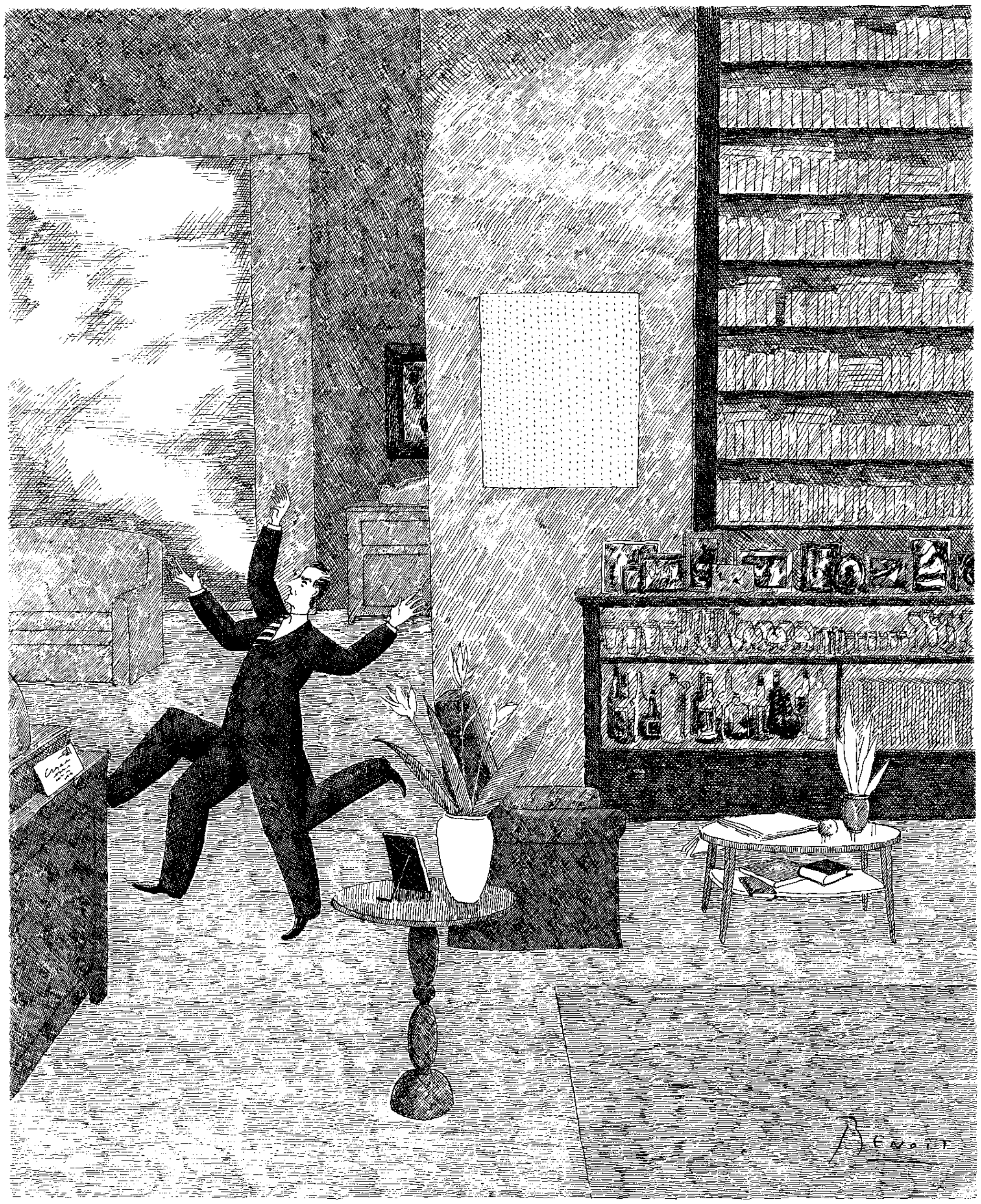
My mother was a nurse. She had promised Dad that she'd never work nights when he was away, but the hospital had called her to cover for someone. They paid an extra twenty dollars for the night shift. When she was gone like this I never slept. Or I woke up abruptly from terrible, bright dreams of blood, with visions of my mother falling asleep in the middle of a routine procedure, which the patient would die of. Then it would take her all morning to deal with the body, and I'd never get to school. Sometimes in these dreams she nodded off to sleep while walking home, and a car shot out in a hazy glare from one of the side streets, and hit her and killed her.

This was what I did to bring her home faster and safely: I made her coffee. *I was afraid of matches*, so I couldn't light the stove. I put a tablespoon of instant Maxwell House in a cup. I went to the sink, turned on the hot water, and let it run until it steamed; then I filled the cup with water and knelt on the mat. I balanced the cup on the rim of the sink above my head. Then I prayed that God would bring my mother home in time for me to reach school before the bell rang, before I poured the coffee on my head. I never actually did it, though. Something always happened to distract me. My mom came home at last, or the baby cried, or my sisters started a fight and I'd have to get up and go in there.

I SPREAD out a blanket on the den floor for Lynnie and Suzy. Maureen said her throat hurt, and she seemed to be running a low fever, so I warmed a piece of flannel on the radiator for her neck. I got out the cough syrup and gave her half a teaspoon. I crushed up four baby aspirin in some applesauce, and she ate it and lay down on the couch. My books were on the counter. I was ready for school, but my mother called from the hospital to tell me that someone had died on her shift. "I swear to God, I'll make this up to you," she said.

Paula came downstairs wearing clothes so wrinkled you could hardly tell what they were. She had on socks she had taken from the dirty-laundry basket in the cellar. She came in the kitchen and took the last two doughnuts from the box in the freezer and threw them into her book bag. She was eleven; I was twelve. Every passion that either of us had ever felt fanned the flames of how we hated each other. She went into the den and kissed Maureen, then Suzy and Lynnie, on *their foreheads*. "Be good today, and don't run high fevers," she said, as if she were Dad. When she walked by me I punched her in the stomach as hard as I could, then ran into the bathroom and shut the door and leaned on it. Paula pushed at it, but I was stronger, and she gave up. "I'm coming home with a gun, and I'm going to kill you," she said.

Nobody felt like eating breakfast. I crumbled some graham crackers in a bowl for Lynnie and Suzy. I poured in some milk and placed the bowl on



After his return from India, Mr. Delvoye was troubled by jet lag.

the rug, as if they were two cats.

"Get out of here, you're just making us sicker," said Maureen.

I went upstairs and made the beds. I stood in the hall for a while and went over some vocabulary words from the list I had memorized for French class. Last night, while my mother was getting ready to leave for work, we watched part of "Fantasia" on TV. I knew that my sisters believed they were sick from being scared by the demons at the end, but I wasn't thinking about demons. I couldn't remember any of the music. I remembered the way night came, like a woman in a long, dark cloak, floating slowly and steadily from across the planets, down long stairs of stars to the dusky sky of earth, to the trees, the hills, along the roads. Wherever she went, it was quiet.

The phone rang. I thought it would be my mom, calling to say that she was on her way home after all, but it was Paula.

"Hi, Mommy," Paula said. "Have you got a minute? Mrs. Lang wants to talk to you."

Mrs. Lang was the assistant principal of our school. She was young and still new, having only arrived that September. But we knew she loved rules, and we feared her.

"Mrs. Baird?"

"Yes," I said, my voice low.

"I was about to send Paula home for hitchhiking, but she says your younger kids have a virus."

"I never got in anyone's car," said Paula in the background.

"A teacher saw her with her thumb out," said Mrs. Lang.

I said, "Please keep Paula in school today. I always work things out with my kids when my husband comes home."

"Mrs. Baird? Are you all right?"

"Actually, I'm not so great. I have just had a miscarriage," I said.

"Oh!" Then, after a pause, Mrs. Lang said, "Will you be keeping Mary Ann out of school?"

"Certainly not. I feel strongly that education comes first with my kids. But I may have to, just a little."

"Tell Mary Ann I'll talk to her teachers. I'll send her assignments home with one of her sisters."

"Thank you," I said. Mrs. Lang didn't know that Maureen was home sick and that anything given to Paula would fall through the cracks somewhere, lost forever.

Maureen had fallen asleep. I gathered Suzy and Lynnie up. It was time for their lessons.

I had a classroom in the basement, near the laundry room. There were milk crates for seats, and four desks that Dad and I bought at a fire sale when a school on the other side of town burned down. I also had a chalkboard. But Paula and Maureen had written all over it with crayons, and we couldn't use it.

Suzy and Lynnie were wearing their slippers, so I carried them over to the classroom one at a time. I put Lynnie in the old baby stroller. It was starting to fall apart, but she didn't mind. Suzy's cheeks were flushed. Her head barely showed above the top of the desk where I put her. I gave her a pencil, and she looked at it and groaned.

"You're not too sick to learn," I said. "And the quicker you're done, the quicker you can go back upstairs."

"Make Maureen."

"Maureen's seven. She already knows the alphabet." I picked up my wooden slat. I held it in the air. It was a strip of wood that I had taken from one of the window shades upstairs. "Suzy. Tell me three words that start with the letter G. One is what you were eating in your milk. You can't say green, gravy, or garage, because you had those yesterday."

"Graham crackers," said Suzy.

"Good," I said. Then I whispered, "That's another one."

"Does it count if you said it first?"

"Of course." I held out my other hand, palm up. Lynnie started rocking the carriage, and it sounded like the springs would break.

"I'm cold, and it stinks down here," said Suzy.

"We're almost done," I said. I brought the slat down and struck my open palm. I didn't feel it much, so I did it again.

"Blessed Mother, Holy St. Anne, and Blessed St. Theresa, the Little Flower. Please make me good, or I will die," I said. Lynnie was trying to climb out of the carriage, so I picked her up. Her forehead felt hot. She had some cracker crumbs in her hair, and I brushed them away.

"Girl," said Suzy, and I cried, "Correct!"

I carried Lynnie across the cellar floor in my arms like St. Christopher. Then I strode back and got Suzy and saved her, too.

TO cover some more empty spaces between paychecks from my dad's commissions, my mother went out on odd jobs or emergencies, or filled in for nurses in doctors' private practices.

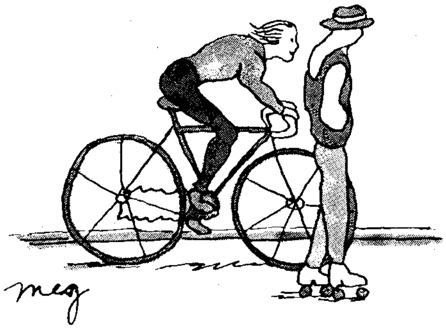
The phone rang. It was Edna Fleury, the secretary at Dr. Mason's. She and my mother had gone to high school together. She was calling to say that one of their Medicare patients had died—Ernie Timko, from the housing project. The hospital had sent a resident to take care of the death certificate. Then an ambulance had come to pick up the body, but something was wrong. The ambulance was sitting in front of the Timkos' building, blocking traffic.

I handed the phone to my mom. She was sitting at the kitchen table. She hadn't taken her coat off yet. In her lap was Suzy. Standing at her side, pressing her face into my mother's hipbone, was Lynnie. Maureen called out from the den, "Nobody cares that I'm sick."

"Her fever's not that high, Mom," I said.

"What is it?" said my mom into the phone. I could hear Edna saying, "Can you tell her to let them in?" She thought she'd been talking to my mom all along.

It turned out that Almy Timko, Ernie's wife, had locked her door, and would not give up her husband's body. Edna had already called Public Health as well as Visiting Nurses. No one was free to go there.



"Why don't you send the old fart," said my mother. She meant Dr. Mason.

Edna said, "I can't. I overbooked him, and he's up to his elbows."

"I worked all night. I just this minute got home." My mother switched the phone to her other ear and listened to Edna for a while, then said, "I'll talk to her. But I'm charging you time and a half. In cash, Edna, same as always."

"I'm going with you," I said. Paula was home from school; it was her turn to watch the kids now.

"I'll take a taxi. Even if I had the car, I wouldn't drive."

"I'm still going."

"I'm not that beat, Mary Ann. I took a nap while my specials were watching Johnny Carson. And I only had half a ward."

But all I had to do was close my eyes to see my mother slumped asleep in the back of a cab, while the driver ferried her away to another part of the country. He would pull off the road, wake her, and snicker when he pointed to the meter.

My mother looked at me, over the top of Suzy's head, with sleepy eyes that never seemed all the way open anymore. I couldn't believe how hard

LA TRISTESSE

And Pound in his despair in the Army prison camp at Pisa
Wrote, "*Tard, très tard je t'ai connue, la Tristesse.*"
And he said that the tears he had caused in his life
were drowning him.
"*Les larmes que j'ai créées m'inondent.*"

I have been reading some pages in the Tristia of Ovid,
Who was exiled to Pontus on the Black Sea, the end
of nowhere,
Because he had offended Augustus.
Ovid longs for Rome, for his homeland.
You are my homeland and I seek permission to return
to you.

You are the solitary voyager, the bird of lone flight.
I was foolish; I tried to capture you, to bring you
down from your sky.
I am rightly punished, but exile from you is a hard
pain to bear.
My sadness is a dull ache, a wound that won't heal.
I have injured the one I love best.
She also has her wound, the one I gave her.
La tristesse, tard, très tard je t'ai connue.

—JAMES LAUGHLIN

• •

Wm Hamilton

"I think I'm a pretty average Jennifer—but I think you're a very unusual Scott."

• •

she made it for me to keep her alive. She said, "I don't want you growing up to be no nurse."

"I'm *not*," I said.

Almy Timko had stripped her kitchen in a burst of cleaning. She'd put everything from the counters into the sink. She had washed the walls. She had been washing the floor on her hands and knees with an old-fashioned bristle brush. Everything smelled like ammonia and Ajax.

After Almy let us in, she went into the hall and looked around, as if the two men from the ambulance crew might try to sneak in behind us. They were waiting on the landing. Almy shut the door quickly and shot the bolt.

There were three rooms in the Timkos' apartment. In the small bedroom off the kitchen, Ernie Timko lay straight down the middle of the bed.

"This is Mary Ann, my oldest," said my mom. Then she said, "I've known you a long time, Almy. This isn't like you. You don't want Gallagher's ambulance taking him, because you think there's a black mark against them. Is that it?"

Almy shook her old head and said, "That's not it, but I heard of it." There were some bald spots in her hair where pink scalp was showing, about the size of dimes. If someone looked inside her brain, I thought, they might find, like words inscribed in rock, this message: "Nothing ever worked out the way I wanted it to."

I was next to my mother. I leaned back on my heels to look into the back room, so I could see the dead man with quick, averted glances. I was only just starting to get the hang of looking, at the things I most wanted to see, from the sides of my eyes, while staring at something else. It has always been amazing to me how this works.

The dead man was dressed in pajamas. He lay on top of the covers—just a sheet and blanket that had been tucked in the mattress Army-style. I hadn't been able to see his face. In a funny, unnatural way, his feet stood up straight. He was barefoot, but it looked as if he wore invisible shoes. His toes were in perfect, slanted lines.

What black mark?

Almy bent down and picked up the floor brush. There was a silver bucket of sudsy water at her feet. I said to my mother, "I think I'll go wait in the hall." She gave me a look; she'd forgotten I'd come with her.

"Maybe I could go to another apartment and see if someone will give the ambulance men a snack," I said.

"Be quiet, or I'll smack you in front of poor Almy."

Almy looked at the brush in her hand; she let it drop into the bucket.

"You knew his heart was going, Almy," said my mom. "He'll get a good burial. You've got it coming to you from Social Security."

"I believe you're here to wash him," said Almy.

"That's not how it works now. They'll do it when they lay him out. Listen to me, Almy. Wait till you see how they fix him up. You've got to let the guys come in now and do their job."

"Before he goes, he's washed. I'd do it myself, but I haven't touched him all these years, and it doesn't feel right to me to start now."

My mom sighed. "You don't have to tell me anything that went on with you and Ernie. And I can't go back to the doctor and tell him you wouldn't listen to reason."

"I listened," said Almy. She drew herself up, as if steeling herself. There was something in the look of her shoulders and back that made me think, as I stared at her, of a bird on a branch or a fence, gearing up to start singing, just to do it. I held back my own shoulders and stood up straighter.

"I can see that he died peaceful, Almy," said my mom in a quiet voice.

"I never said anything outside this house about him and me, and I'm not saying anything now, just because he's gone," said Almy. "There's rubber sheets on the dresser. There's a basin and sponge in the bathroom, all put out, and the clippers. His suit's hanging on the back of the closet door. I don't expect you to shave him if you're not feeling steady with your hands."

"Go and wait in the other room, Mary Ann," said my mother. She unbuttoned her coat, took it off, and handed it to Almy. She pushed up the sleeves of her sweater. There was a run in her white stockings, long and laddered; there were stains on her white uniform just above the hem. She was like a mother who'd come back from a war. She took off her shoes and gave them to Almy, and Almy set them down by the door.

The only other room was a dining room. It contained an enormous, shiny mahogany table that smelled like Lemon

Pledge. It didn't look as if a crumb had ever fallen on its surface. There were six high-backed chairs around it. I pulled one out and sat down. I guessed that if Almy hadn't been close enough to her husband to have touched him, she couldn't have slept in their bed with him. Had the old woman slept, for years of nights, on this table, which stretched the length of the room like a brown island?

I heard my mother go into the bathroom. I just sat. Almy's long, heavy drapes, threadbare along the rods and bleached here and there by too much sunlight, were partly open. The dusk of late autumn appeared at the edge of the sky, and in the gray, soft light, the nearby buildings, with their ramshackle fire escapes and flat roofs, were almost lovely. The Mobil station sign on the corner was lit up, and so were the huge red letters of the sign at CVS. I couldn't see a sunset, though—just a fading. I thought about my dad, who might have been looking, that moment, at his watch. Or, as he glanced out a window somewhere, he might have been shutting his case of brochures. He would say to whoever he was talking to, "Excuse me, but I have to call my family, or I'm in trouble." The phone would start ringing on its table in our hall. I could hear it, almost, with the leftover sounds of the times he had already called us, and the phantoms of more calls to come. I didn't want to think about which of my sisters, in my absence, would answer it, but I hoped it would be the baby. Sometimes Paula or I, trying to get Lynnie to start talking, carried her to the phone and said, "Answer it, Lynnie," like it was her job. So far, all she was doing was picking it up and slamming it down again; it usually ended up off the hook.

After a while, my mother went into the bedroom. I waited. I knew she would have to go back to the bathroom because she hadn't brought everything out. When she did, I got up and followed her in there. I whispered, "What did the men from the ambulance do?"

I'd come up behind her and startled her. I thought she'd slap me, but she was too tired. I said, "Tell me, because I really have to know. When we get home I'll make supper, and I'll give the baby a bath. I'll give Suzy one, too, I swear."

One thing about talking to people who have worked a long time without sleep is that they enter a fuzzy in-between area, as if they're tranquillized. If you get them just right, their exhaustion is like a truth serum. My mom didn't say, the way she did when she was more awake, "Mary Ann! Sometimes I look at you, and I wonder if the heart you have in your body is a human one." She just said, "Paul Gallagher was driving his father's ambulance one night to the city. He didn't have anyone else with him. He was bringing a nine-year-old boy to Children's Hospital. But instead of taking the toll road he went the long way. They figured that, in the extra minutes it took, that's when the appendix went. The Gallaghers can keep their license, but they can't drive out of town."

I wondered which of the two men on the landing was Paul Gallagher, so I could memorize his face as we left. "The boy died?"

"For a dollar twenty on the Massachusetts Turnpike," said my mom.

"Were the Gallaghers sued?"

"They couldn't. No one knew about the appendix. They were bringing him in for something else, for tubes in his ears, I think."

"How long is this going to take you?"

"Half an hour. Remind me, as soon as we get home, to write Edna a bill. I'm so tired!"

I let her go back to Mr. Timko. Almy was standing in the kitchen, near the refrigerator, with my mom's coat in her arms. She was staring at her bare, clean counters. One of her hands was full of coat. In the other, she held two shiny coins—quarters, I thought, or half-dollars. I wasn't afraid of her. I pointed to the coins. "Are you going to put those on his eyes?"

"They're for your mother," said Almy. "It's her tip."

"Oh," I said. "Do you have any children?"

"It's just been him and me."

Then I said, "My dad used to work in town, but they laid him off."

"I hear that a lot of the places doing poorly might be hiring again," said Almy.

"His old place went bankrupt. He's away on a business trip right now. Sometimes he has to be gone for four or five days. But it's twice as long when I think about it, like it's doubled, because it always goes by really slowly."

Almy tilted her head slightly to one side, toward the bedroom, like she was pointing to it. "Well, it's not the same thing at all," she said.

"I guess not," I said. "Were you married a long time?"

"We were."

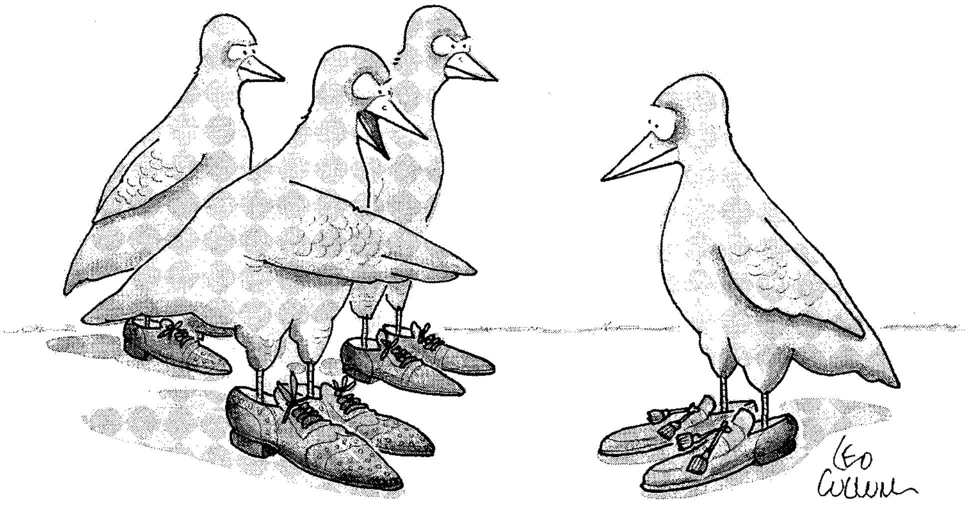
"Are you going to set up some candles?"

"Maybe I will, later on."

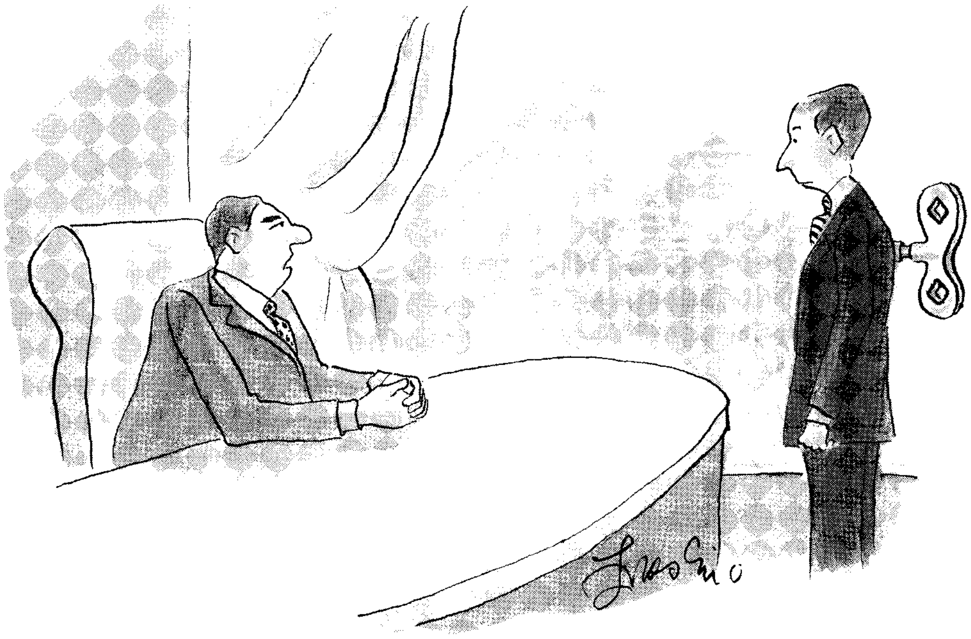
"Will you keep them going all night?"

"I might, if they last," said Almy.

I went back into the dining room and sat down. I held myself rigidly; the table was so waxy I thought that if I touched it I'd leave fingerprints. Then I touched my fingertips to the edge of the table, the way I'd seen older girls in my neighborhood do with Ouija boards, sitting on their porch steps. I began to think about Gallagher's ambulance rolling slowly and leisurely down Route 9 on the way to Boston, through Worcester, Shrewsbury, Westborough, Framingham, Natick, and



"No one will ever take you seriously with those tassels."



"*I appreciate traditional values as well as the next man, Belknap, but you'll have to convert to battery power like the rest of us.*"

Wellesley, stopping at red lights and moving forward again, while Death sneaked quietly aboard. But nothing happened. I looked down at the rug, which was as worn as the drapes. I sat on my hands. Almy called out, "Do you want a glass of juice? I have grapefruit juice," and I jumped.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Timko," I said.

I moved my chair a little so I could see her. She just kept standing there. What would she eat for supper tonight, and who would she talk to? Winter was coming. Would her groceries be bought, would her furnace stay on, would her gas and electricity keep flowing?

I thought about Ernie Timko. My mom had closed the bedroom door. Now and then I heard her, softly padding around in there in her old stockings. I said, "Everything's O.K., Mr. Timko. You can get up now."

He stirred. He got up off the bed and came out walking with me and Almy. He said, "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," I said. "You'll see in a minute."

We passed like shadows through the town where we lived. We went by the downtown shops and the post office, by the bars, the hospital, the fire station, my school. We went by the factories—the two still running, and the three closed down—and by my dad's old job at the printing company, on a dark side street near the football field. I paused as we went by it, as if I could look in a window and see him, as if he were sitting in the bindery department on a big wooden spool during afternoon break. Sometimes, if he ran out of cash for the canteen truck, he called home. My mother fixed him a thermos of something—tea or coffee or chicken broth—and I carried it to him after school. I'd run up the stairs, then walk over to him with the thermos behind my back.

"What have you got for me, honey? A hundred thousand dollars? Are we rich yet?"

When I handed him the thermos, he opened it slowly, and streamers of steam rose up. He'd sip from it without using the cup, which always, no matter how much we rinsed it, tasted like dish detergent. Standing there watching him, I'd say, "Be careful that you don't burn your mouth, Dad." I would suddenly find myself aware of my father through my skin, the way trees straining upward must always know, somehow, in their leaves and woody fibres, where their roots are.

"How much longer?" said Almy.

"We're almost there," I said.

The new housing development was near the river, and all the houses, once they were finished, would face it. There were bulldozer ridges in the mud of cleared lots. Here and there, the new windows turned wavy and loose, like platefuls of water, then hardened slowly in the day's last light back to glass. "It's that way," I said.

Almy and Ernie went ahead of me. They were hurrying to their new house. "Look, there it is," said Almy.

It was one of the developer's prototypes, and the only one finished. The inspection stickers were still on the windows. Attached to the house was a small garage; it was empty except for a pair of aluminum lawn chairs. The overhead door was like a canopy, and the garage was cool inside, with the clean smell of cement and new buildings.

Almy and Ernie sat down on the chairs like an old married couple on a cruise. Almy took out a blanket from somewhere. She moved her chair closer to her husband's and covered them both. They squirmed, getting comfortable, then leaned toward each other sideways, and their shoulders touched.

Almy said, from the shadows fanning out around the doorway, "If you don't mind, him and me would like a moment of privacy, please."

"Oh, sure," I said.

"I didn't ask, but I'm hoping this is paid for."

"It is," I said. When it looked as if they had both settled down, I turned and headed back into town on my own. The streetlights were on. I could see them below in rows and curves, between stretches of darkness, like the lights of an airport runway.

It was time to go check on my mom. I started planning what I'd do to get her home, and where my family would sleep that night. I'd put the sick ones in my parents' double bed. There was a small TV in my parents' room—just black-and-white, but I wouldn't be fussy about how long my sisters were watching it. My mom could sleep downstairs on the couch. There, I thought, she wouldn't be as likely to wake herself up by reaching, even in her dreams, for my dad. If she had fallen asleep already, if she had drifted away while washing her hands or putting her shoes on, I would shake her and say, "We have to go home now, Mom, or that ambulance will drive to our house, and Paula will let them take the kids."

—ELLEN COONEY

ANNALS OF CRIME

A VIOLENT ACT—I

RAMPAGE

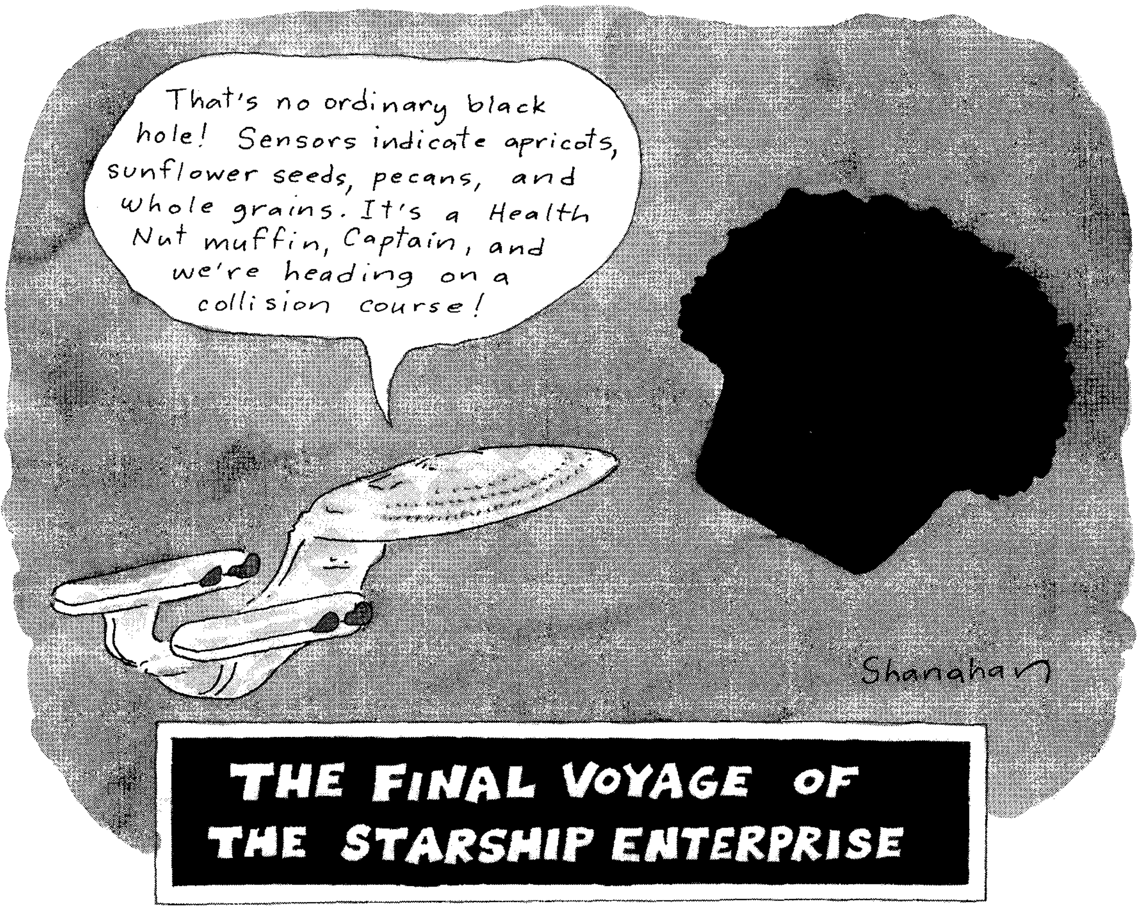
ON the day that began the most desperate phase of his anxious life, Mike Wayne Jackson rose early—a habit he acquired in prison. He was forty years old. He lived without running water, electric light, or cooking gas in a house in Indianapolis that had stood empty for years before he moved himself into it, one month earlier. He slept on straw in an upstairs room, or on a mattress in his pickup truck, parked in the yard. He did not bathe. He told people he knew and the men and women who were his neighbors that he was restoring the house, but no one could see that he had made any progress beyond pulling some weeds in the yard and nailing plywood over a couple of windows that had no glass. He was perhaps six feet tall and weighed about two hundred pounds. He had a small paunch. His shoulders tended to stoop. He often wore farmer's overalls. He had long black hair with strands of gray in it, and a long black beard that covered nearly all of his face. There was some question of his sanity. On the morning of this particular day—Monday, September 22, 1986—he killed his probation officer with a shotgun when the officer came to the door of his house. In fleeing, he committed other violent crimes in Indiana and Missouri. By the end of the day, he was the most sought-after criminal at large in America.

Nancy Gahl, the wife of the probation officer, recalls that on the morning her husband died he said, "I wish I had something more exciting to look forward to." Nancy asked what he meant, and he said that he had to go and see "Crazy Mike Jackson," a new client. Mike had been released from prison five months earlier, after serving a year for a firearms violation. He spent most of the year taking psychological tests and being asked how he felt, because he was incorrigibly violent and no one could really tell why. His probation was supervised by an officer more accustomed to criminals whose cases involved weapons or drugs, or who were prone to behave without restraint, but the officer had lately taken on too much work and, by agreement, had transferred responsibility for Jackson to Tom Gahl. Before doing so, the officer decided that a sample of Jackson's urine should be collected and tested for drugs, and this was the errand that brought Tom to the door of Mike's house.

The people Tom saw in his work tended to be lawyers or accountants who got into trouble over taxes, or people who stole money from the companies they worked for. He was more inclined to counsel his clients than insist that they do what he told them. Often, they wrote to thank him for helping them get back on their feet. Often, he saw them for appointments at their homes. Tom had briefly met Mike the week before, in his office. What Tom made of him is not known, but a man who passed Mike outside Tom's door recalls being taken aback by the wild look in his eye, his scruffy, dishevelled appearance, and the feeling of menace that emanated from him. For the weekend, Tom brought home a file on Mike, which amounted to nearly a thousand pages of prison and hospital records, doctors' reports, and documents from various courts, but Nancy remembers that he did not have time to read it. Saturday, he ran errands, and Sunday he went to church with his family, took Nancy to a football game, and then spent the evening playing a board game with Nancy and their two boys, Christopher, eight, and Nicholas, four. If he thought about Mike in the meantime, he did not mention it to Nancy. This was the first time she heard Mike's name. If he was dangerous, she asked, couldn't he come by the office instead, and Tom said, "Please don't worry. Things will be all right." A strain in his manner made her wonder whether he wasn't more concerned than he was saying.

"Oh, you know the crowd I mean—Flopsy, Mopsy, and What's-His-Face."

Before breakfast, Tom went jogging through the streets of their neighborhood. He showered, and then came into the bedroom. Christopher, passing the doorway, saw him sitting in front of a turning fan. Tom often told Nancy he loved his family too much ever to be a hero. He also often told her he had never heard of a colleague being harmed. She knew that to visit a client he considered a threat he took along a marshal, and that he had no plans to do so on this occasion. When she mentioned once more how she felt, as he left, he said, “I’ll stop at the house, and if he’s not there I’ll leave a card and ask him to come by the office.” Then he said, “I wish you wouldn’t worry so much.” During the fifty-nine years since the program of federal probation began, no officer had ever been killed by a client.


That's no ordinary black hole! Sensors indicate apricots, sunflower seeds, pecans, and whole grains. It's a Health Nut muffin, Captain, and we're heading on a collision course!
Shanahan

THE FINAL VOYAGE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE

According to Nancy’s reckoning, Tom left the house at a quarter to eight. By five minutes past eight, he had been shot, had begged for his life and called out to God, had been shot twice more, and lay dead on the sidewalk. Nancy had no premonition of his end. Going about the errands of her morning, she never heard his voice in her mind or saw a vision of his being in danger. Christopher left for school. It still unsettles him to reflect that as he sat in the school bus, talking to his friends, his father, whom he loved, was already dead.

EARLY that morning, Mike Jackson went to work with a hammer on a dent in the tailgate of his pickup truck. The sound woke a woman who lived in a house next door. It went on long enough that she got up and looked out the window and saw him. She tried to fall back asleep. How much time passed she is not sure, but she recalls that next she was aware that the sound of hammer against metal had stopped and in its place she heard someone knocking on the frame of Mike’s door. She had never known Mike to have visitors. She was surprised that he wasn’t answering, because she thought he was home; his truck was still parked in the yard. She stepped out on her porch to see who was knocking, and saw, in profile, a man about five feet eleven, trim, with brown hair and glasses, and wearing a light-blue short-sleeved shirt and dark-blue pants: Tom Gahl. She had no idea who he was, but the fact of anyone’s coming to see Mike was sufficient to hold her attention. Tom stood in front of the open door. There was no sound from the house. He knocked again. A boy on a bicycle passed on his way to school. A dog barked. Tom walked back to his car and sat inside briefly, with the door open, then started again toward the house, perhaps intending to leave a note. He had crossed half the yard when Mike charged from the door with a shotgun. Tom turned to run, and the first shot hit him in the back of his left arm, below the shoulder, and broke his elbow. The force of it spun him around to face Mike.

A woman who lived in the house on the other side of Mike’s heard the shot and thought it was a car backfiring. Or maybe, she thought, someone had blown a tire. She stepped outside and saw Mike backing a man up at the point of his shotgun; she thought it was her husband.

They had reached the street; the man had his back to her, and they were coming up the sidewalk toward her. He held his left arm to his side. He was bleeding from his wound, and the blood was seeping into his shirt. He held his right hand toward Jackson, and he said, “Please don’t shoot, don’t shoot me, it’s not going to do you any good.” Jackson advanced. The man turned his head to one side and said, “Oh, God,” and Jackson fired again. The blast struck the man in the side of his head and knocked him to his knees and then to the ground. The woman did not hear him speak again. A man driving his son to school skidded his car to a stop not far from where the man lay, and he and the boy watched Mike place the butt of the shotgun against his shoulder and lean over so that the barrel nearly touched the side of the man’s head and pull the

FREUNDSCHAFT

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness
with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?—*II Corinthians 6:14.*

At the Yoder reunion, there are always more children
than grownups. Outside the white, Amish school
they run barefoot, identical: girls with buns
under starched coverings, boys in blue shirts
and suspenders. In the basement between long tables
of food, cousins and aunts trace family lines
that grow tangled and thick as root-bound plants:
two sisters who married two brothers
makes their twenty-some children twice cousins.

A ten-year-old girl, the length of a doll,
sighs like a miniature deaconess
in her cape dress and covering the size of a teacup.
Her sisters pass her down the bench
while a man with spidery eyebrows
and a clenched forehead circles around them,
pointing at pictures of tractors.
His thick tongue writhes on his lips
and refuses to speak.

> My great-uncle Smiley Joe
> told Uncle Tom,
> when Tom proposed
> to his third cousin,
> who is also Joe's niece:
> "Women are clover,
> the closer to home you find them,
> the sweeter they are."

As I grow up, the great-aunts click their tongues.
They are looking for signs of their lives
in my limbs: It's the Hartzler blood that makes you
dark and thin. It's just like Aunt Toot to love
olives and pickles and fuss like a hen.
Your Yoder nose. Those Spicher ways—
you know, your grandpa ran from house to barn
to get the milking done before his neighbors.
You can't help it, the Peachey in you
makes you faint at the sight of your blood.
You think you're the first, but your grandma
sewed a two-piece swimsuit and wore it
until the bishop found out. You can see
scraps of that wild yellow challis
sewn in her quilt.

They search my life for proof that I am the same
as the alcoholic great-grandpa
or his pious wife, who died insane,
the same as my sobbing mom,
who refused to get out of the car
at a family reunion, the same
as that shrivelled great-uncle
who reeked of sweat and stared me to silence
with his bright, terrified eyes.

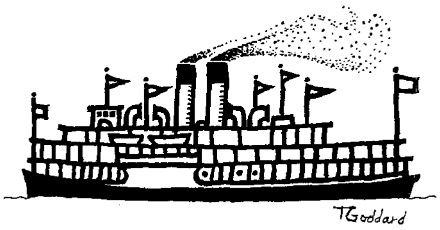
With parents who are distant cousins and their
parents cousins before, my greatest fears
get told in the stories I already know.
What can I do to change my fate
but take a strange lover and cleave
to my work? The Amish believe
it is sinful to be sure
their souls are saved.
The only defense against their worst fears
is work and hope, *Arbeit und Hoffnung.*
The work that they mean
darkens your skin with sun
and roughens your hands; you must strain
as a horse against a harness, as light
against the darkness.

—Julia Kasdorf

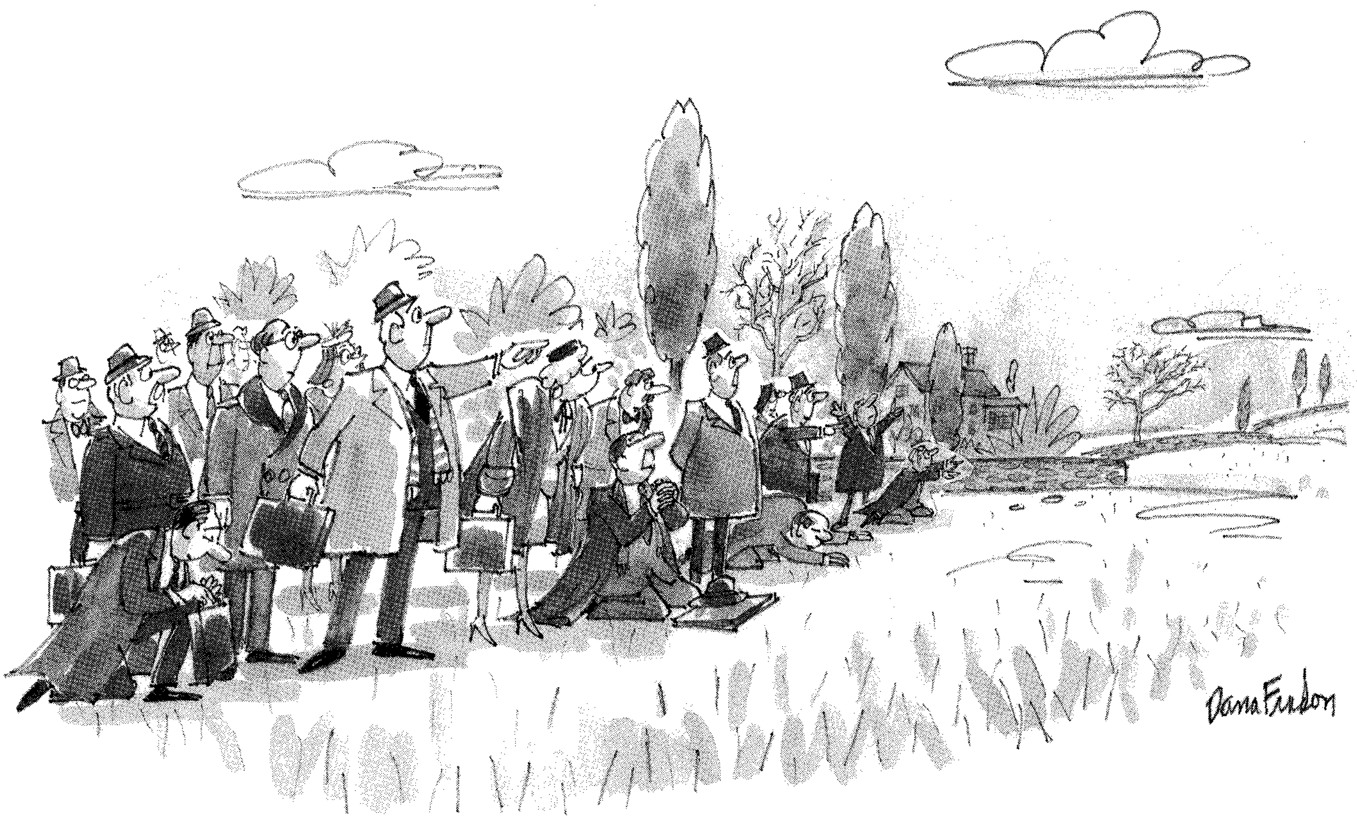
• •

trigger once more. Under the impact of the blast, Tom's body rose, then fell back, so that he lay with his wounds to the ground, his eyes open and one cheek pressed against the gravel by the side of the road.

Jackson turned and looked at the woman, who was standing in the frame of her doorway. There was blood on his clothes. The expression on his face struck her as absolutely empty of any emotion or feeling or spark of life. She thought it looked dead, and so unlike Jackson that she hardly recognized him. He watched her as if waiting to see what she would do, and then he walked briskly back to his house, turning to look at her a time or two over his shoulder. When he got to his porch, he faced her and went sideways up the stairs, his eyes never leaving hers. He came out wearing different clothes and climbed into his truck and backed into the street and took off. The woman ran to what she believed was the body of her husband. Tom's proportions and coloring were similar to his, at least from the back, and her husband had left the house an hour earlier wearing the uniform of his job—a light-blue short-sleeved shirt and dark-blue pants. Mike woke him that morning by hammering on the tailgate, and he left for work angry enough that she thought he had come back and got into an argument.



Mike drove about three miles, through a neighborhood of frame and brick houses more or less like those of his neighbors. He drove no faster than the cars around him. He stopped at the stop signs he came to. He drove underneath a highway bridge and pulled to the side of the road. He aimed a can of silver spray paint toward his face and sprayed his beard and his face and his hair. Then he drove his truck into the parking lot of a machine shop and got out. He watched a teen-age boy at the door of the shop unloading soda from the trunk of his car. When the boy saw Jackson walking toward him



CORPORATE LEADERS GATHER IN A FIELD OUTSIDE DARIEN, CONNECTICUT, WHERE ONE OF THEM CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN THE INVISIBLE HAND OF THE MARKETPLACE.

• •

with the shotgun, he dropped the case he was carrying and ran into the shop. Mike leaned into the car to see if the boy had left the keys in the ignition, but he hadn't. As he came around the car toward the door of the shop, he passed a window of the office. A woman saw him and yelled, "He's got a gun!," and then she ran. Mike walked through the door and came up to a man who stood working at a table.

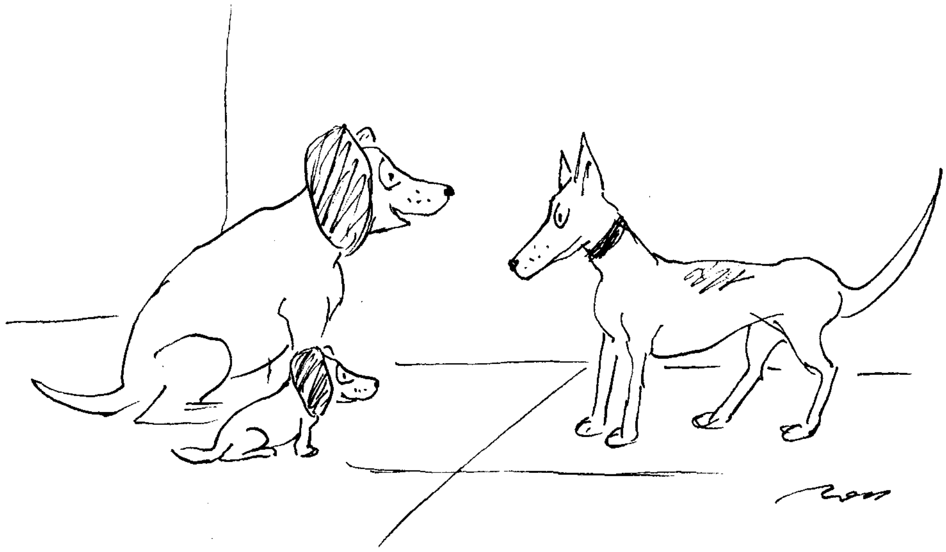
"I saw the gun," the man says, "and I knew there was nothing I could do, because it was just a big open room behind me—there was no place to run—and he was so close that if he raised that gun up it would have brushed me. It had the barrel sawed off a little, so you could carry it under your coat, and he stood there with it for about a minute and a half. His face was all silver, and his expression was totally flat—there was just nothing there to it. He didn't seem nervous. I just stood real still and didn't move my arms or nothing, so as not to upset him. He looked me once up and down, checking to see if I was a threat or anything, and then he was staring over my shoulder into the room behind me, looking for the kid, I guess, to get the keys to the car.

"There's an office about ten feet away, with a window looking into the shop, and somebody was in it, staring right at him, and when he saw that—that somebody was watching him and maybe calling the police, I guess—he spun around real fast and ran back across the street to his truck and took off."

Mike drove in the direction he'd come from, until he arrived at a small boss-and-a-helper store. Parked on the sidewalk outside was a step-van belonging to a man delivering bread. Behind the counter was the owner, a man named James B. Hall; the place was called the J.B. Market. Hall hadn't expected to be there that day, but a woman who worked for him was sick. A man from a scrap-iron yard across the street was in the market buying coffee.

"I was standing right up beside the wall where they have the machine for those slushy drinks, and he come in the door," this man says. "I thought he looked like a bum, 'cause we'd had two or three in there—kind that goes along with a shopping cart picking up aluminum cans. He was wearing this long blue coat like a trenchcoat, blue or black—dark color, anyway. He walked right past me to the end of the aisle, far as he could go, almost touched me; then he turned around and walked down the other aisle, and the first thing he said was where was the driver of that bread truck. And that's when he brought the gun out. He had his hand through a slit in his pocket to the inside of his coat and he'd been holding it there, down along his leg. He grabbed the barrel with one hand and took his other hand out of his pocket for the trigger. After that, I hardly looked at his face. I just kept watching the end of the gun.

"He walked past me again and asked where the man driving the bread truck was at. Seemed like I saw some kind of paint in his beard, but I didn't look too close. He held the gun at his hip and pointed it at the man behind the counter at the cash register—there's a little aisle there to where the man was standing at the register—and said, 'I



"He has my bite and his father's bark."

• •

want all your money.' It seemed like Jackson just couldn't stand still. He kept moving back and forth like he was pacing, rocking back and forth. I didn't know what he was going to do, I just figured he'd rob the store and be gone, you know, wouldn't hurt anyone. The man started to get the money for him, but it seemed like he was going slow. Jackson said, 'Hurry up,' and the man said, 'I'm hurrying.' He told him a couple more times to hurry up, and the man said 'O.K., O.K.,' and that's when the gun went off. It was like you fire a rifle in an empty room, it was so loud. It just left your ears ringing. You couldn't tell for sure if he meant to shoot him or if it was just nerves, but I believe the man might have tried to trip the alarm—he had a little button there by the register—and Jackson might have seen him make a move for that. He was about six or eight feet away when he pulled the trigger, and that shot just knocked that man over like you hit him with a door to a safe, into the toothpaste and the cigarettes and the mouthwash, and he slumped down in a kind of sitting position on his side.

"Once the gun went off, Jackson didn't take none of the money. He just said to the bread-truck man, 'O.K., buddy, let's go.' The man didn't move right away, and Jackson took a step in his direction and told him, 'I said "Let's go,"' and they left. The bread truck was pulled right up to the curb so you could just walk from the cab right straight in the door. Jackson backed out the door and across the sidewalk and right into the bread truck. I seen him and the bread man drive away in the van, and then I walked behind the counter and picked up the receiver on the phone with my fingertips, because there was blood on it, and I called the police and said, 'There's a man here shot,' and they said, 'Well, what's his condition?' I said, 'He's dead.' Didn't even have to check his pulse. There was a big hole tore in the side of his head, and he's sitting in a puddle of his own blood."

The bread-truck man: "That shot just exploded in that little store. I was over loading the racks and making my own noise, so I didn't really know of anything going on till I heard that *boom!* Then I straightened up to see what happened.

"He just called me over, and we went out. I never even really looked at Jim Hall. I'd known him fifteen years. He was a real nice man, quiet. He'd talk to you if you were talking to him, but mainly he was quiet. He'd made a real go of that store, and people around there really appreciated it. He lived by himself, and he used to bring his cat to work sometimes, and he'd started a retirement plan for his employees, but now he was gone. I just went out the door.

"Once we got in the truck, the man stood in the well there and held that gun across his arm and pointed it right at me. He was real calm. I saw the silver paint. His beard mostly covered his face, and he'd sprayed that on there, mostly it seemed like to try to make himself seem older, I guess, like a disguise. He said he wanted to go to the airport, and he told me not to break any speed limits getting there. I just did what he told me. The trip to the airport is only about five miles from the J.B. store, but it took a while, because he got turned around getting on the expressway—he was giving me directions. I had a thermos of coffee on the dashboard, and he took it and drank the whole thing. Meanwhile, he was telling me where to go, and he got on the wrong road, and I didn't tell him. We got to the airport—only, it was the business end, where they don't have no flights. He saw this guy coming out of a building and walking toward a kind of four-wheel-drive car, and he had me pull the van right up behind the man, and he said, 'Now, don't do anything crazy,' and then he got out and walked up to the man and put the gun on him and made him give up the keys and he was gone. I went around the back side of the building and just shook for about five minutes."

Mike left the airport in the car he had stolen, an Isuzu Trooper. Somewhere, he stopped and bent part of the rear license plate back on itself, to conceal the number. He drove through neighborhoods on the outskirts of the city. He brought the Trooper to a stop in front of a house where a young woman was unloading her car.

"I had just taken my husband to work," she says. "So I went home and I was in my driveway. I put my purse on top of the car and I was getting the rest of my things out, and Jackson drove up. I guess he ran out of gas right in front of my house, and he had this shotgun with him, and I saw him walking toward me, and my mind wasn't really working like you'd expect. I just thought he was coming to ask directions or something. I didn't really know what he would want, the sight of it was just so strange, and he asked for the keys to my car, and I started to say they were up there—meaning on the roof, in my purse. He put his hand on my arm and told me to get in the car. He asked if anyone was in the house and I said no, because my sister-in-law and my daughter were

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up there. My daughter came out on the porch then and was saying, 'Mommy, Mommy,' but I didn't acknowledge her, because I was afraid she'd come running across the lawn.

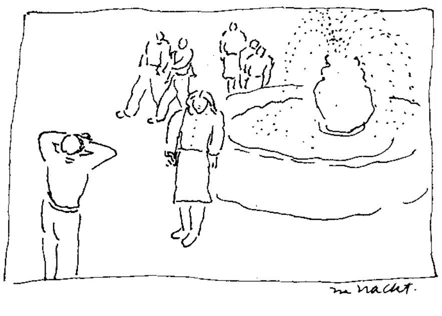
"Jackson drove here and there and around, and I didn't know where he was going. He seemed like he knew where he was, though. All the time, he had the shotgun across his lap pointing right at me. We pulled in to a gas station and went to the full-service pump, and he stuck a bandanna over the tip of the barrel of the gun. He said everything was going to be all right as long as I didn't scream or make any trouble. I tried to mouth 'Help me' to a man standing beside the station, but all he did was wave. When the attendant put the nozzle back, Jackson just drove away without giving him any money. In fact, he almost caused an accident backing out of there, and then he drove around for a while, and then he got on 65 North. I didn't know what he had done, but I figured it was something bad and he was going to the nearest big city, Chicago, to lose himself.

"We were riding for a long time, forty-five minutes or so, and I had my purse on my lap, and in my hands were my school records for my professional-education classes, and I remember just clutching on to them and thinking I couldn't afford to lose them. He saw them and asked what they were, and I told him, and he asked what I did, and I told him my husband and I were paramedics, and he asked if we'd just started. That's about all there was of conversation. Most of the time, he just smoked cigarettes. He said they were after him and he had to get away. Whenever I would ask where we were going, he would just act like I hadn't said anything; he just didn't pay any attention to it.

"He drove about five miles over the speed limit. I couldn't open the door on the highway, because I figured I'd die or get run over. After about an hour, I read by the sign that we'd got to Frankfort, Indiana. He got off the exit and drove downtown, and I got really scared, because he seemed more unsure of himself and frightened. I was studying him coming up to stop signs and getting the rhythm of the way he did it, and finally I waited until he was slowing down and looking in the other direction and just opened the door and leaned against it and fell out. He tried to grab me but missed and just drove away. He ran over my right leg, and I could tell it was broken. Where I fell out was in front of a car wash, and someone from it ran over to me, and I told him my leg was broken and not to move me, because usually they try to stand you up and brush you off.

"I never cried the whole time, but after I heard what he did I burst out in tears."

Jackson drove through Frankfort until he came to a trailer park. He stopped in front of one of the trailers. A woman inside looking out a window saw him coming toward her. He was wearing the trenchcoat and had the gun concealed beneath it. The woman had a three-year-old boy, who had been badly burned a few weeks before when a gas grill exploded. The boy had just got out of the hospital, and when the woman saw Mike leaving his car and walking toward her trailer she took him to be a man from a social agency that had been helpful to the boy while he was being treated. She thought she should prepare for her visitor, so she went into the bathroom to see how she looked. When she came out, Jackson was standing in her living room. Her son had answered the door. Jackson told her he wanted the keys to her car, and told her to collect her son and come with him. She said he could have all her money and the keys but she didn't want to go with him, and he told her she had to. The boy sat in the front seat between them. Mike kept the shotgun between his legs, the barrel pointed at the floor. As he drove, the woman begged Mike to let her and the boy out. The boy had an appointment at the hospital. Mike didn't answer, but he patted the boy on his leg and said, "Tell your mommy everything's going to be all right." Outside town, they passed a crew of men at work on the road. "Don't signal them," Mike told her. "Don't try anything." She told him she wasn't about to jump from her car with her son still in it. After driving for ten or twelve minutes, Jackson pulled to the side of the road. They had arrived in the country. He took the woman's money and three rings she was wearing, then let her and her son leave the car. They walked toward some woods. The woman had no shoes; there had not been time to get them, or her glasses. She held her son by the hand and watched Mike drive away in her car.



Around six that evening—about eight hours later—Jackson drove into the parking lot of a shopping mall in Clayton, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis, two hundred and fifty miles southwest of Indianapolis. A woman who crossed his path says, "It happened at the end of the day, in broad daylight. I was trying to get my son out of the car, and he was involved with doing something with the visors and wouldn't get out, and I had my hands full with him and I didn't pay Jackson any heed. I saw him from the corner of my eye—he was pulled up in front of an entrance to the mall, but not a main one—and I thought he was letting someone out. I was fussing with my son. Jackson was standing by his car and he turned toward me and said, 'Give me your purse.' And the first time he said it he didn't really have my attention—he said it in a very soft voice. Then he said it again. He was about six feet from me the first time, and he took about two steps closer, and I saw he was holding a shotgun, and the sight of it just sort of stunned me, I didn't really take it in.

"The second time he spoke and I looked at him, he really captured my attention. I had been an assistant prosecutor, and I knew that this guy had a look that was familiar, and that he was in no mood for conversation—that it wouldn't do any good to try to talk him out of it, or resist, or maybe even say anything. I was just concerned for the safety of my son, and I was really scared, but I thought, This isn't the movies, this is real, just try to appear as calm as you can and don't do anything that would make him nervous. Which isn't easy to do when you're that scared. I really worried that he was going to make me get into my car and go somewhere with him, but I think he saw that I was having trouble with my son, that I was a mother with a kid, and that was maybe more than he wanted to take on. I tossed him the purse, very gently, without any tricks. He had taken a step back and was about six feet away. Then he made me and my son get out of the car and he said, 'Lie down,' and I got down on my hands and knees, lower, actually, right almost to the ground, but I was instinctively trying to keep my clothes from getting dirty, I guess, and that wasn't good enough for him. He pointed the gun at us and told us to lie all the way down. He said that if we moved we were gone. He walked over to his car, and I kept my head down—I wasn't taking any chances—so I never even saw which direction he left in."

HI. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
BILL. WILL YOU MARRY ME?
BEK

WHIRLWIND COURTSHIP

A FEW weeks before Mike Jackson's rampage, a man named Earl Dallas Finn, forty-seven and a welder, dreamed of his parents and an uncle, who were dead. They were coming to get him, and the effect of the dream was to make him feel that his own end was near. Telling one of his daughters about it, he said, "If it's your time, it's your time. There isn't anything you can do."

Finn was an only child, born of older parents who had been told they couldn't have children. Their friends gave the baby the nickname Mickey, after the sedative drops, because they thought he was a knockout. He married when he was eighteen and his wife was fourteen. They had three daughters and a son.

On September 22nd, Finn had worked late to collect overtime. He usually shared a ride to work, and wasn't planning to drive on this day, but the man he would have gone with didn't care to work extra hours, so Finn took his own car. Around a quarter of seven that evening, as he was travelling along Interstate 70, through St. Peters, Missouri, twenty-five miles west of St. Louis, he either drew alongside Mike Jackson or Mike Jackson drew alongside him. Finn was wearing a blue shirt of a shade resembling a policeman's. His Ford LTD was a model commonly used by police departments. Jackson aimed the barrel of his shotgun toward Finn and fired through both cars' open windows from four feet away. Other drivers on the interstate heard a boom that made them think someone had blown out a tire, and saw Finn's car leave the highway and crash into a light pole. The violence of the crash was such that the police concluded that the wound to Finn's head was a result of the force of impact.

After Jackson shot Earl Finn, he drove five miles west on the interstate, to O'Fallon. He left the highway and found his way to the parking lot of a grocery store.

"I was walking out of the IGA with a grocery bag," a woman who encountered him there says. "I'm very—What do you call the word? I guess 'intuitive'? And I had a feeling earlier that evening to keep mobile. It was just a strange evening. I had left my job without my purse, so I went back to work, and I didn't have my keys, which were in the purse, so I had to get security to let me in. I felt strange all the way back, and I said a small prayer for myself and for my daughter to be safe, and for my car, I guess not to have an accident. I had been visiting some family the weekend before and I was talking to my nephew about violent things happening in the world, and I said that in small towns violence doesn't happen often but that when it does it tends to be sudden and barbaric. So I was praying not to let that happen.

"When I got my purse, I went to the IGA. I parked beside a car with the hood up, and there was a man helping the man who was driving to see what was wrong—I guess it had overheated—and who was in the car was Jackson. I went into the store, and when I came out I had only one bag—again, stay mobile—and I had put it on the fender of my car on the passenger's side while I unlocked the door, and when I did I saw the man standing on the other side of the car next to me make a small movement with his arm, opening the door. He started this slow circle around the back of his car, and when he turned the corner of the fender he started coming toward me real fast. My eyes were on him and he knew—I just had that extra bit of awareness. It's not that I froze; there wasn't time to run. But he knew I saw him, and he sped up as he turned the corner.

"He had on this blue trenchcoat, and the gun was underneath it, and I was turning to face him. He stepped up and grabbed my arm. He told me to get into the car, and I was struggling and no one was helping. There were people around—I guess they were thinking it was a family fight—and people scattered. I started shouting. He didn't seem to like that, he flinched. I think he was tired and scared and he just wanted to get away. He said, 'Get in the car.' I think what saved my life is there was a young man in a truck who was watching and I don't think he saw the gun. Jackson was keeping it most of the time under his coat, holding it down against his leg, and people told me later he pointed it at my face for a moment, and someone else said he saw it pointed at my stomach, but all I ever remember seeing was the barrel of it under his coat. But this kid got out of the truck and came up, and then he saw the gun and backed off, but he was screaming for help and for someone to get the police. I was backing off and moving up a small slope behind me, and one of my shoes came off, and I guess I lost my balance and fell backward.

"It was five to seven when I came out of the store. I know that because I always arranged with my daughter that when I was going to be home after seven I would call, so she wouldn't be worried, and I knew that I hadn't.

"Anyway, I fell over and decided I would take a beating, I would be killed, I would take whatever was going to happen, but I wasn't going to get in that car and be kidnapped and my daughter never knowing where I was or what happened to me—I just would have disappeared. And I felt as if Jackson had a moment of—I don't know—empathy. He was looking at me and back at the kid screaming, and he kept looking back and forth, his head was just flipping back and forth. I think he was disoriented.

"I put my hands over my stomach because I thought he was going to shoot me there—or, at least, I thought he would beat me with the gun. I said, 'If you have the nerve to shoot me in front of all these people, then do it.' He turned back and forth, then he said very softly, 'Just give me the keys.' I threw them down the slope and they landed on the pavement and skidded under my car. He reached down and got them. He was almost gentle at that moment, I thought, docile, and that was a strange thing, because later the police kept describing an aggressive-type man, and when I said I thought he was docile they thought maybe they didn't have the right man and I hadn't seen Jackson at all.

"He drove off in my car, and my briefcase was in it, and that had my checkbook and my address book, and for a moment I watched him drive off and I was kind of in a state of awe, because I still had my purse, and I wondered why he didn't take that. Someone grabbed me then and took me inside. I was standing there and my shoe was still outside, and all of a sudden I was hysterical, because I thought he would go to my home—he had my address on the checks—and take my daughter. I didn't know who he was. I mean I didn't know where he had come from, I didn't know what had gone on all day, and it didn't occur to me that he might be from out of town. I just assumed he knew where he was."

JACKSON drove the woman's car up and down the streets of O'Fallon for five minutes, until he came to a house with a yard where an older man was planting a tree. A woman who was inside the house says, "I had come to pick up my daughter after school at my mother's house, and my grandfather was visiting from Minnesota and he was out planting a tree in the yard, and he said he noticed Jackson coming up driving this woman's car—he came up real slow and was looking at him, and then he went up the block and turned around and came back—but my grandfather didn't pay him too much attention. We had three cars in the driveway—my grandfather's, mine, and my mother's. Jackson parked and got out and left the engine running and the door open, and he came up to my grandfather and he said, 'Give me the keys to your car.' He had on this blue raincoat, and I guess he hid the gun under it when he walked up to my grandfather, but he brought it out when he spoke. My grandfather said he didn't have the keys, although he did, and Jackson patted his pockets but he didn't happen to find them, so Jackson took my grandfather inside, marched him right in. I guess he said, 'Let's go get the keys,' and Grandpa came in and I heard him calling 'Shirley, Shirley,' for my mother, but she was down in the basement doing laundry and never heard him. I had taken some Extra-Strength Tylenol because I had a headache, and was lying down in another room, and I heard my grandfather's voice and there was something wrong in it, and I thought, Now, why isn't she answering him? So I got up, because I was worried for him, and went into the other room and said, 'Grandpa, what's the matter? Are you O.K.?' And he said, 'This man wants the keys to your car.'

"And my purse was on the table between us, and next to it were the keys, and I didn't know what was going on. Jackson had the shotgun down by his side and I wasn't paying

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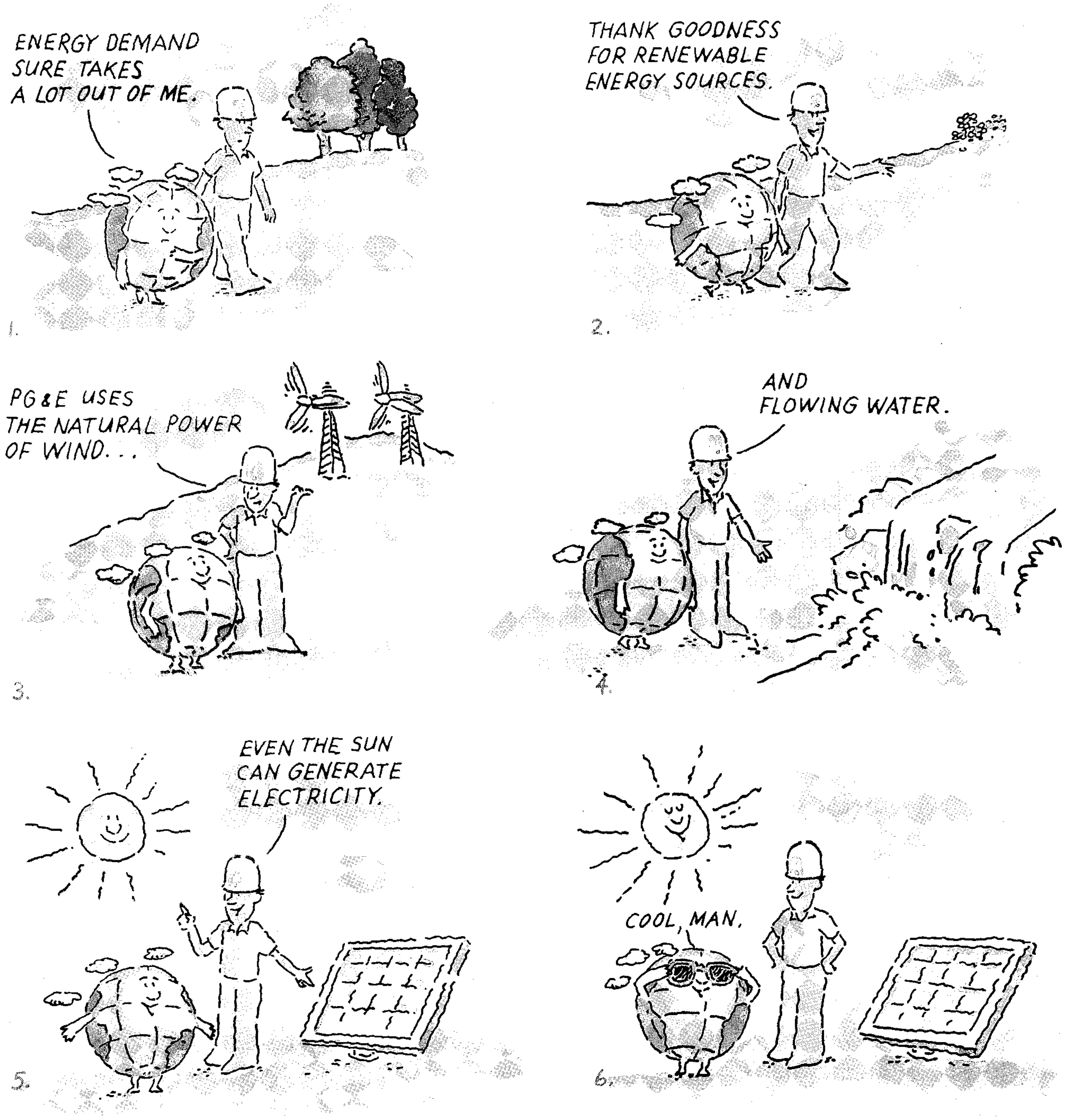
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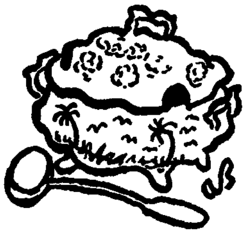
that much attention to it—I thought it was a cane. He was sweating so hard the sweat was just dripping off his beard and falling on the floor—he was drenched—and I said, 'What's wrong? Have you had an accident? Do you need to go to the hospital?' And he brought the gun up and into my face and said, 'Get in the car.' I just said, 'O.K., O.K.' We started out the door, and I got ahead of him. My grandfather was behind, so we were on both sides of him, which I guess scared him, and I had my hair pulled back in a barrette, and he grabbed my hair and pulled it so hard he pulled a hank of it out. I always keep the passenger door locked, and there were bucket seats and a stick shift, so I knew for me to get into the car he was going to have to get in first and lean across, but I had no plans for getting in. He was standing there and saying, 'Get in,' and he had the gun right in my face, but I wasn't going to get in. I didn't want to be raped and killed, or whatever he was going to do to me. I didn't do anything heroic, but I thought if I was going to get killed it was going to be right there. When he went round to the driver's side, he turned his back and I just ran back to the house. My daughter was out walking the dog, and she came up the street just as he left. He passed right by her, and we watched him go up the road as I called the police."



Jackson ditched the woman's car near the parking lot of an apartment complex in O'Fallon. He saw a young man polishing a Cadillac in the parking lot. He walked toward him, and when he got within ten feet he pulled the shotgun from under his coat and told the man to get into the car. Jackson drove the Cadillac to the highway, travelled about four miles west, then took an exit south, into the country. He told the man that he was going to kill him. At a gas station, he handed money for sandwiches to the pump attendant, and the attendant went into the station, which had a snack bar, and brought the sandwiches back. Jackson gave one of them to his passenger. Each time he lit a cigarette, he offered the young man one. But he said again that he was going to kill him. In the back seat of the Cadillac was a child's seat, for the young man's daughter. Jackson did not say much, but the young man talked about his daughter, in the hope that the subject would soften him. Jackson said, "Don't look at me, and be quiet." He drove slowly. It had got dark. When the headlights of other cars approached or came up behind them, he would pull to the side of the road and wait for the car to pass.

Bill Burgess, the chief of police of Wright City, a town fourteen miles west of O'Fallon, says, "I was listening to the scanner—I got about six or seven police channels on it—and I could hear them talking. They were looking for an individual who disappeared with a car up in O'Fallon. He could have gone anywhere. I knew they had the manhunt over in O'Fallon for the guy who shot the probation officer in Indianapolis, but I didn't know that the man who stole the car was necessarily the same one. So me and my deputy were just sitting up by the bridge above the highway waiting for it, in case it come our way.

"I knew it was the car right away when I saw it—we had a very detailed description—but there was only one person in it, the driver, and we had been told he'd taken the owner of the car hostage. He came up the exit ramp and turned in to the Sunoco station, and went back of it and come out the other side. He saw us right when he came off the ramp. And I moved the patrol car across the road so I could keep him in view. I wasn't going to arrest him, I was just going to observe him, maybe tail him till I could get a backup. I had the license plate, and we confirmed that real quick. I was driving, and my deputy was sitting beside of me, and I was expecting Jackson to get out at the service station, but instead he drew up to us and levelled the barrel of that gun on his window and pulled the trigger. I say he levelled it, but I never saw the gun, he just had it with the tip of the barrel sticking out the window. And I'll tell you something—I never heard the blast, either. I guess it was muffled by the inside of the car. My deputy was about getting his gun out the window and was going to tell him he was a police officer when that shot came. My deputy got off two shots, and then he fell back in the seat and said, 'I've been hit,' and you could see there was blood running down his forehead, but I couldn't see the wound, because it was up under his hair. So I squeezed off four shots at Jackson as he was taking off. I was out of the car, arm raised to draw him in my sight, and dancing around at the same time, because I didn't know if he'd shoot again, or *what* was going on.

"With my deputy hit and my not knowing what was developing with that, I didn't take off after him. I didn't really have no backup here, but it just happened that there was a sheriff coming down the south service road—that was just luck. He saw Jackson on the north service road going *along*, and he crossed over the highway and went up the service road after him. The service road runs straight beside the interstate till you come a couple miles up there to a rest area. Then it begins to turn away from the highway, and I guess Jackson realized he wasn't going to make it back to the interstate that way, so he just pointed the Cadillac toward the highway and went right through the fence behind the rest area. He hit that fence at about a hundred miles an hour. Went over some deep ditches and just tore the radiator and the transmission out, banged down on the road, and went into the median.

"Time we got to the car, we didn't really know which way he had gone—that's some pretty bushy country up there—and about right away it commenced to downpour, a terrible hard rain. And I'll tell you what—he just simply disappeared."

NANCY GAHL

THE Indianapolis policemen who arrived at Mike's house in response to the report of a shooting did not immediately learn the name of the man who lay on the sidewalk. They were required to wait for the coroner before they could touch the corpse. Having knelt beside him and found his wallet and badge, one of them called Tom Gahl's office, and Tom's boss and another probation officer came to the house. By the time they arrived, Tom's body had been taken to the morgue. The two men looked briefly through the house, and then they drove out to tell Nancy.

Nancy was on the telephone in the kitchen with a friend when she heard the knock on her door. It was about eleven. She was by herself in the house. She put the phone down on the counter and went to answer the door. When she saw who was waiting and their sombre expressions, she said the first thing that came to her mind.

"Is he dead?"

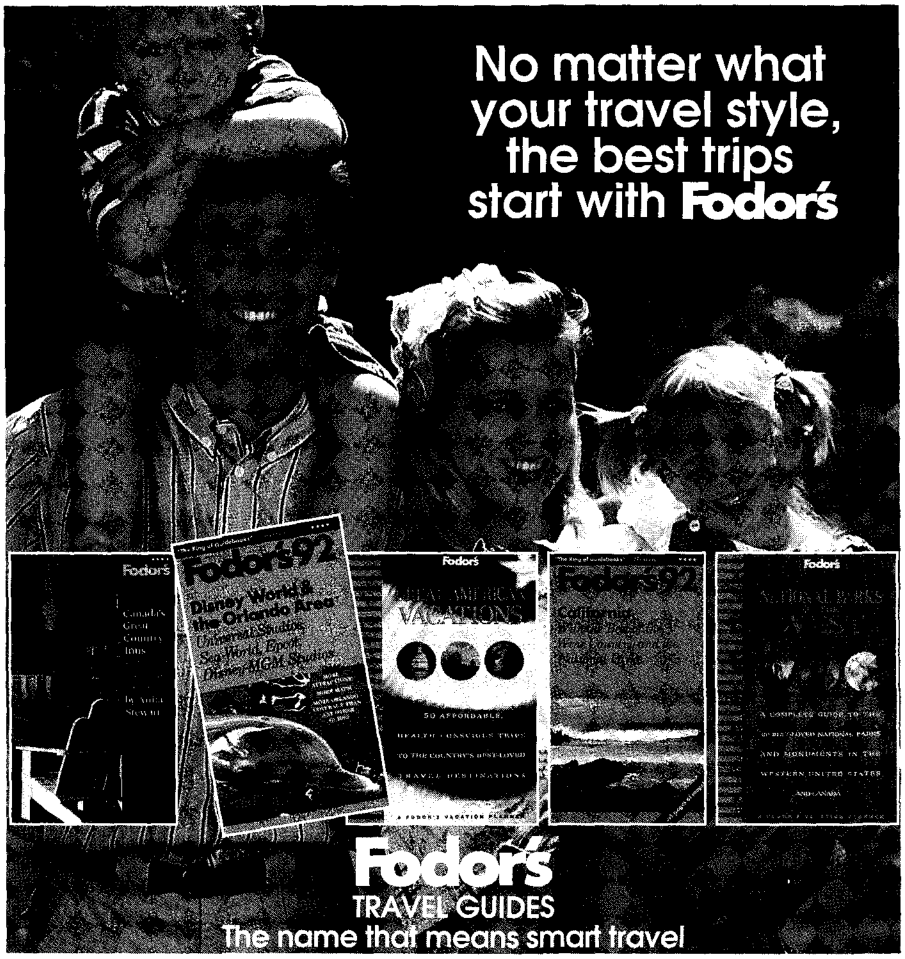
Tom's boss said, "Let us in," and once they were inside she said again, "Is he dead?" and he said, "Yes."

She found her way back to the kitchen and sat down. Tom's boss saw the phone off the hook and picked it up and explained what had happened and then hung it up. One of the men asked Nancy if she didn't think it would be a good idea to call her parents. She said, "Yeah, that's a good idea," and she did it and sat back down. Then one of the men asked if she shouldn't call Tom's parents, and she said, "Yeah, that's a good idea," and she did that and sat down again. She felt as if her mind and her body had closed up. Then her stomach began to churn, "as if it were rebelling against what the mind was saying," she recalls, and she felt that she had to go into the bathroom. And there, of course, was the towel Tom had dried himself with that morning after jogging. It was where he had hung it, it was still damp, and its presence seemed more than her mind could take in. How can what they are saying be true, she thought, if his towel is still here?

Her pastor arrived. So did the chaplain who worked for the Police Department. He apologized for not having delivered word of Tom's death; he said he was held up by other responsibilities. Nancy was happier to have learned from someone she knew. She told the chaplain she wanted to see Tom in the morgue, and he discouraged her. She pressed him, but he continued to say that he didn't think it would be a good idea. In frustration, she turned to her pastor and asked why they wouldn't let her see him, and then something clicked in her mind, and she said, "Was he shot in the head?" The pastor said yes.

Nicholas, her four-year-old, arrived home from school. Then Nancy and Nicholas and the pastor went to Christopher's school. Nancy was known to the people who worked at the school as a parent who often volunteered, and when she asked in the office to see Christopher the woman she spoke to asked if something was wrong.

"I said that Tom had just been shot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and killed, and the woman started shaking," she recalls.

Christopher was at the playground. The tone of voice of the teacher who sent him to the office made him wonder if he had done something wrong. Then he began to worry that something had happened to his mother; he thought maybe she had been in a car accident. When he got to the office and she knelt down and told him, he didn't cry. He clenched his fists, and then he said, "Daddy?" Then he said it again. The shock produced in him a kind of exalted state. He said that when he died he was going to tell his father everything that had happened in his life, and what kind of person he had been, and what he had accomplished.

Throughout the day, friends and relatives arrived—Nancy's father, her mother-in-law, a brother from California, neighbors who came to express their sorrow. Before her family got there, her pastor did what he could to shield her, but finally she said that she needed to be alone with her children. Her pastor asked if she was sure, and she said she was. Then everyone left, and Nancy and Christopher and Nicholas sat upstairs on her bed and held each other and tried to understand what had happened to them.

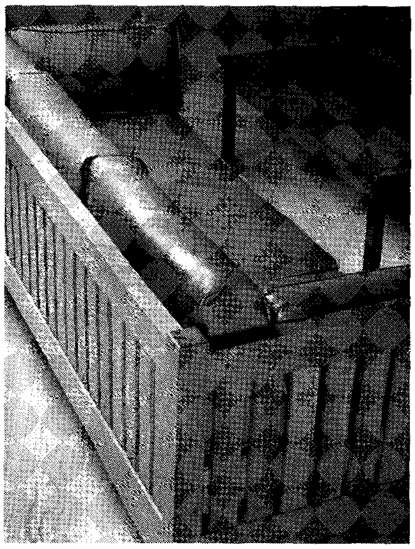
When Nancy went to bed that night, she put her face against the pillow and found the scent of her husband. She thought of how they would embrace in the darkness before sleep. She thought of all the plans she and Tom had had for raising the boys and for growing old together, and she felt a terrible sadness. She kept returning in her imagination to the place where Tom had died and trying to figure out how it had happened. What did Jackson say? Did he say anything? Did Tom have any warning? She would run through every aspect of it she could think of, and when she finished she would start all over again, with some variation. Did Tom know he was going to die? Did he run? Was Jackson chasing him? Had he stalked him? Then: Did Jackson know Tom was coming? Did he know he would kill him? *When* had he decided to kill him? Was he going to kill someone else and had Tom only appeared at the wrong moment?

Around eight the next morning, Nancy called the office of the lawyer who handled Tom's and her affairs. No one answered, so she called him at home. His wife said cheerfully, "Oh, hi, Nancy," and Nancy asked to speak to her husband. When he came on, he said, "What's up?" Nancy said, "I guess you haven't read the papers or heard the news." He said, "No, what's happened?" She said, "Tom was shot and killed." The long silence that followed was broken finally by his saying, "Oh, Nancy. I didn't know." She explained that she was calling because she was uncertain about what would happen with her money, whether it was tied up, and whether she faced some additional difficulty, and he told her he would take care of all of it for her.

THE Gahls' house was full of people. Tom's brother from D.C. arrived. Friends brought food. Others appeared because they felt the need to be there with Nancy and the boys. Most didn't really know what to say—Nancy would open the door and they'd fall into her arms—but it meant a great deal to her that they came. Nevertheless, there were moments when she felt overwhelmed and needed to be alone. She kept feeling that if she could just get outside and away from the activity of the house she could take stock of her thoughts and place them in order. She didn't want the people who had come to see her to feel she had turned her back on them, and she thought of going upstairs to her bedroom, but the bedroom was too lonely a place for her now, so she opened the front door to step out, and there was one of her friends from church with cleaning buckets in her hands. "I just had to come and see you," the woman said. "I don't know what to say, but I had to be here. Do you mind if I wash your windows?"

Nancy decided to have Tom buried in Valparaiso, in northern Indiana, where he had grown up. As a resting place, it struck her as safe, whereas Indianapolis did not. A difficulty arose over when he could be buried. The coroner had called for an autopsy, but there was the question of when he could find time to perform it. A friend of the family who had influence with the coroner called his office, and the autopsy was scheduled for later that day. The coroner would release the body before evening. The burial could take place the following day, Wednesday.

A man at the funeral home called



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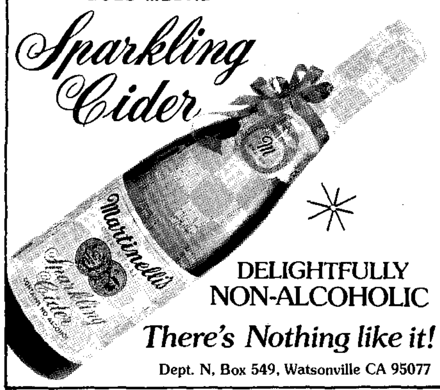

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when Tom's body arrived, and said it would be several hours before they could make the body presentable. Nancy didn't know what was left of Tom that she would recognize, but she knew she needed to see some part of him. "I don't care if it's even just the hand," she told the man. "I need to see something."

The man called around four, saying she should bring the clothes she wanted Tom buried in. She said there was no need for clothes, because no one would see him in his casket. With her father and Tom's mother, her brother, and the boys, she went to see him. Her pastor met them at the funeral home, and said that he had already been in and that Tom didn't look too bad, and this was the first time Nancy realized that his head was still there.

Tom lay on a table at the far end of a dimly lit room, covered to his neck by a pale-blue shroud. His head rested on a pillow and was turned slightly to his right. Viewed from the side that was unharmed, he looked like himself, but from straight on his features were altered by his skin's being stretched toward his wounds to conceal them. Around the edge of that side of his forehead Nancy saw small cuts and scrapes from where his head had struck the pavement. He wasn't wearing his glasses—the police had them—and the funeral home had parted his hair on the wrong side, but as she stood there the thought was borne in on her, It's Tom, it really is Tom. She walked around him. She leaned over and stroked his hair, and Christopher did so, too. She held Nicholas up to look at him. Then she leaned over to touch her nose to his, and that was when she discovered he no longer smelled like her husband.

"Wednesday morning, the hearse came by the house to pick us up," Nancy says. "We also had three cars making the trip. We drove the two and a half hours to Valparaiso, and since the hearse driver was from Indianapolis and didn't know the way to the cemetery our car led them at the end. I just wanted to have the family at the burial, to say goodbye. I hadn't had the hour or the place of the ceremony published in the paper, but when we turned in to the cemetery there were about two hundred people—people who'd known Tom growing up, relatives, and friends who had found out about the service and had come all the way from Indianapolis. The service went by so quickly it was over in no time. The pastor from Valparaiso gave a beautiful sermon, and then you threw a few handfuls of dirt on the grave. Then I was alone with Tom in his casket, and I don't even remember what went through my mind: Honey, I love you. Goodbye."

ON Friday, a service was held for Tom in a church in downtown Indianapolis. Hundreds attended. Many were forced to wait outside, or in a room where a speaker was wired to broadcast the service. From the front pew, Nancy and Nicholas and Christopher heard the pastor tell the mourners, "What shall we say to this horrendous crime that took Tom from us? Where was God when Tom needed him?"

Nancy stood for three hours in a receiving line, time after time recovering her composure, only to see from the corner of her eye someone approach who would cause her to weep all over again.

ON Monday, Nancy woke and watched the hands of the clock approach five after eight and then pass. With Christopher and her father and her brother, she went downtown to clean out Tom's office. On the day that he was killed, the door had been closed and his office left more or less as it had been. The files of his cases had been removed, and the pages of his notebook that dealt with the business of the department were gone, but his calendar still hung on the wall, with his appointments noted and the paydays marked off, and the pictures of his family still met the eyes of anyone sitting in his chair. He might almost have been expected at any moment, except for the wreath on the door.

They took the pictures down from the walls and emptied the drawers of his desk. Nancy's father had lost her mother, to cancer, when her mother was only forty-seven. So it was natural that it was to him that Nancy turned to ask, "How long will it hurt this way?"

NANCY had been aware that the police were searching for Jackson in Missouri and that he hadn't been found. She kept the television on. Occasionally, she saw the image of his mother, asking Mike to surrender, or

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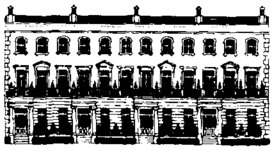

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his brother Jimmy, surrounded by reporters, so she knew that Jackson had a family, but much more than that she didn't take in. She was too involved in what was happening to her and the boys to think at any length about Jackson. After a few days, she began to feel that an account of the search would be a document that she and the boys might someday want, so she started to clip articles from the paper and record the news from her television. The image of Jackson that appeared most frequently behind the shoulders of television anchors and at the heads of columns of newspaper type was taken in prison in 1985, when his particular obsession with grooming had been subdued by some other passion. Christopher and Nicholas found this version of him terrifying. "His hair was wild, his eyes were wild, he didn't look human," Nancy says. "He looked more like an animal to me."

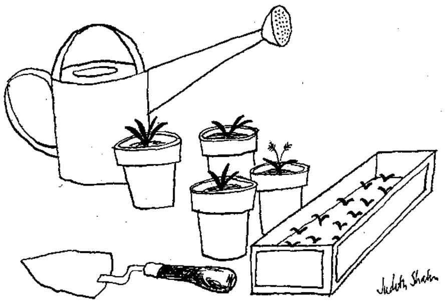
A fund was created to receive donations toward the boys' education. Contributions arrived from classrooms, from children and their parents, from neighbors, from people who had known Tom as a child or in college or through the church or at work, from people who didn't care to identify themselves, and from probation offices all around the country. What with donations to the fund, and cards and letters of sympathy, there were thousands of pieces of mail to answer. Nancy prepared a letter of reply for strangers, who wouldn't be acquainted with her handwriting, and her friends copied out versions of it. Writing "Thank you very much for your generous contribution . . . ," they sometimes completed as many as eighty letters in a day.

Without knowing exactly what had happened to Tom, Nancy could see no way that she could put his murder behind her. The accounts in the paper and on television were incomplete. One afternoon a few weeks after the killing, an agent from the F.B.I. sat at the table in her kitchen, and by the time he left she felt that she knew most of what mattered. She could close her eyes and imagine her husband with his arm at his side walking backward and pleading with Jackson not to shoot again, and she could see Jackson bearing down on him with the shotgun. She has a scrapbook with a picture from the newspaper of Tom on the street, and from the way he is lying she reconstructed how he fell. "I studied that for so long," she says. "It was all I had."

A FEW weeks after Tom died, Nancy had an intuition that he had left some message of farewell. She took all his clothes out of his dresser and removed the paper at the bottom of the drawers. She turned out all the pockets of his trousers and coats. She combed his shelves and the corners of his closets. And found nothing. A month and a half after his murder, she discovered a camera that had in it a roll of pictures taken before Tom died. What she hoped was to find in it something that would ease the pain she felt over losing him, some gesture, some sign of love. To the part of her mind that gave rise to this feeling, it did not seem impossible that Tom might have anticipated his end and made some effort to make it less painful. When the roll was developed, it turned out that the pictures were mainly of the boys. In the corner of one was Tom's foot.

A CASE STUDY

MIKE WAYNE JACKSON married Carolyn Long in January of 1964. They were both nineteen. The wedding took place in Indianapolis. Walking beside her up the aisle of the church, her father kept saying, "Is it too late for me to talk you out of this?" Carolyn had graduated from high school the January before and lived with her parents while she worked in a factory. Mike lived with his mother and had no job. Carolyn's father was a carpenter, and for a while he engaged Mike as a helper. He hoped that by doing so he was assuring Mike of some means of caring for his daughter, but he didn't conceal what he felt about his son-in-law. Carrying ladders and boards and passing tools back and forth, the two of them worked each other's nerves. Mike didn't like being bossed. Often he was late, and occasionally he didn't show up at all. He was unskilled and learned slowly, had no stamina or discipline, was resentful of working, and, under pressure, had difficulty performing even the simplest tasks. Their arrangement lasted about two months.



Mike and Carolyn had met at a party one Friday night, when she was seventeen. She was familiar with the sight of him opening the door of his mother's car in front of the school, as a courtesy to this or that girl, and she knew what his name was, but they had never been introduced. Mike had given up classes in the ninth grade. The report cards he brought home as a boy his mother tied with a ribbon and put in a box that she keeps now in a corner of a closet. They show he had no trouble with adding and subtracting or spelling, or with committing to memory the capitals of the states, but that algebra, literature, and history wore him down. Toward the end, he failed nearly every subject and excelled in none. He didn't like to study, and he grew impatient at the slightest difficulty. By the time he reached high school, he appeared to have lost interest. "It must have seemed to him as if he were in over his head," Carolyn says. At the party, Mike asked Carolyn to dance. Moving slowly in place, they drew the attention of the dancers around them. From then on, she was the only girl seen with her shoulder against his while he sat at the wheel of his mother's car.

She had no idea what he did all day. "I just assumed he hung out with the boys somewhere and did whatever it was that they did," she says. She knew very little about his growing up, and he never raised the subject. She expected him to take part in the kind of exchange of the past and of secret feelings that lovers enjoy, but Mike never showed any interest in such things. You weren't supposed to ask him questions—that was the feeling he gave her. The few times she asked about his childhood, he gave no answer, nor did he show any inclination to learn about hers. She knew he had been arrested at thirteen for pointing a gun at a woman driving a taxi and taking her money, and had been sent to a juvenile home, but that didn't worry her. "I just thought everything would be fine and splendid, the way you do when you're young," she says. "I thought all trouble of that kind was behind him, and now that we were together he would live differently."

Along with the report cards in the box in the corner of his mother's closet is a collection of pictures of Mike: as a baby; as a boy seated here and there in various years among the rows of his classmates; on a school trip to a fish hatchery near home, in Mississippi; by himself, holding in each hand one end of a line of fish strung like pennants across his chest; posed in the driveway in front of the bumper of the family car. A record of his childhood written by his mother in a baby book and on the backs of pictures includes the information that on his first birthday he received a dollar from his grandparents; that he quit Scouts to spend more time playing baseball, but instead spent so many hours by himself that his mother grew concerned; that he liked to ride his bike and collect rocks and old keys; and that his favorite song as a baby was "Silent Night, Holy Night."

He had two brothers and two sisters, all older. He was happier outside the house—in the woods or playing on the stream banks or riding his bike on roads through fields that led into the country. He liked to use his imagination to play and could occupy himself for hours. He loved animals and was frightened by the sight of his mother killing chickens for their table. As a boy, he impressed one of his sisters as too fragile. "He had no protection in him," she recalls. "He couldn't take the shocks. He'd get knocked down, and he couldn't get back up that easily."

If Mike had been inclined to discuss his growing up, he might have told Carolyn that his father was in the habit of telling him that he was not his child. His father had been a blacksmith in Mississippi, then brought his family to Indiana in search of better work. He was considered to have a good head for business but to have wasted his talents because of drinking. He seemed to his children to be away as often as he was home. He sometimes made remarks about the developing body of one of his daughters and let his friends do the same, and the girl felt he should have protected her from that. He worked a trash route for a while, and he sometimes took one of Mike's brothers with him. Along the way, he would stop at bars where he knew women. He was not faithful to his wife. When he drank, he was liable to lose his temper.

Mike's mother was determined and strong-willed and did what she could to protect her youngest son. She also insisted that he attend church. When he came to tell her of some accomplishment, she would say, "You could have done better." Carolyn grew to feel that Mike had in him a streak of the con man, and that he had developed it as a means of concealing the facts of his life from his mother while trying to give her the impression he was exactly the son she wished him to be.

Mike's father left his family when Mike was eight. He lived in an apartment that was part of a housing project, then in a trailer at a trailer park, and then in a nursing home, where he died. His family had little to do with him. Mike sometimes borrowed money from his father and didn't pay him back. On a night when he was hard-pressed to make any other arrangement, he might end up on a couch in his father's living room. Once, when his father was gone from his trailer, Mike stole several guns and some sheets and towels and pillowcases from it. The guns he sold, and the linens he gave to girls he knew who had just moved into an apartment.

THE wedding was planned for September of 1963. Carolyn's mother was also opposed to it. She had no objection to Mike; she felt that her daughter was too young to marry. She thought Mike was polite and she liked the fact that he looked after his appearance.

Early one morning at the beginning of September, Carolyn recalls, her phone rang, and it was Mike's mother, saying that Mike had just been picked up by the police and charged with a rape that had taken place the night before. Mike and Carolyn had been to a drive-in movie that night. Around the time that Mike left Carolyn at her door, a man opened the passenger's side of a car stopped at an intersection a few miles from Carolyn's house. The man drew a knife and gave the woman at the wheel directions to a place where no one could see the car when it was parked. The charge was sufficiently farfetched and the timing was so coincidental that it never occurred to Carolyn to ask if he had done it. She went immediately to the jail, but it wasn't a visiting day and she was put off until the next visiting day. Mike's family engaged the most highly re-

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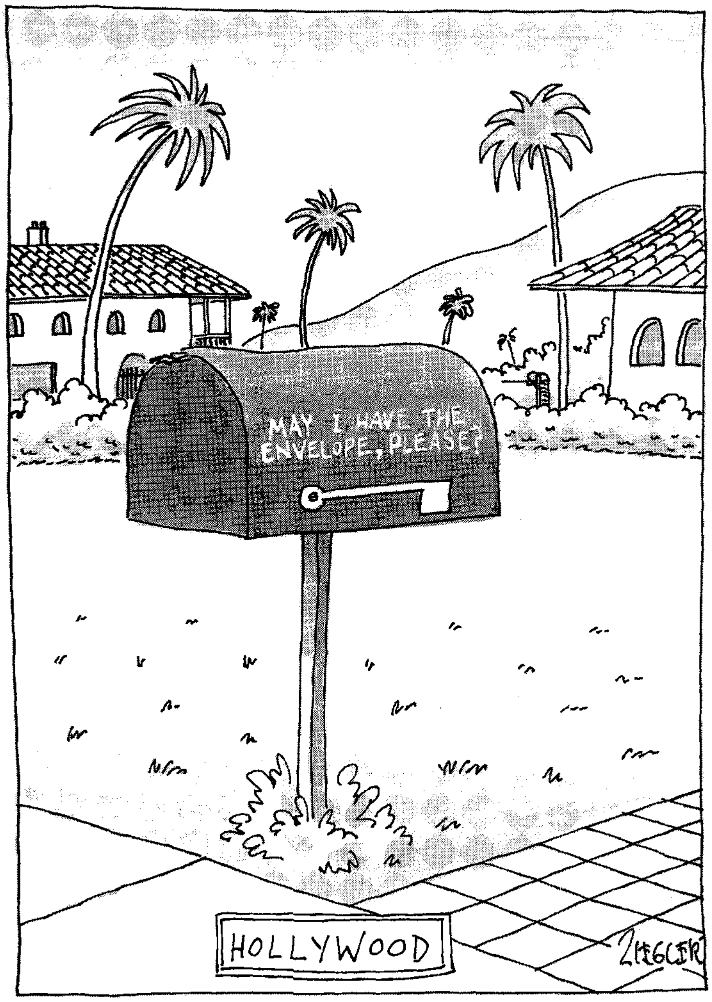
garded criminal lawyer in Indianapolis.

For the trial, Mike put on a dark suit, in which, seated at the defense table, he appeared handsome and blameless. He wore a white shirt and a tie, his shoes were polished, his face was scrubbed, and his hair had been cut. The trial began early in December and lasted a week. Carolyn told the jury that Mike was with her when the rape took place. She described the affectionate life that she and Mike shared, and his lawyer pointed out that where they had spent the evening was a drive-in movie. When the plain-looking, dark-haired woman raised her right hand and told her story, Carolyn says, it crossed the mind of more than one person that Mike, who was so appealing, would never have to force himself on such a woman as that. More likely, she would chase him.

The lawyer asked the woman if she saw in the courtroom the man who had raped her, and she pointed at Mike. When he asked her to find the image of her attacker among a series of photographs that included one of Mike, she chose someone else.

The trial ended late in the day. Carolyn, the lawyer, Mike's mother, and Mike's stepfather went with friends to a restaurant near the courthouse to drink coffee and wait for the verdict. The jurors returned at two the next morning, with a verdict of not guilty, and afterward a number of them congratulated Mike and Carolyn on their plans to marry.


MAY I HAVE THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE?
HOLLYWOOD
ZIEGLER

AFTER the wedding, Carolyn and Mike moved into an apartment. When they'd been there about a month, Mike stayed out late enough that Carolyn went to bed by herself and lay in the darkness waiting for the sound of his key in the door. Sometime after daybreak, he arrived, and said he was sorry, but he didn't tell her where he'd been or what he'd been up to, though she asked. She grew accustomed to the sight of his back as he went out the door, and to being alone at night. She began to feel that he was leading two lives. Most of the time, he was home the next morning, but occasionally he stayed away longer. Carolyn pushed him to get a job—she was still working at the factory—but her being upset didn't seem to matter, and after a while all he did was get angry when the subject came up. He would grow exasperated at the smallest obstacle to his plans, and his exasperation turned quickly into rage.

Carolyn became pregnant, and the baby was due in February of 1965. When she went into labor, she couldn't find Mike. She got herself to the hospital, and that night she gave birth to a girl. Someone found Mike, and he arrived later that night. Carolyn spent three days in the hospital. Eventually, she learned that where Mike had been at least part of that time was in bed with her best friend.

Later that winter, Mike started bringing home paintings and lamps and storing them in the hallway and the living room. Nothing was said about where they had come from or why they were there, but Carolyn assumed they were stolen. The first time two policemen showed up and asked to see the inside of their apartment, Mike wasn't home, and he had moved all the paintings and lamps out the day before.

Sometimes, in the evening, he would step out the back door of their apartment and return with lawn chairs belonging to the neighbors. He kept them in the back yard, where a fence concealed them. When the yard overflowed, he stacked chairs in the living room. By and by, he cut the webbing out of the seats and backs and sold the aluminum frames for scrap.

In the spring of 1966, Carolyn became pregnant again. She left her job about two weeks before she was due, and had no money. What money Mike made he kept; it fell to Carolyn to pay the rent and the household bills. Mike didn't allow her to have visitors, and if it hadn't been for the time she spent among people at work she would have felt utterly isolated. A woman from work happened to come by one evening when Carolyn was alone. This was shortly before she went to the hospital. Mike came home and said to the woman, "It's time for you to go." Carolyn said, "Well, why? What's wrong, Mike? Is something the matter?" and he gave her, she says, "a look to freeze me." The woman said, "I don't see why I have to go. It's not just your house," and Mike picked her up and took her out to the street and dropped her. When he returned, he threw Carolyn against the door of a closet. It was the first time he had hit her. She moved to her aunt's, and went to the hospital and gave birth to a second daughter. She didn't let Mike near the child, and when she got out of the hospital she moved, with her two girls, to her mother's.

When Carolyn returned to work, she got there by taking the bus. Every morning as she got on and every evening as she got off, she saw Mike in his car down the

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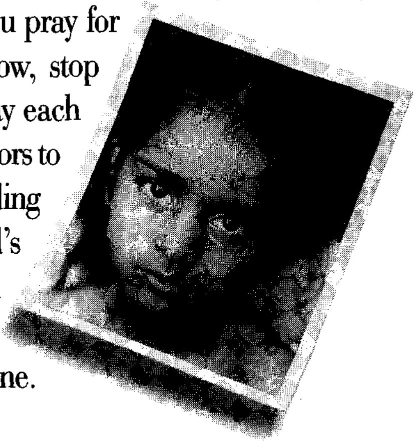

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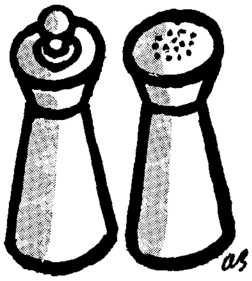
block. He never said a word, or even rolled down his window. Finally, he pulled up beside her and said, "Why don't you get in and talk to me," and she did, and he said all the right things and she "strolled right back to him," she says.

Carolyn, Mike, and the children moved to an apartment in a complex where the buildings had three apartments to a floor, side by side. Mike and Carolyn took one in the middle. On either side were neighbors whose character she mistrusted. Mike fell in with them and began to act "really erratic." He'd walk out the door saying, "I'm going to Illinois," or "I'm going to Tennessee," and she didn't have any idea where he went, but when he came back he always had money. He'd say he was sorry for leaving her alone, but he gave no reason, and the state of contrition never lasted longer than a day. Shortly afterward, he would be gone again. Once, he disappeared for two weeks.

Most of his money he spent on himself, but one evening she came home and found he had redecorated the apartment—"furniture to linens, and all new toys for the girls," Carolyn says. Not long after Mike redecorated the apartment, he was picked up by the police and held for three days. Carolyn felt that his being gone made it safe to leave. She again moved in with her aunt. When she went back to the apartment to collect her things and the children's, it was empty. Mike had taken everything in it to his mother's, so Carolyn moved there. She doesn't remember what got them back together—she left and went back so many times. She thinks it was probably a phone call.



She lived with Mike and his mother, Modean, and his stepfather, Everett Embry, and Embry's twin sons. Modean would take care of the girls while Carolyn was at work. She got pregnant again, but miscarried in the middle of the night. The doctor told her to bring the fetus to a laboratory for tests. She gave it to Mike to deliver, but it never got there. "Mike cried and cried for two days," she says, "and when we asked him what had happened to the fetus he said he had taken it to the lab." Carolyn assumes he buried it somewhere.

In the spring of 1967, Mike was arrested for stealing checks and for forgery. He and Carolyn had been getting along badly for months. One of her daughters says that all she remembers of her parents' marriage is the two of them standing in the kitchen and yelling at each other. Mike was sent to the Indiana State Prison, in Michigan City. While he was there, in 1968, Carolyn divorced him.

IN Michigan City, Mike endured a punishing, thuggish, old-time prison experience for two years, and he left the place rattled. He said very little about what happened to him there, and nothing at all about it to Carolyn, but it was clear to her and his friends that he had undergone a change.

On his release, he showed up at the door of Carolyn's apartment. She told him he could come in to see the girls but couldn't stay long. He took her car and went to his mother's to collect his clothes and came back and moved in. For the next six months, he was checked for drugs. After that, he began shooting up so openly that his daughters would sometimes see him in the bathroom with a needle in his arm.

One morning, Carolyn was awakened by the pressure of something against the side of her head. She moved enough to see the barrel of a shotgun. Mike said, "I'm going to blow your head off." She said, "Honey, what's wrong?" And he said, "You know what's wrong," but she didn't. Mike held the gun against her head for perhaps ten minutes, and then he walked away. Another time, as she was making his breakfast he came into the kitchen and knocked all her cannisters of sugar and flour and coffee off the counter, then made her get on her knees and clean up the mess while he held her down by the back of her neck. When she finished, he had tears in his eyes.

She was always leaving him and going back to her mother, then being talked into returning. During one separation, he arrived at her job at the end of the day and dragged her to his car. She called out for help, but no one came. He drove her around the city, and every time she opened her mouth to ask where they were headed or what was going on he struck her with the back of his hand. He left her off at her mother's, and the next morning she went to work with two black eyes and a bandage over the bridge of her broken nose.

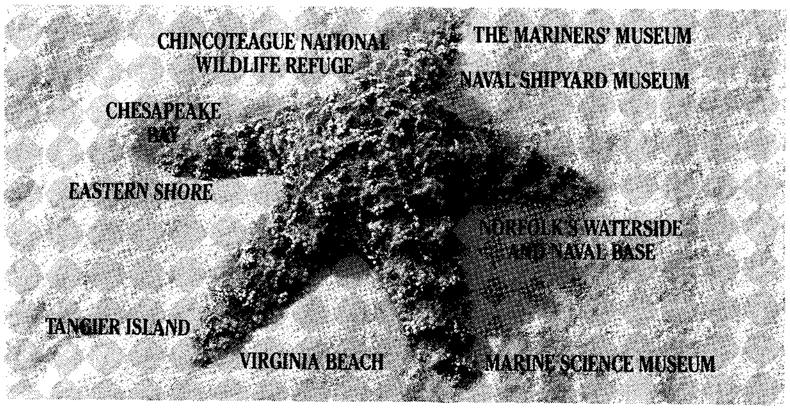
One morning, Mike grabbed Carolyn's arm and tied it with her stocking to the bedpost. He tied her legs, too, even though she fought and was scared as hell besides, because she could see what he intended: the needle was beside the bed and next to it were a spoon and some matches. Mike always wanted her to use the same drugs that he did, and was infuriated by her refusing. She knew he had no idea of the potency of what he meant to inject into her veins, or its purity, either, or what reaction her body would have, so she continued to fight, but stopped when the needle pierced her arm. The heroin made her drowsy; then it emptied her stomach. What she recalls of the rest of the day—it was Mother's Day—was going to her mother's in Mike's beat-up old van, which he had sold her car to get, and being terribly sick in the back.

MIKE didn't care for being divorced. He kept telling Carolyn they should get married again. She would say, "Well, why, Mike? You're here and I'm here. What's the difference?" One afternoon, he came home and said, "We're going after a license." That night, he walked her across a field, through snow to her knees, and knocked on a preacher's door. She got married in bluejeans and without a ring. He had pawned all her rings.

Carolyn usually had a sitter look after the girls while she was at work. Once in a great while, Mike would stay home and watch them, as he did one day shortly before Christmas of 1971. That evening, they planned to go shopping. When she got home, she went to the kitchen to make dinner. Mike came up behind her and put his arms around her and gave her a hug, and said, "Why don't you go upstairs and do whatever you need to get ready, and I'll make some tuna-fish sandwiches." The four of them ate together—Mike had managed to make the dinner, simple as it was, feel like a special occasion—and afterward they got in the van to go shop at a mall. On the way, Carolyn's breathing grew shallow and her heart beat faster. When she walked through the electric doors of the mall, the lights and the movement and the music and the voices hit her with an unnatural and horrifying force. She fell to her knees and said, "Mike, I'm dying." He took her home, and called her mother and said Carolyn was sick, and asked if she would come and get the girls. Then he put Carolyn to bed. She spent the rest of the night cowering against the headboard of the bed. Mike sat at the foot of the bed, yelling. At times, he knelt beside her, and at least once he hit her. He had put LSD in her tuna fish. She felt better the next morning, but didn't recover for several days.

Carolyn left Mike and went back to him twenty times or more before she left him for good, in June of 1972. While Mike was in Michigan City, Carolyn had dated a man named Charlie. When it came time for Mike to get out, Carolyn told Charlie she thought it would be for the best if they didn't see each other anymore. One morning, Mike came home after being gone several days. Carolyn was in her robe, getting ready for work. The look he gave her as he walked through the door was calmer and more deliberate than any he had given her before. He said, "I know about Charlie." She thought, If you don't leave, Carolyn, you are going to die. She turned away to compose herself, and when she turned back she said, "I'm not feeling so well. I think I'll call my boss and say I'm not coming to work today."

Carolyn and Mike had no phone, so she went to her neighbor's. She called the man she worked for and told him she wouldn't be coming in anymore. Then she called her mother and described to her the place she wanted her to be waiting with the car. When she returned, Carolyn woke the girls and sent them to play in the yard. She told Mike that there was no bread for breakfast, and asked if he would get some. He nodded. Then he looked at her and said, "I love you," and she said, "I love you." Then she said she thought she would do a few loads of laundry. She went around the apartment with two laundry baskets, one for her and one for the girls, collecting clothes. She filled each basket with clean clothes and put dirty clothes on top. She went down to the laundry, in the basement, and left the baskets by the basement door. At the bottom of the stairs was a bathroom,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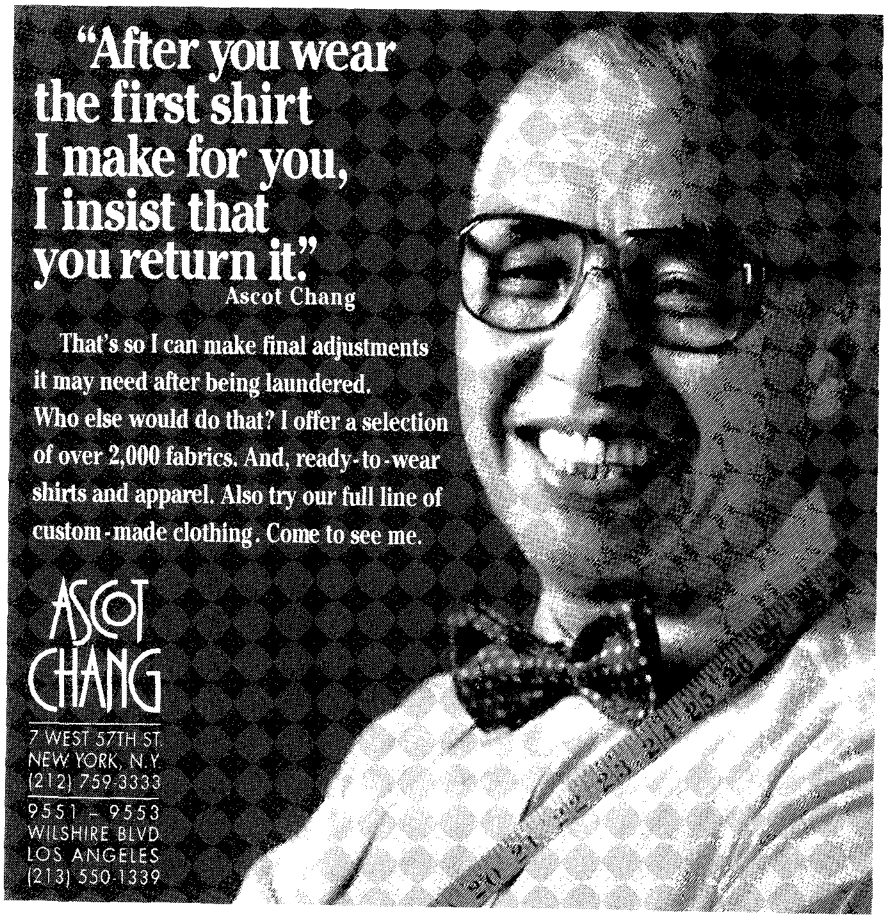
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and Carolyn kept a set of electric curlers there. They were the only gift she could recall Mike's ever buying for her, and when she went out the door, a few minutes later, she took them.

Mike left to get the bread. Carolyn waited until his car turned the corner, then gathered the girls and left the laundry and the curlers with the neighbor and struck out across a field in the direction opposite to the one Mike had taken. She crossed a highway and met her mother. Her mother drove them away and later went back for the clothes. That evening, her mother and her stepfather drove her and the girls to the bus station in Louisville, and they boarded a bus for Bowling Green, Kentucky, where her father lived. They stayed six years. She never answered any of dozens of letters that Mike sent through her mother, for fear of his finding her. She feels that leaving Mike and staying away was the bravest thing she ever did.

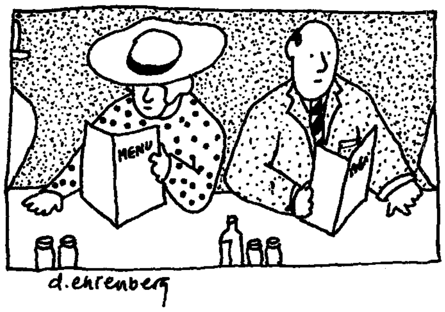
SOME of the time when Carolyn hadn't known where Mike was, he was holding up businesses or robbing people or breaking into their houses and stealing their possessions and selling them later for what he could get. One evening, he stopped at a filling station, shut the old man working there in a back room, and said that if he came out he would kill him. He pumped gas for several customers and took their money, then pulled his car into the bay and filled the back seat and the trunk with tires and the tire changer and some tools and took off. He often picked on filling stations, because they were simple: go in and get the money and back out the door, so no one can reach for a gun.

It was always possible to tell when Mike had money, because he was excessively fond of clothes. He liked black leather coats and expensive shoes. He and his friends dressed in imitation of the slicker black men they knew and saw around the city. He had a closetful of suits. He liked tight pants of an Italian cut and, to go with them, a kind of Italian knit shirt that had cloth-covered buttons. He also liked silk underwear, in colors to match his outfits. The hair on the back of his neck was cut to a sharp, straight line with a razor. He brushed his teeth three times a day, five minutes each time, to a clock. He took oatmeal baths for his skin and used fragrant lotions to preserve it. He polished his fingernails with toothpaste. To younger men he was often a figure of some glamour.

He spent his nights charming housewives and office girls in night clubs. While they drank cocktails and threw their heads back and laughed, Mike reached into their purses. When he found a wallet, he excused himself and took it to the bathroom and removed the credit cards or the checkbook, or both, and left the cash and returned to the table and sneaked the wallet back into the bag. By the time the women discovered that their cards were missing, he had signed their names all around town. Their checks he made out to himself, in order to cash them with his own identification.

In the early seventies, Mike fell in with a crowd that carried on a night life in the clubs around Indianapolis, and one member of that crowd was Lee Von Hauger. Von Hauger is now in his early fifties. Everyone who knows him calls him Skip. He is about six feet tall, with a barrel chest and shoulders wide enough to fill a doorway. He has blond hair with a tight curl and a blond beard. His face is round. His eyes are small and blue and watchful. His manner is cheerful and welcoming and not without charm, but it can suddenly become distant and suspicious and threatening. He does calisthenics every morning in front of the television, following the lead of a man and a woman exercising on a beach in Hawaii. Much of his time he spends seated at his kitchen table, beside a speakerphone mounted on the wall. A number of years ago, he began buying old houses and fixing them up. He engaged ex-convicts and homeless people for help, and when the work was completed he would let them live in the houses as tenants. He has a raspy, booming voice. It can modulate from calm to menace in a word.

Skip and his friends used to gather in the evenings at a club called Rat Finks, and one night someone brought Mike around. Skip's impression of Mike was that he was "a normal, banal guy, with the middle-class life, the apartment, and the two-point-two kids." He also thought, though, that Mike had a rebellious side he had never really known what to do with, and that when he fell in with Skip and his friends it was as if he had found himself.



"I had a whorehouse," Skip says. "Most of the time, I had six or seven girls working for me, but I got up to fourteen girls one time. We'd go out partying, and what I'd be doing was looking for new whores, and I'd bring them back and sign them up, new members of the harem. And Mike would be a runner for me. Some girl needed pantyhose, or a ride to a trick, or had to put gas in the car, Mike would do that. I gave him money and fed him and gave him clothes. He and I were the same size—I was a speed freak then—so he could wear my clothes. He'd go home every once in a while and change. Carolyn would be there, mostly real mad. He O.D.'d one time and Carolyn called me up, and I went over with some speed and jump-started him."

Skip enlarged himself in Mike's eyes by getting Mike released from a state farm outside Indianapolis when Mike was there for writing bad checks. He drove out to the farm in a white Cadillac with the best-looking redhead he knew, and placed a writ obtained from the court in the hands of the warden. "That sprang him," Skip says. "And it made an impression. That's the stuff legends are built up out of, and, as I look back on it, it really caused my stock to soar with Mike." For years, when Mike found himself stranded in prison he would turn to Skip with an enormous hopefulness, then curse him for not being able to repeat the miracle.

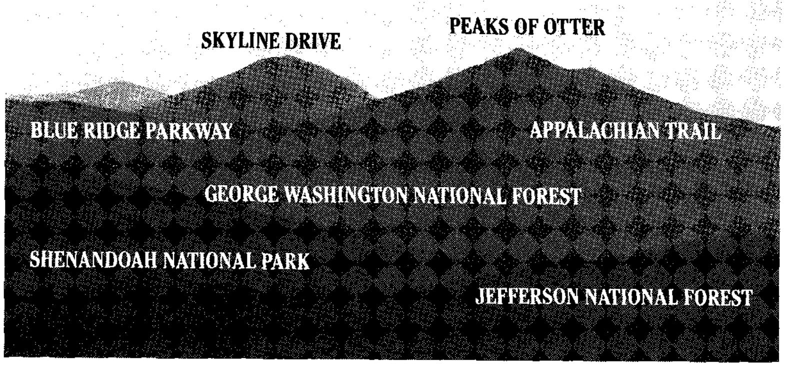
IN 1972, Mike was given four years for passing bad checks, and was sent to the Indiana Reformatory, in Pendleton, Indiana, where Skip was already serving time for drug possession. Mike worked in the prison laundry and delivered Skip his sheets and clothes, carefully folded.

Skip was released from Pendleton first. When Mike got out, in March of 1976, he went to Florida to see a friend. His stepfather died, in Mississippi, while Mike was away, and he missed the funeral. He went to his mother's house and got into an argument with one of his brothers and stabbed him. His family tried to have him confined in a hospital and treated for addiction to heroin, but he went to Indianapolis and knocked at Skip's door and asked to be taken in.

Skip became interested in psychotherapy while he was in prison, and when he got out he established a practice. His card described him as a "personal growth consultant." Mainly, he was working with other ex-cons. They lived in his house and split chores and had sessions of group therapy. Mike moved in, and Skip received money from Mike's mother to help pay the costs of keeping him.

One night, while Skip was lying in bed with Cindy, his wife, Mike came running in. He was naked and he jumped up on the bed and danced around, and then he started laughing and ran from the room. Cindy stared at Skip. She had never seen Mike until then, and she decided that he was disturbing and that she didn't like having him around. Mike stayed, but he remained aloof from the life of the house. He wouldn't join the others at the table for meals. Instead, he would take his plate into a room adjoining the dining room and listen to the conversation coming through the doorway. From time to time, he would add something, but never loud enough for anyone to be certain of what he had said. Skip and Cindy felt that the remarks they heard from the room where Mike sat alone were words and phrases and sentences Mike was hearing in his head and saying out loud to see whether they provoked any reaction. Problems among members of the house were resolved in sessions in which everyone except Mike took part. He would attend, but if anyone raised an objection to his behavior he would get up and leave. Although everyone had responsibilities around the house, Mike would accept none.

One morning in June, Mike pulled a toy gun on a woman who lived in the house, and she went right for his throat. Skip stepped between them. In the scuffle, Mike fell, and Skip kicked him in the head. Then he threw Mike out of the house and locked the door. Mike picked up a tree branch from the lawn and went along the side of the house breaking every



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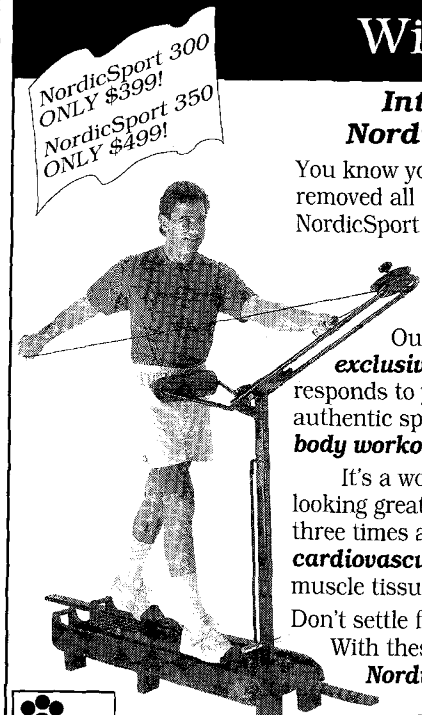

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window. The police found him standing in the front yard yelling at the house and they arrested him for disorderly conduct. Skip told the police that lately Mike hardly slept and that he had stolen money from people in the house. In the hope of getting Mike off his hands, Skip told the police that Mike had threatened to kill him and his wife and their children.

Because Mike had been behaving strangely, he was taken not to jail but to a hospital with a mental-health ward. The first doctor who examined him described him as weighing a hundred and forty-two pounds. When the doctor asked Mike a question, Mike either shouted his answer or asked another question. He occasionally abandoned one subject for another, which had nothing to do with the first. The doctor asked if Mike knew where he was and what time it was and the date, and Mike said that he did. The doctor asked if he ever saw people or things that weren't actually there, or heard voices in his head, or believed strongly in ideas he knew later not to be true, and Mike said he never had.

Mike told one clinician after another that he had no problems, that he acted violently only when provoked, that what had set off his fit was that someone had stolen money from him. Mostly, he would look the clinicians in the eye, but at times he would cut his eyes to the side and his voice would trail off until no one could make out what he was saying. He hated being kept in the hospital, and felt stigmatized by being confined to the mental ward. He kept asking, "What do I have to do to get out of here?"

He told the therapists that he wanted to control the anger he felt, and to coöperate, but the way he carried himself gave them the opposite impression. "People keep talking about the past," he said. "I've paid my dues, being in prison for nine years. I don't know why they don't release me. Maybe I should keep my mouth shut and stay in a corner and they will release me." In asking to be transferred, Mike would insist that the only problems he had were ones that could not be solved while he was confined. What he needed, he said, was a job in construction, a woman who was sincerely concerned about his well-being, and a place in a school where he could study to be a beauty operator.

Skip and a therapist told Mike that he was not taking responsibility for himself and was causing his own problems. Mike said that he felt he was being punished. Then he turned threatening. Skip told the therapist after that session that he was worried about Mike's threats. He said that Mike had shot a man with a shotgun by his house, although this hadn't happened; Skip was doing what he could to see that Mike remained where he was. He also said that Mike thought of himself as a hit man and would not hesitate to act on any delusions he entertained. The therapist made a note at the bottom of his report: "Sociopathic personality, paranoid with homicidal tendencies."

Mike's case was continued, and he was let out of the hospital. Skip would not take him in, so he went to his mother's, in Pontotoc, Mississippi. Around the first of July, 1976, he got into an argument with one of his brothers and was arrested. He sat in jail for three weeks. When he was offered a transfer to the Mississippi State Hospital, he accepted. He arrived there on July 22nd, thirty years old. He participated in a process of talking and test-taking that was becoming familiar. To a doctor who asked about his background he said that he had started taking drugs when he was eighteen, and had been using heroin since getting out of prison, four months before. He gave the doctor the impression that he was thinking carefully before speaking. The doctor wrote that he suspected Mike of being "quite a sophisticated liar." Concerning the formalities of the interview, the doctor noted that he had been unable to discover in Mike ideas he considered paranoid or any that suggested Mike was suffering delusions. It had been suggested that he was afflicted with paranoid schizophrenia, but for that condition to be accurately diagnosed a person must be suffering delusions or hallucinations; it is an aspect of the condition the diagnosis insists on. Mike's memory was intact, he knew where he was, the things that he said made sense; nothing about him seemed distorted.

The doctor wrote in his report, "Certainly it is evident from the patient's history that he is a grossly selfish, irresponsible, impulsive individual who is unable to feel guilt or learn from experience and punishment. Certainly his frustration tolerance is low." Mike's mother described ways Mike behaved that suggested he might be unbalanced, but the doctor felt it was difficult to tell whether drugs might not be responsible. He closed by noting, "It is my opinion based on numerous interviews with this patient during, though brief, hospitalization, he demonstrated no psychotic or schizophrenic behavior." The diagnosis was "Antisocial personality." Under "Prognosis" was the entry "Poor."

Mike left the hospital after five days. His commitment had been voluntary, and the hospital could hold him no longer.

A YEAR passed. In September of 1977, Mike began studying at a beauty school in a Mississippi town near the Tennessee border. After about two weeks, he found himself engaged in a familiar occupation: staring at the ceiling of a prison cell—this one in the *DeBerry Correctional Institute*, in Nashville. Alone in his cell, he felt himself to be God. He heard movie stars, the President, people he knew—his mother, his brothers, his sisters, and his daughters—calling his name. He saw their faces and he saw the faces of people from other planets.

In the spring of 1978, he wrote:

> DEAREST SKIP,
>
> . . . I understand why you didn't want to become involved with my life again. The way it was you had nothing to gain by it. I was still a taker. But all that's changed. Perhaps you're wondering how I can say that and be in prison on another charge. A rape charge. But I can say it knowing it to be the truth. First of all—I know why I did it. For one I thought I was having financial problems and I made myself think somehow that the only thing for me to do was rob and steal. Really confused. I got drunk, drove into a shopping center with intentions of robbing somebody, snatching a purse. Dumb, stupid shit. Damn Skip, I wish I could turn time back and do it different. Knowing what I know now. But I can't. I got in a car with a woman. I was drunk as hell. Forced my way in the car to take the money, then she said, I give you what you want, just don't hurt me—so I decided to fuck too. Damn I was sick, Skip. I was more afraid than she was and that's a fact. But I was wrong, really wrong.

> I just really made a bad mistake. . . . They offered me a 1-5 a year ago with a public defender. I thought then that maybe I could do better with a private attorney. So I paid $1000.00 and ended up with ten years. . . . So I'm through with that for now. I just wanted you to know how and where I stand. I want you to see it standing in my shoes. . . . But let's find another basis for beginning again somewhere. Right here. Eventually it will be legally profitable to you as well as myself. If you want to do it. . . . So I'll explain that to you later in detail. It's only a living working relationship. I'm going to be a beautician and I'm going to be good. Maybe you're wondering how you could fit into that. But you can if you want to and it can be profitable. But I'm moving too fast. . . . Forget that and remember our friendship for a minute. . . . Because my best memories unbelievably were made after I met you, and you I feel are responsible for the biggest and best changes in my life, whether you know it or not, in that I've admired you. I've wanted to be like you and it's affected my life greatly. I regret many things. I regret being so stupid. I regret that it's taken so many years to make me see, change, head it in the right direction and put it in gear. So I've got this one last pit stop before I can return to the city and be a part of your life again. . . . Skip—don't let me down. Write me—just a note—a card—or have someone to do it for you. . . . I love you, Skip. . . . I love you all very much. But I'm going to begin and get this ready and in the mail. Write me. I love you. And I miss you, Skip. Love.
>
> MIKE

Mike was released in August of 1982. His confinement had been difficult. He was often withdrawn. At times, he seemed to slip into a psychotic state and was violent. He spent time in the psychiatric wing of the prison. He wrote threatening letters to several people, including his mother and Skip. Sometimes he wrote things on the envelopes he sent his mother which embarrassed her to the point where she explained the situation to her postman, so he would draw no discreditable conclusions. Eventually, Mike was placed on medication. It had to be forced on him, but as it began to work he accepted it. At the time, he was under consideration for a bed in the state mental hospital, but the medication improved him, and commitment was no longer thought necessary.

For several months after his release, while living with his mother, Mike made visits to a doctor in Tupelo. He felt nervous and depressed, and his head ached. Sometimes he was nauseated and threw up. One of the doctors who saw him for the purpose of determining whether he was eligible for disability payments observed that he paced the floor and that his manner was blunt and without emotion. He noted on the form sent by Social Security that Mike gave no evidence of psychosis but that his activities were severely restricted and he was unable to handle money.

Four months later, Mike was back in the Mississippi State Hospital, committed by his mother. She told the doctors he was in the habit of lying on the couch in the living room without any clothes on and walking around the house naked. She found a pornographic magazine among his possessions. Sometimes he would start singing. Now and then, what he said seemed intended for the ears of people who weren't in the room. Late at night, he would wake his mother by turning his radio up loud. When she came to see what the noise was, she found him with the radio against his ear. He went around the house releasing mice from traps she had put down. He was supposed to be visiting the local mental-health clinic, but he kept missing appointments and refusing the medication the clinic prescribed. The charge on which his mother had him arrested was lunacy.

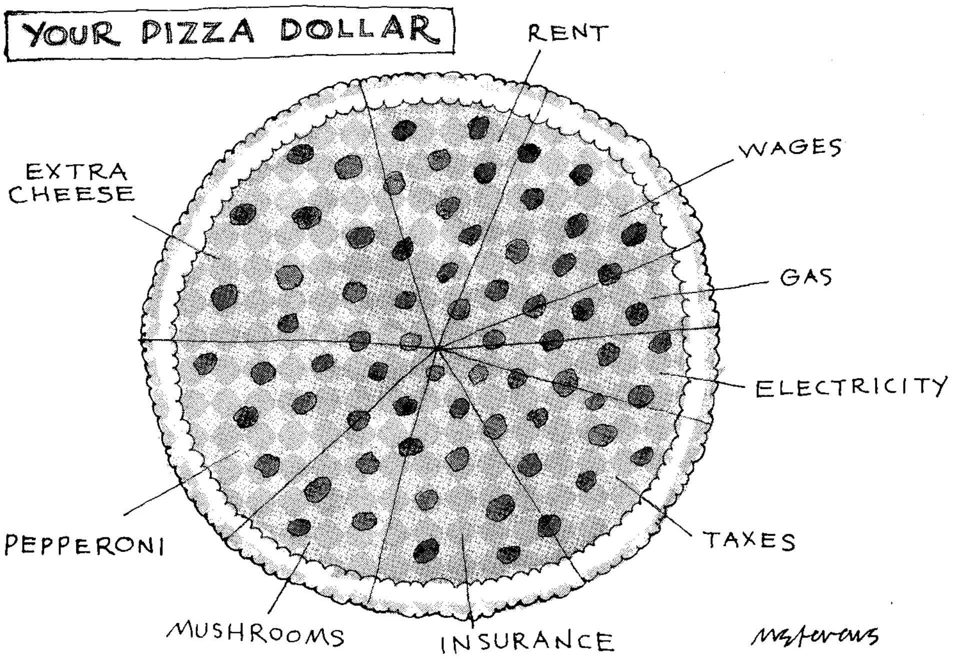
To a doctor, Mike said that the problem was his mother's. He said he had walked through the house without any clothes, but had been drinking bourbon at the time and had taken his clothes off to get into the shower. He wanted to get out of the hospital and to attend hotel-and-motel-management school in Indianapolis. He felt that nothing was wrong with him. He used to be exciting when he was young, he said, and wanted to be so again.

While Mike was in the state hospital, he was tested to determine his intelligence, he was asked to look at inkblots and say what they put him in mind of, he was asked to complete sentences, and he was asked questions to which he was to answer true or false. He took part reluctantly.

The intelligence test established his I.Q. at about ninety-nine, or average. He scored so poorly on one part of the test, however, that the clinician analyzing the results concluded that he may have been depressed. Perhaps Mike was capable of a higher score, he said, but, even so, it was likely to remain average.

His impressions of the inkblots were familiar to the clinician as the response of "people who are paranoid and who (1) are not sure just what the consequences of their responses will be, and (2) don't want to be held accountable for what they said." The clinician went on to report that Mike saw little around him as "attractive and positive"; mostly he saw things as "ugly"; he was oversensitive, and he led a life that was emotionally barren and involved little interest in the lives of other people.

Someone whose answers fit the pattern Mike's did is not likely, in the



clinician's opinion, to be able to endure frustration. He is likely to harbor anger and resentment that are intense and turn him toward violence. He is likely to have trouble occupying the sexual role of a man. He is also likely to have few resources for tolerating demands made by women. Mike drew the attention of the clinician by answering "True" to the statement "I am strongly attracted by members of my own sex" and then retracting his answer, saying that he didn't want anyone to think he was "queer."

Mike left the hospital on March 10, 1983, after staying a month. He was picked up by one of his brothers and went back to live with his mother.

FOR the next year, Mike went back and forth between Mississippi and Indiana. He had headaches and trouble sleeping. He gained fifty pounds in six months. He had his hair permed. He worked in a Waffle House but quit because he couldn't remember orders. He lived in a house of Skip's in a rundown part of Indianapolis. A sixteen-year-old girl named Phyllis Wright was living there with her mother and two of her four brothers when Mike arrived with a friend.

"They drove up in this old blue car, and you could see through the hatchback that everything they owned in the world was in there, bags and clothes and things all piled in, and Mike looked like some kind of transient," Phyllis recalls. "They came up the walk and said, 'Can we see the place?' and I didn't know what they were there for, and I said 'Well, why?' and they said, 'Well, Skip said we could live here.' "

Phyllis didn't at all like the way Mike looked. She called Skip and gave him hell, but he wanted more money from the house. She and her mother and her brothers moved out. Mike became friends with one of her brothers—Travis, who was seventeen. Travis and Mike drove to Pontotoc to visit Mike's mother. While they were driving around there in Mike's old VW, Mike saw a pickup for sale in a second-hand lot.

"Mike just fell in love with it," Travis says. "He went home and told his mom, and she had a new VW van, and a couple of days later she had talked to the man at the lot and had a deal where she gave him her new van and some money and got the truck, and she got Mike's old car, so she didn't come out too good on the deal."

FOR a few weeks in 1984, Mike studied welding at a junior college in Tupelo. He earned several A's and one B and then gave it up. "He never wanted to finish anything," his mother says. "He always just quit." In March, he hit one of his brothers on the head with an iron and threatened his mother, and ended up in the state hospital again. To yet another doctor he said that nothing was wrong with him, that if people would leave him alone he would be all right, and that any difficulties his mother reported having with him were her fault, not his.

The doctors prescribed drugs, which appeared to calm him. He got along with the other patients but kept to himself. He was confined to the grounds for two months. In the middle of May, he went home on a pass and lived with his mother for two weeks without friction. The doctors decided he could be discharged. He went to live with his mother again.

A YEAR went by. One day in February of 1985, Mike went into a hardware store outside Tupelo and bought some galvanized pipe. To be certain he had the proper diameter, he brought with him a twelve-gauge shotgun shell. When he found the size that accepted the shell, he bought three pieces, the longest of which was eighteen inches. He paid about five dollars for the pipe, a coupling, and a bolt. Then he drove out Highway 6 from Pontotoc until he reached open fields. He inserted the shotgun shell in one end of the longest piece of pipe, and screwed a coupling behind it. Then he threaded a short piece of pipe into the coupling. With the palm of his hand he forced the point of the bolt into the cap of the shell, and felt the pipe jump in his hands. He had never made a shotgun before; in prison, he learned how.

One Tuesday night a few weeks later, Mike broke several of his mother's ribs in a bear hug. The phone rang just after he released her. He was wearing slippers and pajamas and a bathrobe, and the ringing startled him. He grabbed a coat that belonged to his brother and some boots and ran to his truck. His departure was so abrupt he left his dental plate behind.

Mike drove that night up Inter-

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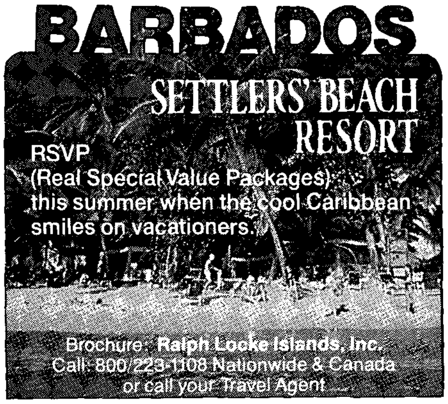

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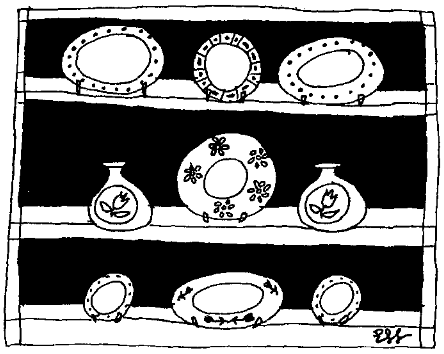
state 55, through Memphis, and slept by the road. He went on through Arkansas and Missouri, and then turned east, and by Thursday he was in Indianapolis. He went to see one of his sisters, who worked in a store selling health foods and vitamins and nutritional supplements. She hadn't laid eyes on Mike in a year. She heard from her sister what happened to their mother, and was upset about it. He asked for money, and she refused him. He started to curse her, and she told him to get out of the store. If he didn't, she said, she would call the police. Mike said, "You won't be able to do it much longer," which she took as a threat. He drove out into the country. Around one-thirty in the afternoon, one of his brothers, who was living in a town near Indianapolis, saw Mike in his truck in front of his house. When the brother opened his door, Mike took off. He drove past Skip's house several times. In the yard of a hospital, he found some syringes on the ground and picked them up and put them in his pocket. Somewhere, he bought four large plastic soda bottles and cut the tops off. He filled a five-gallon can he kept in the bed of his truck with a mixture of gasoline and diesel fuel. He poured the mixture into the bottles, and then he found some cloth, which he cut into four strips. One end of each of the strips he stuck into one of the bottles. He planned to spend the night at the Lighthouse Mission of the Salvation Army, but he didn't have the money, so he slept in his truck. At ten-thirty the next morning, he went to a market, made three salads at its salad bar, took them to the register, had them weighed and priced ($1.99), and walked out. The security guard working for the market stopped him in the parking lot. He brought Mike into the market's office, and in the pockets of Mike's pants and coat he found five shotgun shells, fifteen .22-calibre cartridges, three pocketknives, and five or six syringes. The guard called the Indianapolis police, and they found in their records a warrant for Mike issued two years earlier for driving while drunk. When the police asked Mike for his address, he gave Skip's.

Before the police took Mike to jail, they asked him if he had a car in the parking lot, and he said he didn't. One of the policemen noticed the truck with the Mississippi plates and asked his dispatcher to retrieve the name of the owner. The policeman did not immediately know what to make of the pieces of galvanized pipe he found in the cab, but he figured it out pretty fast. What the Molotov cocktails were he knew right away.

Mike said he had made the shotgun to protect himself against Skip, who had told him never to come back to Indianapolis and that he would shoot his face off the first time he saw him. The F.B.I. decided that Mike intended to use the firebombs to burn down the house of his sister who lived in Indianapolis. Skip heard that Mike meant to set his house on fire and use the shotgun to shoot him as he ran from the flames.

Mike was held for trial in the Marion County Jail. That spring, he was sent from there to the United States Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri, for observation, so it could be decided whether he was competent to stand trial. On a form he filled out when he arrived he complied with the request "In your own words, describe what happened before your current arrest" by writing, "Just built a gun to hunt and protect myself."

He told a roomful of clinicians that he was not an alcoholic but that he drank all he could get and how much that was depended on his mood and the money he had. He said that he had done all the drugs there were. While he talked, he looked from one corner of the room to another. Occasionally, he laughed for no apparent reason. Probably the questions that he had been asked most frequently since he turned twenty-one were whether he heard voices in his head or saw any people or scenes he knew were not real, and when the staff asked them now he said he did not. He said he was not mentally ill and never had been. When one of the clinicians told him he seemed depressed, Mike said, "You just have to accept the way things are."



Mike told a doctor he had been arrested for everything except murder. He said that he had taken medications most of the last four and a half years but they only made him suffer.

The doctor wrote, "The patient has a full beard, a very hostile-appearing attitude with a lot of underlying hostility, and appears to be a person who could quickly become aggressive." The doctors at Springfield decided that Mike was fit to stand trial, and sent him back to Indianapolis.

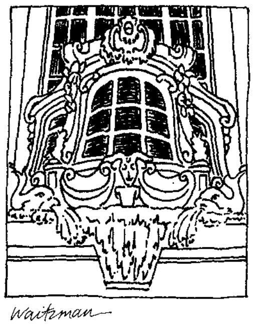
At his trial, Mike said he came back to Indianapolis to be near his daughters and to try to work things out with them. He petitioned the court to command the phone company and the gas company to give him Carolyn's address and phone number, so that she could appear on his behalf. Eventually, he pleaded guilty. The Assistant United States Attorney who prosecuted him said that Mike at his sentencing had told him over and over, in a voice pitched low enough so that the judge couldn't hear, "I'm going to kill you. I'm going to come back and kill you."

Mike was returned to Springfield to serve a sentence of a year for illegal possession of a gun. For the Molotov cocktails he was given three years of probation, to begin when he was released.

Mike passed his year in confinement the way he had passed most of his others: he lost control a few times and was punished; he answered questions from doctors and clinicians on matters such as how he was feeling and what he was thinking; he took tests intended to reveal aspects of his character; he played card games with other inmates; he was chatty at times, reclusive and withdrawn at others; he asked to be freed; he spent a certain amount of time in solitary confinement; he was sometimes interested in his appearance and sometimes not, sometimes kept his cell clean and neat and sometimes did not. Mainly, he lay on his back and stared at the walls and ceiling, or slept, or sat up and put his feet on the floor and leaned his elbows on his knees and put his head in his hands.

His spirits rose and fell. Sometimes he refused to leave his bed or look at anyone who spoke to him. He denied hearing voices or seeing visions, but the way he laughed sometimes, when people least expected it, made the staff of the prison think he did. He let his beard and his hair grow long. His beard was thick and dark and crept toward the tops of his cheeks. His face appeared mournful and haunted and maniacal. His eyes seemed to look into the distance.

While Mike worked off the days of his sentence, the officials of the prison tried to think what to do with him once he was free. He was to be released in the middle of February, 1986. Modean had been writing the warden that Mike was dangerous and asking that he be kept in confinement. In December of 1985, the warden wrote to the director of social services in Indianapolis and asked if Mike could be placed in a state mental hospital. The reply was that only a court could decide; given his past, it was unlikely a hospital would consider him capable of a voluntary commitment.



Later that month, Mike appeared before a panel in the prison assembled to assess his condition. Its members decided he was suffering from "a significant mental disease or defect" and was "dangerous to others." They recommended that a place be found for him that was safe and structured and where he could be watched. Early in January, Mike was given a new medication, called Mellaril. He shaved his beard and cut his hair. His thinking, which had struck the prison staff as being in disarray, seemed to become ordered. He talked slowly and had less difficulty remembering things. He spoke politely, and stopped complaining, and ingratiated himself with the staff and other inmates. He no longer told people he would kill them. He no longer seemed violent. During this period, the panel met again, and decided that Mike could be released safely as long as he kept taking his medication.

Early in February, the warden wrote to Michael Trent, a psychiatric social worker in Indianapolis who had agreed to counsel Mike. The warden hoped that Mike could be given his medicine every day at the Midtown Community Mental Health Center, where Trent worked, and have his mouth inspected to make sure he swallowed it, and that if he failed to show up for an appointment or refused the medicine or refused to have his mouth checked, someone would notify the court. Then a warrant would be issued to return him to Springfield.

Mike passed in a car through the gates of Springfield at 5:25 on the morning of April 14, 1986. He was accompanied by a man from the prison staff. The man took him to the airport; they boarded a plane for St. Louis, then changed planes for Indianapolis, where they arrived at ten of eleven. From the airport they went to see Michael Trent.

Trent gave Mike his medication. Mike said he didn't like taking it—the medication made him sleepy—but he realized that he must. Mike struck Trent as eager to find a place to live and to get a job. While he was in prison, his driver's license expired, so he said he would depend on buses in the city. As he talked to Trent, the pitch of his voice hardly varied, his face showed little change of expression, and most of the time he sat still in his chair. Psychiatrists refer to these conditions as representing a flat or blunted affect, but Trent thought they might be a result of the medication. Mike's conversation rambled at times, but he did not impress Trent as psychotic. They made an appointment to meet the next day.

Mike left with the man from the prison, who caught a plane back to Missouri. That night, Mike called his mother from a pay phone on the street. He said he had the clothes he was wearing and forty-five dollars in his pocket, and what he didn't have was anywhere to go. The next day, he was taken in by a place called Harbor Light, which was run by the Salvation Army.

Over the next two weeks, Mike met nearly every day with Trent. Modean mailed him money. He bought clothes at thrift stores. Trent gave him bus tickets. He asked Trent if it would be all right for him to drink.

At the end of the month, Mike was referred to an agency that ran a program designed to help people whose condition made it difficult for them to hold a job. He was instructed to begin the way everyone else did, by carrying out chores around the agency, but he didn't like that.

He said that the medication made him drowsy and stupid. He didn't like living at Harbor Light. He didn't want to push a broom around the halls of somebody's office for nothing as a means of developing useful habits; he wanted his mother to support him; he wanted a bug-free apartment for close to nothing; he wanted to see Carolyn; and he wanted to be involved in big-time, fast-buck money-making ventures with friends. At some point, it was borne in on Trent that Mike never talked about the past but only complained about the present.

Among Mike's most ardent obsessions was recovering his truck. The truck had been parked at his brother's while Mike was in prison, and the plates had expired. Also, it needed work. Modean wouldn't send him the title, so he couldn't get new plates, and he didn't have money to repair it.

"When he got out of Springfield, they gave him his medication and turned him loose and he showed up at my door," Skip Von Hauger says. "The bastards never even let me know he was out." There was no question of his living at Skip's—Skip would not tolerate that—but he began to appear at the kitchen door more and more frequently, always unannounced. Skip and Cindy noticed that Mike's speech had slowed—from the medication, they guessed—into a kind of drawl. He whined about how his mother wouldn't send him the title to his truck, about how he couldn't find work, and about his ugly little room down at Harbor Light. Skip and Cindy were sympathetic—"because we liked him," Cindy says—and he was polite, but he also tried their patience. His walk had become awkward, as if he couldn't pick up his feet—a little thing they called the Thorazine shuffle.

Mike complained to Trent that his family was holding him back—particularly his mother, by refusing him the title to his truck. He said he wanted nothing more to do with his family and would stop taking their money in exchange for the title. It was Trent's opinion that Mike depended too heavily on his mother and might do better on his own. Trent told Mike he would have to get his court order revised to say that he would not harass his family for money. Trent spoke to Modean, and she said that she would give Mike's title to his brother who already had the truck.

Mike then asked to have his medication discontinued—a request it was not in Trent's power to grant.

Mike finally turned the key on his truck. Trent had not had the court order revised, so when Mike asked his mother for money for new license plates he was violating nothing but the spirit of the agreement. She wouldn't give it to him. "Someone should hang the bitch by her toes until she's dead," he told a friend. Then he and another friend drove to a junk yard where wrecks still had their plates. While Mike went into the office and engaged the employees, his friend went out to the yard and removed Indiana plates from the front and back bumpers of one of the wrecks.

"The first time I saw him after he got out of Springfield, I remember it was summer and I was sunbathing in my back yard and I didn't hear him come up." This is Phyllis Wright, the young woman who moved out of the house Skip owned when Skip moved Mike in. "He put his face down right over me and said 'Boo!' and when I opened my eyes he was just right there, and it really spooked me. I pulled my towel over me and got up."

Around the end of June, Phyllis and her mother and Travis agreed to let Mike use their bathroom and eat meals with them and have the run of their house during the day, but Phyllis drew the line at his sleeping under their roof. She offered instead a place in their driveway for his truck, which had a mattress in the camper. Travis wanted to give him a key, so that he could use the bathroom at night, but Phyllis said she didn't want Mike around when she was asleep. She didn't know that Mike had served time as a rapist; he simply made her uneasy.

Travis and Mike were in the habit of going out drinking in the evening. When they returned, Phyllis was usually in bed. If she wasn't, Travis would wait until she retired, then let Mike in. He would spend the night in a sleeping bag on the floor of a room by the kitchen and let himself out before she got up.

Trent and a psychiatrist at the clinic wrote the court asking that Mike's conditions of release be amended so that he would no longer be required to submit to a mouth check. He was about to begin a job-training program, they said, and could not take part in it if he was required to be at the hospital every morning. That same day, Mike told Trent he was roofing for a contractor and living in the contractor's house, which had no phone. The address he gave was Phyllis's.

The truth was Mike worked for Phyllis's mother, who supervised a crew that cleaned schools and factories at night. His assignment was to dust-mop floors and carry out trash. He had trouble keeping up. "He couldn't understand things," Phyllis's mother says. "To tell him how to do something, you'd have to explain it two or three times. Then he wouldn't really get it right, and would get upset at himself for it. It was like he was simpleminded, or maybe it was the medication. The faster he moved, the slower he got."

Mike quit in tears soon after he started, but Phyllis's mother talked him into coming back. She said that the boss liked the job he was doing and that the crew was shorthanded and needed him.

Mike considered robbing a restaurant in a shopping mall. He was angry at a woman who worked at the restaurant. He wanted to rob the place while she was there and, according to Travis, "do something to her at the same time." He and Travis drove out one afternoon to look at the place, and then drove around the suburbs for a few hours drinking beer. They saw a car ahead of them weaving. Mike blew the horn, and Travis leaned out the window and waved his arms, and they flagged it into the parking lot of a gas station. Mike asked the guys in the car if they knew where he could get any pot, and they said that they didn't but that they had some LSD. Mike bought four hits and took two, and Travis took two, and they drove around for about an hour more drinking beer, then came back into town and stayed up talking the rest of the warm summer night.

Travis enjoyed Mike's company. If Mike had money, he shared it, and he was always willing to take a drive in his truck and see what might turn up. The only time Travis felt nervous around Mike was when Mike drank too much. He lost his temper easily then and turned mean. He would get a few beers in him and start talking about his ex-wife and how she had influenced his daughters against him

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elixir that would make everything
as it was before, simple and warm,
timeless and good, however bitter
the brew, however bitterly fatal
to the system, like growing old.

—LEONARD NATHAN

• •

and what he would do to her if he ever tracked her down.

"He didn't do stickups anymore," Phyllis says. "He was trying to hold jobs, but really he was trying to get Social Security. He would work a little, but mainly he held the attitude of 'Why should I work for three dollars an hour when I can get money for nothing?' "

In the first envelope from Social Security to arrive for Mike in Phyllis's mailbox were several checks. After picking them up, Mike was gone from the house the rest of the day. That night, he told Phyllis a guy beat him up in a bar and stole his money, and he wondered what he would live on until the next check arrived. He was laughing ("You know how something bad can happen and seem funny later," Phyllis says), but, even so, she didn't know whether to believe him, because *he owed her money.*

Mike worked satisfactorily for about two weeks on Phyllis's mother's crew, and then he started coming to her with complaints. He would say that Travis was upstairs reading instead of cleaning the room he had been assigned, or that other members of the crew were talking instead of carrying out their tasks. He started threatening people he worked with, and the women, especially, grew afraid of him. They told Phyllis's mother that if she didn't run him off they were quitting. When she told him he was fired, he said he was going to come back and rip out her heart and shove it down her throat. A security guard saw him off the premises.

On July 30th, Mike told Trent he had been promoted to supervisor of his housekeeping crew and given a raise. He said that he hoped to buy a house. Right after that, Mike disappeared for about two weeks, and then turned up living in the house on Pleasant Run Parkway. A friend found it and wanted to buy it, but Mike moved into it first. It was in sorry shape, but a bargain, he told Trent, and what work was involved he thought he could do himself. His mother visited the house, and she and his sister said they would give him money to pay for it. He had no complaints about his medication and, for once, he seemed to have prospects. He told Trent in the middle of August that he had left a down payment with the owner. He said he had quit his housekeeping job and asked if he could visit Trent only once a month.

A neighbor allowed Mike to attach a hose to an outdoor faucet and run an extension cord from his basement for a couple of days, but charged him. The bearded man the neighbors saw through their windows walking the property in overalls would sometimes cross the road and disappear into the brush that grew at the edge of a creek bank and not be seen for several hours. At other times, he drove off in his truck and returned with the bed full of objects scavenged from trash piles. The chairs, table legs, mattresses, blender tops, and books he found he would haul into the house, with the intention, he told people, of selling them and using the money for the renovation. His habits of living were crude. For his toilet he placed a seat on top of a five-gallon plastic bucket. He kept rabbits on the first floor. There were bales of hay in the parlor.

Mike got a job in the kitchen of a hotel. A woman who had gone to school with him and Carolyn and was still in touch with Carolyn worked at the hotel. She passed through the kitchen one day and saw him. Carolyn told her that if she brought Mike to a phone and dialled her number she would speak to him. He told her he was sorry for all the things he had done that hurt other people. He said his life had not gone well, and then he described his plan to buy a farm or a house and start a commune. Carolyn said, "Did you rape that girl?"

There was a pause, and then he said, "Yes."

After Carolyn's daughters heard that she knew where Mike was, they went to see him at the hotel. It was the younger one's idea. The older one went along to make sure she was safe. "All he wanted to know was where our mother was," she says. He mentioned the commune. He said that they would all be together and their mother could have a separate wing. "And it was weird and crazy," she says, "because he didn't have the means." When Mike had spent about an hour talking to them, his boss appeared and told him to choose between continuing his conversation or returning to work, and he stayed with his daughters and got fired.

For a while, Mike had work painting a house down the street from Skip's. Every day, he would sit in Skip's kitchen over a lunch Skip made for him, and direct a steady stream of complaint across the table. He hated working, he hated his job, he hated being paid so little, he hated the contractor's making a profit on his labor. Then he quit.

Phyllis didn't see him for a month, and then he appeared one afternoon. "We had this front door that was mostly glass inside an old wood frame, and we used to leave the curtains on it open during the day," she says, "and as I walked through the entryway I was thinking, Good Lord, who is this, and he says, 'Phyllis,' and just at that moment I realized it was him, and I said, 'Mike?' His hair had got long, and his beard had grown out all bushy, and he was all dirty. His face was just a different color from all the dirt, and his feet were filthy. He was wearing shorts and a T-shirt and flip-flops. Over his T-shirt he had on this plaid button-down dress shirt, and he took that off and hung it from some metal gates we had on our porch, just like some kind of flag of total defeat. When he was living with us, he would take a bath every day, and you never even saw stubble on his face. I heard someone ask him later how he got so dirty, and he said he was working on this house. He had this idea he was going to be like Skip and fix up houses and put people in them, and that was why he'd got it. Later, when I saw the pictures of it and where he was living in this little tiny part of it—they figured out exactly what part of it he'd been living in, and there was a blanket set out and some cans of food and some books and a little school desk—and I thought it was like he was living like an animal. It was like he was a caveman. It was like he was disintegrating in front of your eyes. I didn't even open the door more than a crack, and I said, 'What do you want?' and he said, 'Did your mail come yet?' and I said, 'Yeah,' and he said, 'Was my check in it?' and I said, 'No, Mike, there's no check for you.' "

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shot semi-automatic shotgun. He gave the address of the house on Pleasant Run Parkway and showed the salesman his new driver's license. When the salesman asked if he used any drugs or had any mental-health problems or a criminal record, he said no. The salesman remembered that Mike insisted on a semi-automatic weapon and that he wanted to buy ammunition for hunting big animals, but the store happened to be out of it and sold him birdshot instead.

A few days before the murders, a Cadillac pulled up in front of Mike's house, and four men wearing suits got out. Mike was not home. The men walked around the yard and went up on the porch. They knocked at the door. One of them, aware of being watched by a woman at the house next door, walked over and asked if she knew Mike Jackson. She said, "Not really. I've talked to him a few times." The man said he was a lawyer representing Mike's mother and his sister. They had planned to give Mike twenty-five hundred dollars to buy the house, he said, but had changed their minds. They were afraid of him and had hired the lawyer to break the news. He asked the woman if she would want to be in the position of giving him bad news, and she said, "Under no circumstances."

The day before the murders, Mike went to see Skip, but he was not home. Cindy was. Whenever Skip was out, she locked the door against Mike. She came into the kitchen and found that one of her sons had let him in and he was just standing there. Mike had heard that Skip and Cindy collected food for the people who lived in their houses, and he wanted some. She let him take what he wanted, and he left.

That night around nine, Mike went into the J.B. Market. The way he paced up and down the aisles and stared at the register gave people who saw him the notion that he intended to rob the place, or was casing it to do so on another occasion.

CAROLYN saw Mike for the last time a few weeks before the murders. "Right before, he wrote me some nasty letters bawling me out—I mean, up one side and down the other," she says. "I just wanted to see him. I missed him. I loved him, and I've always thought I would have given anything in the world to sit down and talk to him and ask him what had happened, and if there's a hereafter I hope I have that chance.

"I was taking a risk, and I knew it, but I don't *think* he would have known me if he had looked at me. I knew him right away, though. From his walk. He always had kind of a cocky walk, and he still had it, even run-down as he was.

"I knew he'd been in Springfield, and I knew he had lived at Harbor Light, and I knew he was down, and I just wanted to look at him. I knew from his brother he had to go every morning for a mouth check to the clinic, to make sure he was taking his medicine. I knew he would be there at eight. I took a bus down to the clinic. I waited outside the place an hour, and then he just came out—walked down three steps, turned right, and walked away. I was about twenty feet from him. He never looked in my direction. His hair was all long and not combed and his beard was grown out, and he was wearing a short-sleeved shirt that was torn, and a pair of bluejeans that didn't fit him, and a pair of sneakers. It was the first time I'd seen him with a gut; he'd always been so slender. And people couldn't believe that this was the same guy that used to polish his fingernails with a toothbrush and take oatmeal baths for his skin. Even then, though, I was wanting to go back to him. I remember standing there and thinking, He's going to meet his end in a very bad way."

—ALEC WILKINSON

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

Over 150 years ago, Henry David Thoreau realized that one's intellect is not completely developed until it is free to experience nature. To this end, Thoreau retreated to Walden Wood to "lose" himself and, in doing so, discover himself.

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Well, you never know. He was a quirky kind of guy.

MUSICAL EVENTS

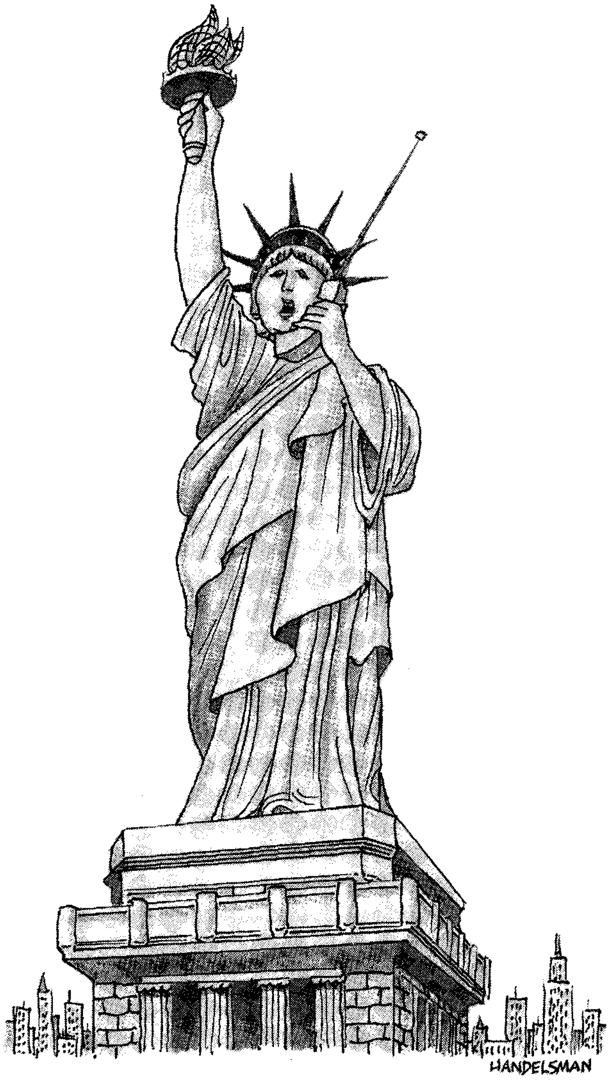
Mann and His Music

IF I were a composer, the challenge of finding and giving sound to the music that lies beneath the surface of Thomas Mann's fictions would attract me. Mann in a 1945 letter to T. W. Adorno (in which he asked for technical suggestions about the kind of modern music a composer in league with the Devil might write) said, "I have always been adept at literary music-making, have felt myself to be half-and-half a musician, and have translated the technique of musical interweaving to the novel." Goethe, Eckermann tells us, thought that Mozart would have been the right composer for his "Faust"; and Mann, his son tells us, thought that Benjamin Britten would be the right composer for his "Doktor Faustus" ("if it ever came to some musical illustration of his novel"). Endeavors to refashion Mann's carefully composed tales for enactment form an interesting study. He wrote only one play, the early (1905) "Fiorenza"; Savonarola and Lorenzo de' Medici are characters, and he described it as "the representation of a heroic struggle between the senses and the spirit." Thereafter, he represented that struggle in fiction; but in a 1921 letter to Wolfgang Born, who had produced a set of lithographs inspired by "Der Tod in Venedig," he said, "For the writer it is always a flattering and moving experience to have a product of his mind taken up, reproduced, celebrated, glorified by an art that appeals more directly to the senses—graphic art or the theatre, say."

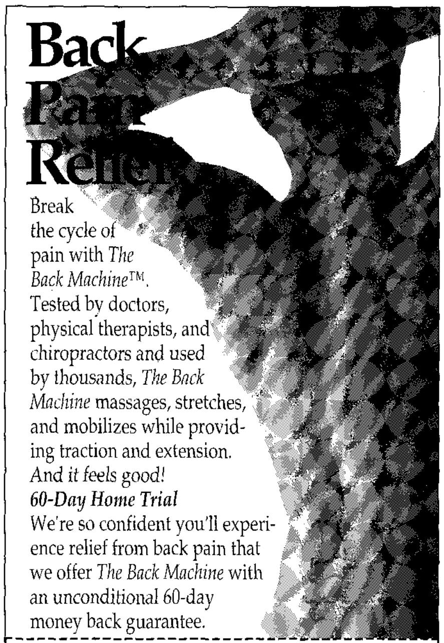
The earliest Mann-inspired opera I know of (I have not heard it) is Peggy Glanville-Hicks's "The Transposed Heads," which was performed in Louisville in 1954, and four years later in New York. The greatest is Britten's "Death in Venice" (1973). The companion tale to "Der Tod in Venedig," "Mario und der Zauberer," has attracted many composers, and several operas have been based on it. A "Mario and the Magician" by Jean-Bernard Dartigolles was presented at the 1979 Avignon Festival. János Vajda's opera appeared in Budapest in 1988, on a bill with Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" (and is available on a Hungaroton recording). Stephen Oliver's appeared later that year at the Batignano Festival, on a bill with Offenbach's "Ba-ta-clan." (It was staged in Milwaukee in 1989.) Francis Thorne's had a workshop performance at Glimmerglass last year. (Chester Kallman suggested the subject to Thorne back in the sixties, but nothing came of it then; J. D. McClatchy is Thorne's librettist.) Harry Somers' version had its première in Toronto last month.

Mann wrote "Mario und der Zauberer" in 1929, while he was on a summer holiday at a Baltic resort. The "Joseph" manuscript, he said, had become too bulky to travel with, and, since he had "no talent for unoccupied recreation," he undertook "the easier task of writing about an incident of a previous holiday in Forte dei Marmi, near Viareggio, and the impressions of our stay there; in other words, a piece of work that needed no apparatus but could be written 'straight out of my head' in the easiest possible way." He worked on the crowded beach, amid playing children; and "the fable, all unexpectedly, grew out of the anecdote, the intellectualized literary form out of the mere 'story telling'; the personal turned into the symbolic and ethical." The donnée was a magic show to which Mann took his younger children during a 1926 holiday; at its climax, a hypnotist of deformed, disgusting appearance induced the young waiter Mario to see in him Mario's beloved Silvestra and to embrace him fondly. In real life, Mario was cheerfully serving tea the next day, appreciative of the hypnotist's skill. Back in Munich, when Mann recounted the incident, his eldest daughter remarked, "I wouldn't have been surprised if he had shot him." The novelist put a pistol in Mario's pocket and gave to the real-life event a melodramatic dénouement. "Der Tod in Venedig," which Mann completed in 1912, is also based on recollections of an Italian holiday and climaxed by an imagined death, and all the holiday events recalled take on a thematic charge; Mann noted the *eingeborene Symbolik*, the innate symbolism, of life's little incidents. "Mario" had a similar making. But, as T. J. Reed remarks in his introduction to the earlier novella, "experiences become symbolic only when they are ordered in relation to a writer's ideas and chosen themes," and "it is this process of ordering and relating by which . . . Mann transformed his travel experiences into a complex literary work."

"Mario und der Zauberer" is a literary work no less deliberately complex than "Der Tod in Venedig." With the



"Well, it all depends. Where are these huddled masses coming from?"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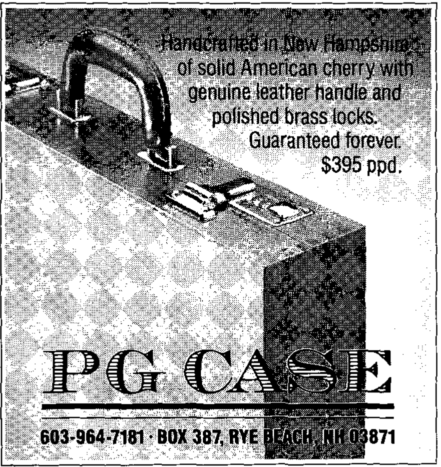
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earlier tale it shares the Italian seaside setting: the Grand Hotel, with its formally polite manager and cosmopolitan guests; the mothers calling to their children across the beach; the sultry heat, obscurely menacing; the hot wind that blows up before the climax; the public entertainer, repulsive yet fascinating, who insults his audience. Also, the Northern, Apollonian writer drawn to the Dionysian South—protesting that he must flee its seductions yet strangely impotent to do so. Mario, with his clipped hair, low forehead, "heavy-lidded eyes of an indefinite gray, shot with green and yellow," flat, freckled nose, thick lips, "salivated teeth," but hands "unusually slender and delicate," is no golden Tadzio, but, like all the young men in "Mario und der Zauberer," he is described with detailed physicality. Gustav von Aschenbach, the protagonist of "Der Tod in Venedig," seems here developed into two personages. One is the German first-person narrator, observing and reflecting—the Aschenbach unsurrendered to Dionysus. The other is the magician Cipolla—a kind of horrified, caricatured, self-critical self-portrait of someone who manipulates words to make men believe, an Aschenbach prepared to use his art to bring Tadzio-Mario into his arms. *Der Zauberer* was a family nickname for Mann himself. Cipolla is more besides. The tale is set in Mussolini's Italy; the German tourists are subjected to a series of small humiliations, and Cipolla also stands for Mussolini's ability to hypnotize decent Italians into indecent behavior. Not too much should be made of this, however, for in 1932 Mann wrote:

> I hardly like to have this story considered a political satire. . . . I would not deny that minor political highlights and topical allusions are tucked away in it, but politics is a broad concept that passes without a sharp boundary into the problem and area of ethics; and, leaving aside the artistic aspects of this little story, I should prefer to see its significance in the realm of ethics rather than politics.

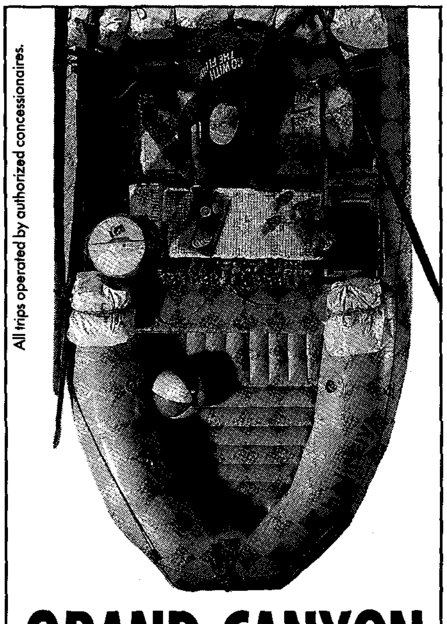
The matter is apt for music, but the dramatization calls for skill: before the magician's show, there is a series of incidents—filled with *eingeborene Symbolik*—spread across about three weeks. They involve the narrator and his family, who at the show itself, which takes up the greater part of the tale, are observers; Mario comes into prominence only at the end. Vajda's opera, which lasts about forty minutes, omits the careful scene setting, omits the narrator, begins with the show, and is almost a monodrama for baritone and orchestra. The magician exerts his power over—imposes his music upon—person after person, until, at the last, he goes too far. Mario is a speaking role; he breaks into song with just his beloved's name, a repeated "Silvestra." The kiss is followed by a big orchestral interlude, a Straussian *Liebesszene*, which the composer describes as "the music of Mario's and Cipolla's passions, which have different objects but are equally strong." Cipolla, he says, "still seems to be in control, but in fact he has lost his command over events." (The libretto provided with the record gives no hint of what may be happening onstage the while.) Oliver's opera and Thorne's (of which I have seen only the libretto) last about an hour each and include a fair amount of the "front matter." In Oliver's version, this is traversed in a single preliminary scene. His opera is intimate, composed for a handful of singers and nine players. The narrator and his children are represented by a German widow with her daughter, Mario is a speaking role, and the audience itself plays Cipolla's audience.

Somers' opera, which was commissioned by the Canadian Opera Company in 1988, is a full-length piece in three acts. The company has brought many new Canadian works to performance in recent years, but this is its first "mainstage" première since Charles Wilson's "Héloise and Abelard," in 1973; before that, there was Somers' own "Louis Riel," in 1967. Rod Anderson is the librettist of the new opera, which is written in an English larded with Italian ("*Allora. Signori e Signore.* I take *tre carte* from this first deck"). He has included nearly all the incidents of Mann's tale and added some of his own. In 1929, Mann gave public readings from "Mario und der Zauberer" in Munich and (on his way north to collect the Nobel Prize) Berlin. Somers' opera begins and ends with Mann—renamed Stefan—in Munich, in 1929, giving not a reading but a lecture on the growing totalitarian threat; by way of illustration, Stefan tells the audience about his Italian holiday. Act I, after the Munich prologue, contains eight scenes: the street outside the Grand Hotel, its dining room, a bedroom, the drawing room of the pensione to which the family moves, the beach, an office in the town hall, the street again, and outside the pensione. The finale is a singing of "Giovinezza," that rousing and catchy Fascist anthem. What Mann called "the minor political highlights and topical allusions" tucked away in the tale are brought into the foreground: an illuminated portrait of the Duce hangs on the back wall; almost everyone is dressed in black, even on the beach; and black-shirted, jackbooted *squadristi* form a posse of prominent supers. The shifting scenes of Britten's "Death in Venice" seem to have provided a model for the dramatization. Robert Carsen's staging, on a bare stage thrown open to the blackened back wall of the theatre, is ingenious, skillful, and excellently disciplined. A disposition of the singers, a deployment of chairs, and an assemblage of suitcases—along with Robert Thomson's alert lighting and Serge Bennathan's clever movement direction—create the scenes. One misses any evocation of Italian enchantment, of heat, sun, and sea. This is no smiling resort with an undertone of gathering menace but an Italy already blighted, blackened, and militaristic. Only Signora Angiolieri, Eleonora Duse's dresser turned pensione keeper, and the sunny, friendly Mario represent Italian warmth; the others are xenophobic, hostile, and bellicose.

Acts II and III, which were played without an intermission, are devoted to Cipolla's show: he is onstage with chair, table, and brandy bottle, the others are out in the house (Toronto's Elgin Theatre has six open boxes in tiers beside the stage) until the magician summons them. Where Vajda and Oliver abridged the long sequence of hypnotic manifestations, Somers includes them all. (Well, all but one: the silencing of a heckler by striking him with colic appears in the score but had been cut before the performance.) Stefan and his family, no longer mere observers, are worked into the action. His children, at the crack of Cipolla's whip, are set marching round the stage, singing "Giovinezza." When he follows them to protest, there is a direct confrontation (and a powerful duet) between him and Cipolla: the magician fails to set him dancing along with the rest of the company but does reduce him to shamed, impotent silence. Back in Munich, Stefan finishes his lecture; the portrait of the Duce behind him has been replaced by one of the Führer.

There is a company of thirty-six singers, some of whom take more than one role, and an orchestra of twenty-six (woodwind quartet, brass quartet, saxophone, accordion, harp, piano, two percussions, twelve strings). The performance, conducted by Richard Bradshaw with vigilance and passion, was brilliantly accomplished: wherever the eye might fall, there was not a dull face, not an uncommitted character, but a vivacity of attention and reaction which compelled the audience's attentiveness. From the pit one heard comparable vitality and communicativeness. The Canadian company provided thirty-five of the singers, most of them young. The guest was the American tenor David Rampy, who played Cipolla—an exceptionally heavy role, composed as if for a Canio, or a tenor Rigoletto, who is constantly onstage. (And the combined second and third acts ran for nearly an hour and a half.) It would have been a terrific part for Jon Vickers; it proved to be one for Mr. Rampy. From his first, electrifyingly assured and insolent entrance, he dominated both the figured and the real audience. His voice is powerful but unromantic; one might describe it as a character tenor on a heroic scale—sometimes ringing, sometimes thickly and strenuously produced. Each angry glance, contemptuous gesture, and mocking inflection enforced a character vigorously and subtly conceived. The thirty-five other singers all deserve to be named and praised. I'll mention just the most prominent: Theodore Baerg (a well-nigh ideal Stefan), Heather Thomson, Marcia Swanston, Benoit Boutet (Mario), André Clouthier, Cornelis Opthof, and (confident children) Patrick Torcat, Laura Bertram, and Matthew Elek.

Somers is probably Canada's most famous composer. I scarcely know his earlier music, of which there is much (he was born in 1925, and his catalogue begins with a 1943 string quartet), and the pieces I have heard I have all but forgotten. From "Mario" I take away the impression of an able, imaginative, and reliable creator but not of a strong, striking musical personality. Although the score reveals many pages of considerable rhythmic intricacy, with constant metric change, in performance they tended to emerge as a kind of Stravinskian neoclassical scherzo, moderately paced, moderately



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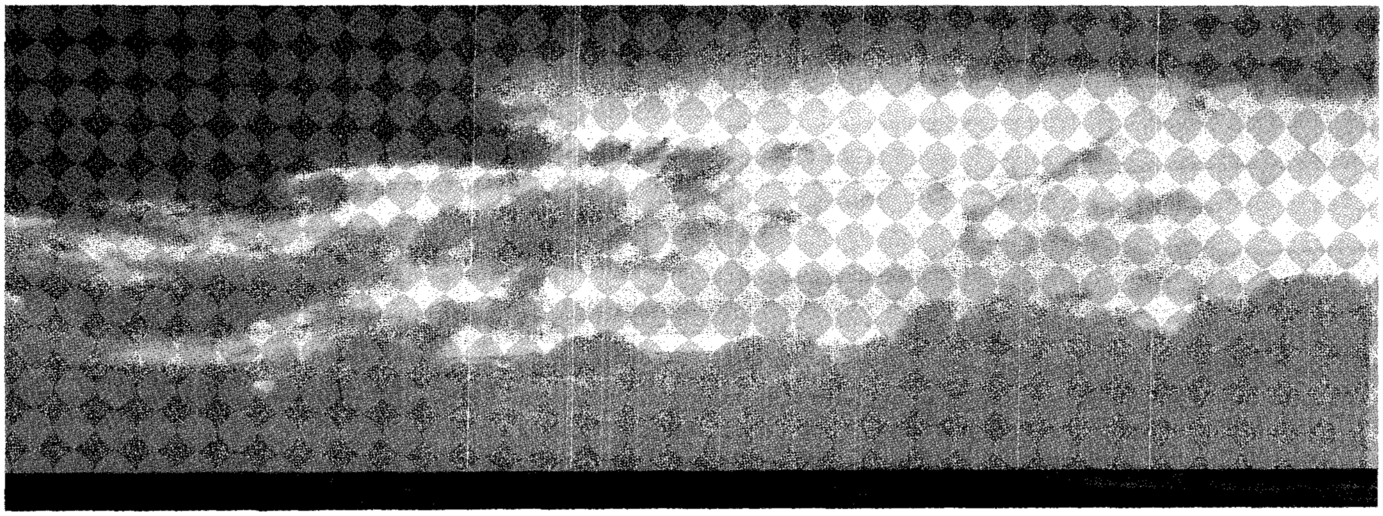

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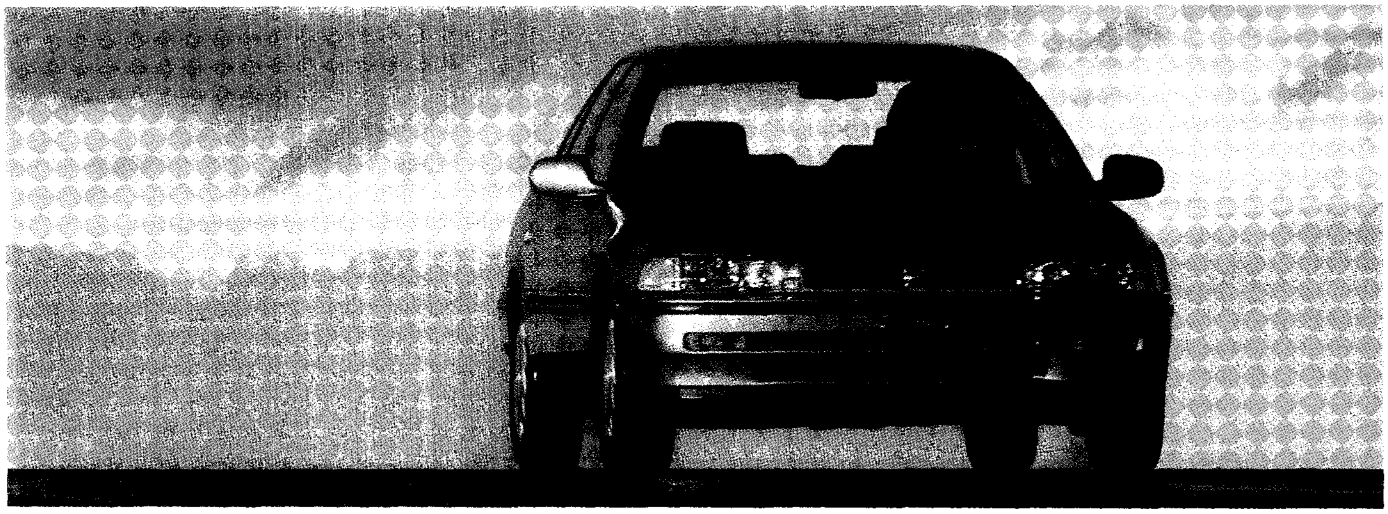

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animated. The vocal lines are singable, usually effective, not memorable. Some lyrical passages suggested the Britten of "Death in Venice" as a model. There is a fondness for free-range harmony in which parallel fourths underpin figuration. The scoring is deft and various (accordion and piano are put to good use, and an ensemble within the main orchestra represents the popular pit band of Cipolla's show), but in the lively Elgin acoustics exuberant brass solos sometimes welled up and drowned the words.

"Mario" was an interesting and arresting new opera, and a success for its makers and for the company. The audience was enthusiastic. I enjoyed and admired a second performance even more than the first. Two criticisms. First, the insistence on Fascist iconography, scenic and musical, tied the tale too closely to its time, diminished its fabulous qualities. (Were we intended, in this partial, political reading, to view Mario as an earlier Herschel Grynszpan, another Child of His Time driven beyond endurance?) Second, it seemed that Somers and Anderson had been too thorough, copious, and conscientiously respectful in their treatment of the novella, striving to cover all its events, to present all its characters, and to spell out their significances, while adding their own extra scenes. Where Mann took three lines to say, "An elderly lady in a cane-seated chair was lulled by Cipolla in the delusion that she was on a voyage to India, and gave a voluble account of her adventures by land and sea," in the opera the episode fills eleven pages of vocal score. It is a legitimate expansion for music, providing a chance for an aria ("The water is calm. And the palm trees are hardly moving. My sister will be waiting for me. . . . By that giant arch. Rising from the harbour," and much more) and, in practical terms, a breather for the protagonist. But the opera, which lasted three hours (including the single intermission), began to seem long for its matter, protracted in its progress toward the climax. Mann's pace was swifter. So is the pace of Britten's "Death in Venice," although it contains almost as many minutes of music. "Mario and the Magician" received six performances, and a revival in 1994-95 has already been planned. Perhaps by then it will have been trimmed and tightened. —ANDREW PORTER

REFLECTIONS

THE KIROV

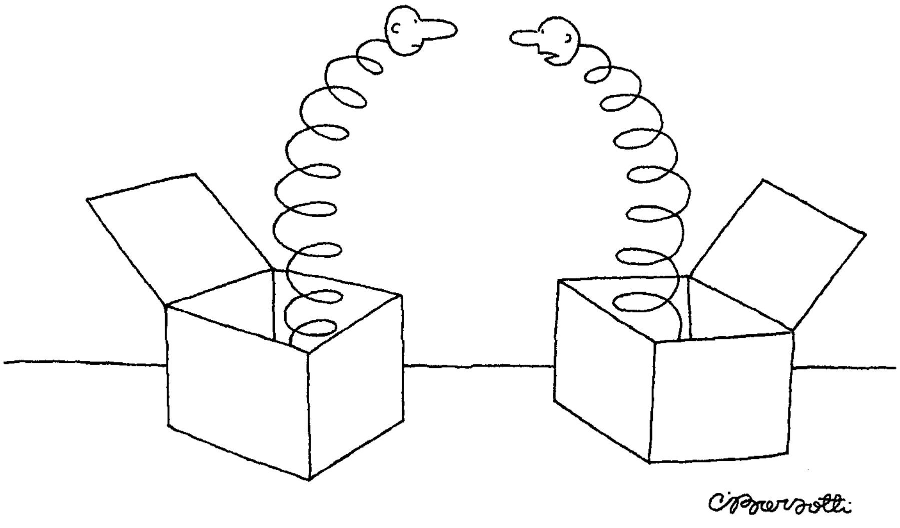
IN St. Petersburg last August, in the midst of the coup, three senior dancers of the Kirov Ballet—Elena Evteyeva, Tatiana Terekhova, and Sergei Berezhnoi—went to the Kirov Theatre to give themselves a ballet class. The theatre is a major architectural landmark, even in a city rich with landmarks. Built in 1860 as the czar's Maryinsky Theatre, it looks like the essence of the nineteenth century—sea-green wings and porticoes surrounding a rotunda studded with classical windows and iced with white moldings. Though the Kirov dancers were supposed to be on vacation, it wasn't unusual for small groups of them to go to the theatre to practice. But on this occasion, the three dancers told me later, they were met inside the stage door by a worker who was repairing the auditorium. He told them to leave—that the theatre would be closed during six months of martial law. Terekhova, who is known for her bald way of putting things, stepped forward and confronted him. "Nonsense," she said. "You can't tell us to go away. There was a revolution in 1917, and dancers didn't stop working then. Revolutions will come and go and we'll still be here doing our battements tendus."

What was ironic, and sad, about the story by the time I heard it, in October, was that two of the three dancers, Evteyeva and Berezhnoi, had been prematurely retired from the Kirov's dancing staff; they had disobeyed the company's artistic director, Oleg Vinogradov, by going off on a tour of America with some other Russian dancers. In the old days, dancers of their stature would never have been punished. (Nor, of course, would they have had the chance to go on such a tour.) The Kirov used to value seniority in dancers, priding itself on a tradition passed down from dancer to dancer through the generations: it saw itself as one of the few surviving symbols of St. Petersburg's pre-Revolutionary neoclassical culture. The Kirov is the direct descendant of the company from which Sergei Diaghilev took the dancers of the Ballets Russes, including Nijinsky, Pavlova, and Karsavina; it's the company that George Balanchine came from; it's the company that was so fixed on the past that Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov had to defect from it to dance anything the West thought modern. But today the Kirov, like all once permanent fixtures of the former Soviet cultural landscape, finds itself in flux.

The Bolshoi, Russia's other great ballet company, was always much more visible in the West. The Bolshoi was based in Moscow, and it had an aesthetic like Moscow's—more grandiose and ideological than the Kirov's. And the Bolshoi was the company allowed out on tour. Its productions of "Spartacus" and "Walpurgisnacht," its big-muscled male dancers, its virtuous or lusty ballerinas, and its great rushes of heroism came to define the West's idea of Soviet ballet. The Kirov, a company with the aura of the czars' elegant and Europeanized capital—an aura that was anathema to Stalin—was allowed to exist but was mostly kept home. Between the twenties and the mid-eighties, the Kirov sometimes toured in Asia and Europe but managed to perform in America only twice—in 1961 and 1964, at the end of the Khrushchev thaw—whereas the Bolshoi performed here seven times. But ballet aficionados in America always longed to know about the Kirov, because it was descended from the czar's Imperial Ballet and was where the legendary ballet master Marius Petipa composed such enduring works as "La Bayadère," "The Sleeping Beauty," and (with his assistant Lev Ivanov) "Swan Lake"—where, in fact, he expanded the modest melodramatic art of romantic ballet into the aesthetic we call classical ballet, which forms the basis of the ballet we have today in the West.

The émigré careers of Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov, who escaped to the West in 1961, 1970, and 1974, respectively, began to shed some light on how the Kirov had treated its Petipa heritage. The three defectors had risked real danger to come to the West and try out forbidden kinds of modern dancing, but, once here, they kept returning, as dancers and choreographers, to the Petipa repertory, and to Petipa's archetypal characters—the enchanted ballerina and the ardent prince. Not long after these defections, though, the home company receded again into the mists. In the minds of younger American balletomanes, in the nineteen-seventies and most of the eighties the Kirov became confused with its own ballets: it seemed a company bewitched by an evil magician—a theatre hidden in a forest of politics.

And then *glasnost* freed the Kirov from that spell. In both 1986 and 1987, groups of Kirov dancers toured Canada and stopped off at a few theatres in the United States. In 1989, the whole company came to major American opera houses and performed not only some full-length Petipa classics but also such hitherto unimaginable additions to the repertory as two ballets by the once



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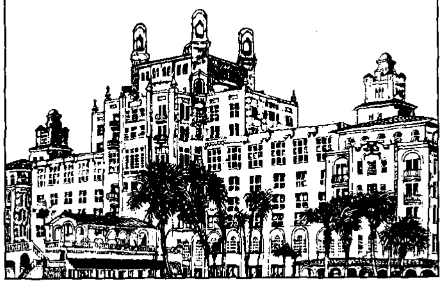

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officially despised Balanchine, along with selections of modern Soviet choreography. There seemed a discrepancy at its center. Of the new crop of dancers, some looked as though they still believed in the old roles and the old, grave steps, while others displayed a brassy, "Western" star quality, which clashed with the Petipa spirit. Without knowing how the young dancers or their seniors had been trained and indoctrinated—how the Kirov's traditions had affected the different generations—you couldn't tell where the company was going. *Glasnost* invited us not just to observe the present and predict the future of this institution so pivotal to ballet history but to look into its obscure past.

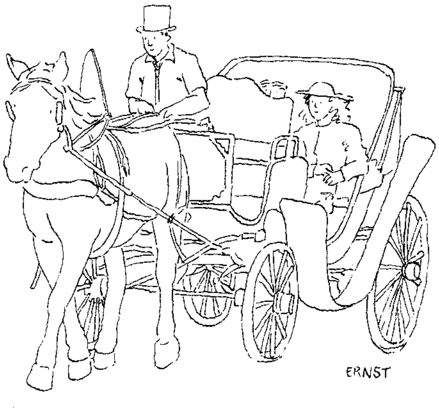
TO a ballet person, the first glimpses of St. Petersburg make it clear that the city itself served as an inspiration for Petipa's visionary yet precise ballet aesthetic. There's so much horizontal space—a result of the city's having been placed, by Peter the Great, on the enormous marsh where the Neva River meets the Gulf of Finland—that when one crosses the Neva on one of the city's bridges, as the city's residents do daily, the friezes of palaces on the embankments seem to shrink into what Joseph Brodsky has called "the imprint of a giant mollusk called civilization." At the same time, the city itself is a feast of architectural detail: the neoclassical façades, washed in faded Venetian colors and all the same height, display rhythmic rows of windows, and little central balconies that look like theatre boxes. This lavish recapitulation of an eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European ideal of urbanity—a stage set of urbanity—is so compelling that you can almost ignore, for a time, the mud and potholes in the streets, the battered drainpipes on buildings, the stolid despondency of fellow-walkers. And going to a ballet at the Kirov provides an even better way to forget, however briefly, the overwhelming woes of the Russian economy. On ballet nights or at ballet matinées, you sit in a delicate plush chair in the blue-and-gilt house; you hear the orchestra strike up the chords of one of those old tales of enchantment, sorrow, or revenge; you see the curtain rise on a panorama of a court or a peasant village, in which, with a graceful gesture, young dancers sketch their place in an ancient hierarchy; and you have an eerie sensation of somehow losing a century and finding yourself back in the twilight of the Romanovs.

Behind the scenes, the Kirov suggests another kind of timelessness. The first time I visited there, on a snowy January day in 1990, I was guided by a friendly soprano to Stage Door No. 14, which is at the end of the long wing to the left of the theatre's main portico. Inside, I encountered a rush of plumbing smells in steam-heated air; a cracked linoleum floor; and a huddled watchman at an old wooden desk. It was as if Stalinist Spartanism had merged with the seediness of the Victorian backstage world. Dancers hung their wet coats to dry in a cloakroom halfway up a flight of stairs, and then went on up and disappeared into their dressing rooms through a labyrinth of different routes. No place could have looked more like Dickens' "wrong side of the pattern of the universe" than this one. Here were five stories of passageways with sudden turns; narrow, clanking elevators; wide and narrow stairways leading to the same place; floors that abruptly changed levels; plaster busts of Sergei Kirov, the thirties Party boss, glowering from unexpected niches; a full-size practice stage hidden away on the fifth floor; and, there and on the third floor, four ballet studios whose bare wooden floors and tall windows brought a sudden peace to the soul, since they spoke of the clean space needed, in whatever century, for dancing. It was in those studios that I found the secret of the Kirov's long retention of the past: the coaches—or, as they're called in Russian, *baletmeister-repetitors*—who are also the company's ex-stars.

It is the coaches who are in charge of the company's daily operations, and not, as you might expect from observing American ballet companies, the artistic director. When I first visited the Kirov, Oleg Vinogradov was setting a new ballet on the company, and was visible in the studios. Even so, he looked in on them far less often than an American counterpart would do. The Kirov's artistic director acts more as a political figure than as a hands-on artist. He rules over a small city: two hundred dancers (two hundred and twenty if you count the spear-holding extras on the Kirov payroll), a horde of administrators, and all the craftspeople who make the shoes, the wigs, the costumes, the scenery, in ateliers in and around the theatre. The way the Kirov is set up, however, the artistic director doesn't need to teach classes, lead rehearsals, or even watch performances; the coaches serve as liaisons between him and the dancers.

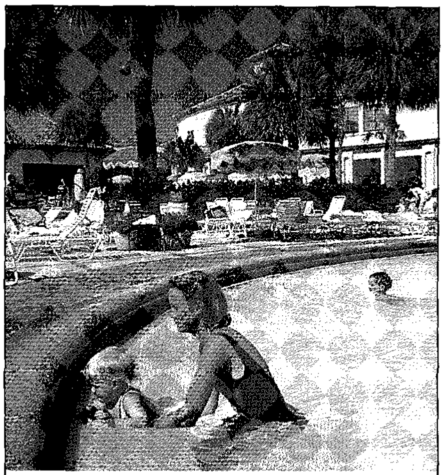
There are coaches wherever there is ballet. Dance depends more on live role models than the other arts do, because a dance can't be written down like a piece of music or copied like a painting. (There are some written systems of dance notation, but reading them requires special training. As for videotapes of dances, they are only as good as the performances they record; they can be wrong about style, impetus, and attack, and they can't adequately depict the third dimension.) The best way to teach a ballet is by *showing* it—body to body. American companies, with their straitened budgets, can seldom afford enough coaches to go around, so the coaches available must coach everybody, in all the ballets. In Russian ballet, with its tradition of state support, coaches and dancers form one-on-one involvements, like feudal apprenticeships. A dancer coming into a Russian company, whether the Kirov, the Bolshoi, or the Perm Ballet, requests or is assigned a coach. The dancer takes classes and learns roles from that coach, then dances the roles and listens to intermission pep talks from the coach, and, at the end of a performance, gives the coach the flowers received from fans. A coach is the dancer's advocate with the artistic director, lobbying for roles and pushing for tours, and the reverse is true, too: a dancer who finds favor with the higher-ups can serve as the coach's ticket to renown and prestige. Coaching is serious business: to become a coach, a senior dancer usually goes to school for five years to learn pedagogy and art history and ballet-mastering. (In St. Petersburg, the student goes to the Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory, across the street from the Kirov.) The Kirov coaches have an exceptionally high calling, because the Kirov is thought by the Russians to represent the essence of Russian ballet. And it's really the women coaches who count the most, because of the primacy of the ballerina in the Petipa aesthetic. According to the young Petersburg dance critic Inna Sklyarevskaya, three of the coaches—Irina Kolpakova, Ninel Kurgapkina, and Gabriela Komleva—not only have served as guides to the ballet's style but are known as "living archives" among the former dancers who keep the actual Petipa steps in their memories. "If something should happen to Kolpakova, Kurgapkina, or Komleva," Sklyarevskaya says, "I don't think we'd have a repertory."

To see ex-ballerinas teaching roles they have lived with all their lives is comparable to watching a John Barrymore coach a Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet." On one of my first days at the Kirov, I looked into Studio One, on the third floor. Gabriela Komleva, who, at fifty-three, is the youngest of the coaches, and, thanks to sky-blue eyes, a strong jaw, and small stature, looks like a cross between Brünnhilde and an elf, was teaching the role of Kitri, the heroine in Petipa's 1869 "Don Quixote," to her protégée, Elvira Tarasova. Tarasova, a twenty-three-year-old strawberry blonde with a sexy, wholesome look, was very nervous; this was her first big role. "You can play Kitri as an ingénue or a prima donna, depending on how you feel," Komleva told her. Wearing a muslin practice tutu and holding a fan, Tarasova ran from the far corner of the large, buff-colored studio, struck Kitri's first pose on point, and shook open the fan. "That's right, higher in the back, lift everything up!" Komleva called out as Tarasova ran back to the corner for Kitri's second pose, arms curved over head, face lifted. When Tarasova missed a step and stopped with a sigh, Komleva took her back to the beginning. "It's a bullfighting pose, as in a corrida," she said. "You have to fly onto the stage like a bullet, strike that pose, and take the audience into both your hands. If you're too calm here, you lose the whole ballet." As Tarasova started again, Komleva, in her chair, seemed to be trying to infuse her own energy into her pupil. She lifted her head as Tarasova lifted hers; she opened her palms on the music; she glowed with proud mischief. It was impossible to imagine that she had ever in her life felt the doubts that beset her protégée.



On any given day in that winter of 1990, parts of the Kirov's past were struggling to come alive all over the theatre. In Studio One, you could watch Komleva working with Tarasova. In Studio Two, next door, you could find Gennady Selyutsky, a big man with thinning hair, bounding around with his charge, Konstantin Zaklinsky, as he taught him Albrecht in "Giselle." In Studio Four, the fifty-nine-year-old Irina Kolpakova, an ex-ballerina of porcelain delicacy, was showing young Larisa Lezhnina how Princess Aurora, in "The Sleeping Beauty," must raise her face to the light. Sometimes two coaches would dance together, as when, one day in Studio Five, Ninel Kurgapkina and Olga Moiseyeva, who are both sixty-three, slipped into an amazing rendition of the harem confrontation (with dagger) between Maria, the Polish maiden kidnapped by the Tatar-Mongol Khan, and Zarema, the Khan's jealous head wife, from the 1934 Soviet classic "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," while Kurgapkina's ballerina Zhanna Ayupova and Moiseyeva's ballerina Altynai Asylmuratova, preparing for their débuts, looked on. It seemed at times as if the Kirov Theatre existed in two dimensions—as if what went on nightly onstage were shadowed every day by the ex-dancers in the old studios, who were still caught up in the old roles, still speaking their old gestural monologues and dialogues. For me, though, the coaches' intensity only deepened the mystery of the tradition's survival. I wondered what had let them claim these characters, created anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty years ago, from the coaches who had taught *them*. And what made them believe that they could transmit the same degree of conviction to their contemporary charges, who seemed to be dealing with emotions that ranged from stark awe to mute defiance?

THE answer lay in the whole process of learning ballet in St. Petersburg, and in the way coaching is brought into the process from the beginning. I saw this most clearly in the interaction of Ninel Kurgapkina, considered the strongest teacher among the coaches,



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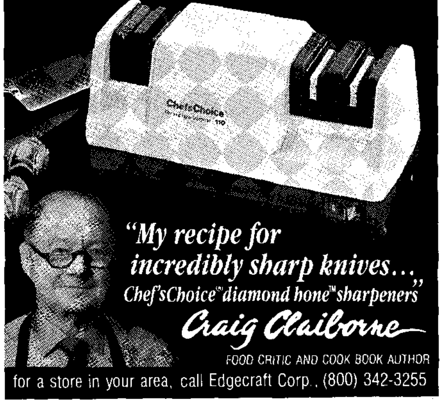

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with Zhanna Ayupova, who at that point stood out among the Kirov's youngest ballerinas, in that she seemed both imaginatively and technically at home in the old repertory. Ayupova, a full-figured twenty-five-year-old with a neat, proud head, a finely balanced back, clear points, and an openhearted manner, would stand in the front row of class, the place of seniority. Kurgapkina, a small woman with sly Tatar eyes in a wrinkled face, would yell in a gravelly voice at everyone in the class except Ayupova; to her she just made quick suggestions sotto voce, which the young woman instantly reflected in her dancing. These two were especially close, because before becoming Ayupova's coach Kurgapkina had been her teacher for four years in the Vaganova Academy, the ballet school traditionally connected to the Kirov. (It's associated with the theatre the way the School of American Ballet is with the New York City Ballet: school and company propagate the same style, but only a handful of pupils get into the company each year.) No other young Kirov ballerina was being coached by the person who "finished" her at the school, because most of the women coaches at the theatre don't teach in the school; Kurgapkina did, though (she has stopped now), and two of the men, Selyutsky and Vladlen Semyonov, still do. Ayupova's success at an early age was linked to the bond she had formed with Kurgapkina in the school. When I asked Ayupova about the source of her talent, she didn't talk about her childhood or her parents—factory workers in Petrozavodsk, a hundred and eighty-five miles away, who had dared bring her to the Vaganova Academy at age ten for an audition. She credited Kurgapkina. "I saw that she was a good pedagogue," she says. "I did everything she said to do."

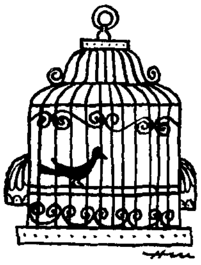
The Vaganova Academy of Russian Ballet, formerly the Maryinsky Academy and then the Leningrad State Theatre School, occupies part of the east side of what was once Theatre Street and is now called the Street of Master Builder Rossi, after Carlo Rossi, its Italo-Russian architect. This is a classical masterpiece of a street, completed in 1834, whose colonnaded yellow façades stand exactly as high (seventy-two feet) as its pavement is wide. Inside a wooden door marked by a plaque are five stories of bare studios, with tall ceilings, high windows, and wooden floors worn smooth with age, where Russian ballet took up residence in 1835, and where powerful adults continue to instill its precepts in dutiful children. From the age of ten, Russian girls in white leotards, with bare legs, and boys in white T-shirts and black tights learn classical technique from a single teacher, who gives them ballet class six days a week. That teacher will be their only teacher of basic ballet technique for at least two years, though they study ballroom dance, historical dance, dance acting and partnering, and *caractère* dance with other teachers. (In the School of American Ballet, kids study basic technique with at least two different teachers each year.) Vaganova classes are small, numbering eighteen or so—eventually, about two-thirds are winnowed out—and girls and boys are taught separately. In their whole school career, which lasts eight years, students will usually have no more than three principal technique teachers. And these teachers shape not only the bodies but the manners and personalities of their students. To be a good pedagogue here means to turn out grand yet pleasing girls, bold yet self-restrained boys.

In the Kirov system, manners are inseparable from ballet steps—a legacy of Agrippina Yakovlevna Vaganova, for whom the school is named. Starting with a class of third-year girls she took over in the winter of 1920-21, Vaganova codified the various styles of dancing—the French, the Italian, and the newer Russian—that had already begun to fuse under Petipa. She also introduced a new bravura—bigger shapes, heroic gestures—into ballet technique, so that it would fit in with the program of the Revolution. As a cultural politician, Vaganova was an interesting blend of the conservative and the radical, but what is important to ballet history is her emphasis on the human manners inherent in the steps rather than on the abstract properties. Her approach offered a rallying point for the whole ballet system after the Revolutionary culture began turning more conservative. Vaganova eventually became artistic director of the Kirov, and during her tenure, from

1931 to 1937, the Petipa classics, with the steps intact but their stories "clarified," were put back firmly at the center of the repertory. ("Swan Lake," for instance, was made a cautionary tale about a decadent nineteenth-century prince-hero.) The genre of *drambalet* was born, which told new-old stories with mock-old steps and mock-old music. And the present "system" of the Kirov was established—a system that knit together ingeniously the teaching, the coaching, and the performing of the old classics and the new *drambalets* in a way that adapted the czarist aesthetic to a new time.

To watch classes in St. Petersburg is to see small children learning, and grown dancers reminding themselves, how to inhabit another theatrical time zone—a more leisurely, prideful, and sensual one than that of present-day Western ballet. The chin lifts on the up-breath at the beginning of a phrase and lifts again at the end, acknowledging a close. The hands and wrists round out the music, trailing after the movement as if trailing through water. (In fact, a hand trailing through water is an image used for teaching the smallest children.) Over the years, the way that this aesthetic has excluded twentieth-century dynamics—anything jazzy or abrupt or violent—has obviously created a rare coherence of style.

When the little girls at the Vaganova school walk on and off center floor, they walk on the balls of their feet, and their hands mark the place of a phantom tutu. The angle of their heads forms part of the basic steps, and so do the positions of their hands, the slant of their backs, the bend of their torsos. And it's the same for all, from the youngest in the school to the oldest in the company. The teaching inculcates a physical memory in the dancers' bodies even before they know what they are remembering.



On the surface, the practices that Vaganova helped define in both school and theatre have lasted up to the present. From a dancer's first moments in the school, the syllabus all but dictates how to inflect steps, yet somehow the whole system also leaves room for mature soloists to express onstage *their* ideas of the old Petipa characters. Or it used to leave room. The Kirov's soloists gave passionately personal, and therefore contemporary, readings of the antique roles. Until the seventies, new choreodramas were still being added, in which politically correct heroes and heroines enacted their noble heartbreak in classical language. Many remain in the Kirov's repertory. With its strong teachers, the school turned out new dancers; strong coaches took them in hand when they came to the theatre. And up through the sixties magical soloists floated to the surface—soloists who brought drama to the repertory's technique, and technical precision to its drama. As I came to know the present coaches in the Kirov—especially the female coaches—I began to understand how it was that the system had once sufficed completely. The coaches still had instant access to these old characters. In rehearsals, they could routinely transform themselves into Aurora, or into Nikiya, in "La Bayadère," with a flick of the wrist or a lift of the head; even the portly Olga Moiseyeva could conjure up Zarema with a single haughty look. But what was more telling was how they talked about both characters and steps.

"This final pas de deux of Aurora with the Prince is a love duet, but it's danced in front of the court, so it must be public and private at once," Irina Kolpakova explained to young Veronika Ivanova and her partner, Kyrill Melnikov, as they began work on this passage in "The Sleeping Beauty." Kolpakova took Ivanova's place, and stood like a princess, facing Melnikov. In her upturned face, her flashing eyes, the angle of her shoulders, you could see the irrepressible young girl in love, while in her formally arranged body, the feet slid together in fifth, the wrists demurely crossed, you could read the crystalline shapes of etiquette. As she sketched in the rest of the duet, she showed Ivanova how the impulsive love and the pride constantly intertwined to give the sensation of a radiant young woman emerging from the geometrical facets of the steps.

Komleva offered similar insights about Nikiya, the Indian temple dancer who after her death meets her lover in the Kingdom of the Shades. Watching a tape of herself dancing the Shades scenes, Komleva explained, "Solor has come into this Himalayan otherworld looking for Nikiya. But it's her spirit,

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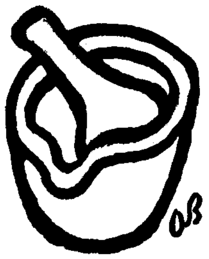
not her. So she must come onstage softly, noiselessly." On the screen we saw the small figure of the ballerina approach the kneeling man from behind, strike an arabesque leaning on his shoulder, and then, as he held her waist, extend her arms and a leg to the *swell of the violin solo.* "She's taking him into her world—of beauty, of light, of perfect harmony," Komleva said. Komleva believed that Petipa had thought of Dante's Purgatory in the Kingdom of the Shades scene—that in the dancers winding their way one by one down a ramp he had reproduced Doré's famous etchings of the souls descending to Hell. "So the ballerina, the summation of the corps de ballet, must have eternity in her dancing."



This generation of coaches has about them an aura of lives lived fully in the theatre and through the theatre. The characters were their texts, their local epics. And everything in their background had convinced them that impersonating these characters was the noblest of callings. Moreover, it was almost a fact of Leningrad life that each had put her own stamp on certain roles. In the summer of 1991, when Kolpakova and Komleva attended a performance of American Ballet Theatre in New York, an emigré Soviet ballet fan who saw them together in the lobby couldn't believe his eyes. "Oh!" he cried, in a choked voice. "My Aurora, and my Nikiya!"

Nevertheless, by the time I started to watch the dancers, in the winter of 1990, the system had begun to lose its completeness as a nurturer of dancers. The coaches worked to keep the tradition alive, but they also believed, along with many of the critics, the fans, the stagehands, and even the dressers, that the great old days were gone. Of the senior ballerinas presiding at the Kirov when I was there, none, it was agreed, had managed a career with the range of the older ballerinas', and none had put a definitive stamp on their roles, as Kolpakova and Komleva and Moiseyeva had. The delicate, stylish Elena Evteyeva, who is now forty-five, for example, had been held back, people thought, by a painfully shy disposition. "She's a very good dancer," I was told by Vera Krasovskaya, the peppery doyenne of St. Petersburg dance critics, "but she didn't have the inner strength to make the career she should have had." Tatiana Terekhova, now forty, was felt, even by herself, to have a limited range, a technical brilliance that lacked softness. "I'm a stern ballerina—something like the ancient Greek heroines," she told me, a little anxiously. The tall, stringbean-thin Galina Mezentseva, thirty-nine, was the dancer the Kirov had been proudest of. But even her fans acknowledged that she was uneven, and had grown technically careless. "We'd almost given up on her," Inna Sklyarevskaya confided to me in the intermission of Mezentseva's "Giselle." "Then she started working with Komleva, and got some of the precision back." Altynai Asylmuratova, now thirty-one, who was the youngest of the reigning ballerinas, and the one whom Americans found the most musical, was believed to lack the technical purity to round out her claim to the Kirov succession.

Backstage at the Kirov, in the atmosphere of rehearsals, I thought I detected attitudes that had interfered with the effectiveness of the system among today's Kirovians. In some quarters, there seemed to be excessive deference, as when Terekhova endlessly rehearsed with Kolpakova a tiny musical accent in one of her roles—more for reassurance, it appeared, than out of any practical need—or when Evteyeva proudly told about a tour in which she had roomed with Kolpakova. "And even late at night, if she or I happened to be awake, we'd work on Aurora's steps," she said. It was as if certain members of both generations had simply accepted the idea that the older one had hit a peak of greatness that the younger could never equal. In other quarters, I felt something very different, but just as debilitating—a weariness with the piety that surrounded the old roles. In one "Giselle" rehearsal, while Selyutsky, the coach, cheerfully went through Albrecht's steps, Zaklinsky, the Kirov's big, beefy leading man, confided to me that he hated the first act. "Why?" I asked, astonished. He'd looked so ardent in his pantomime. "You'd hate it, too, if you'd done it as many times as I have," he said, and he added that new repertory was desperately needed in the Kirov. "My wife, especially"—he is married to Asylmuratova—"needs it before it's too late in her career," he said.

And even more deference could be sensed among some of the younger dancers—the ones in their twenties, just moving into the old roles. When the twenty-five-year-old Veronika Ivanova was preparing for her début in "The Sleeping Beauty," she worked with her coach, Kolpakova, on the darkened main stage. Ivanova, a serious young woman with a high little voice and candy-pink lipstick, ran through Aurora's strenuous passages of dancing, and had her partner, Melnikov, *doing duty as video-camera operator,* filming her for further analysis at home. But she couldn't get through a whole passage. She would suddenly stop in the middle of a phrase and bend over with a sigh, and then, in increasing despair, start over at the beginning. This compulsive hesitancy was noticeable everywhere in the rehearsal studios: I saw it attack female dancers, especially, in the middle of phrases; they would falter, as if hit by invisible arrows.

Elsewhere, though, there were young dancers who had snapped back the other way, and replaced their colleagues' piety with defiance. Farukh Ruzimatov, the Kirov's twenty-nine-year-old Central Asian star, did as he liked in rehearsals, despite what his coach, Selyutsky, said to him. With his celebrated charm (he was once called the Michael Jackson of classical ballet), he distorted the shapes of the steps; when he struck an arabesque, for instance, he raised his back leg to waist level and stuck his ribs out. "My dear, have you seen a Vaganova arabesque?" he said when I asked him about this. "It's two inches off the ground! We're in the twentieth century now." Elena Pankova, a blond twenty-eight-year-old ballerina with a secretive face, was notorious in the theatre for applying her own ideas to the old roles and for discarding female coaches as guides or role models. "I don't want to be their 'plastic,'" she explained tartly. Yulia Makhalina, a twenty-three-year-old with a haughty peasant face and a Wonder Woman body, who had been given most of the big ballerina roles in the previous year, made a show of working with her coach, Moiseyeva, but when other coaches offered suggestions about coping with a new role she answered with a cool "I already know that."

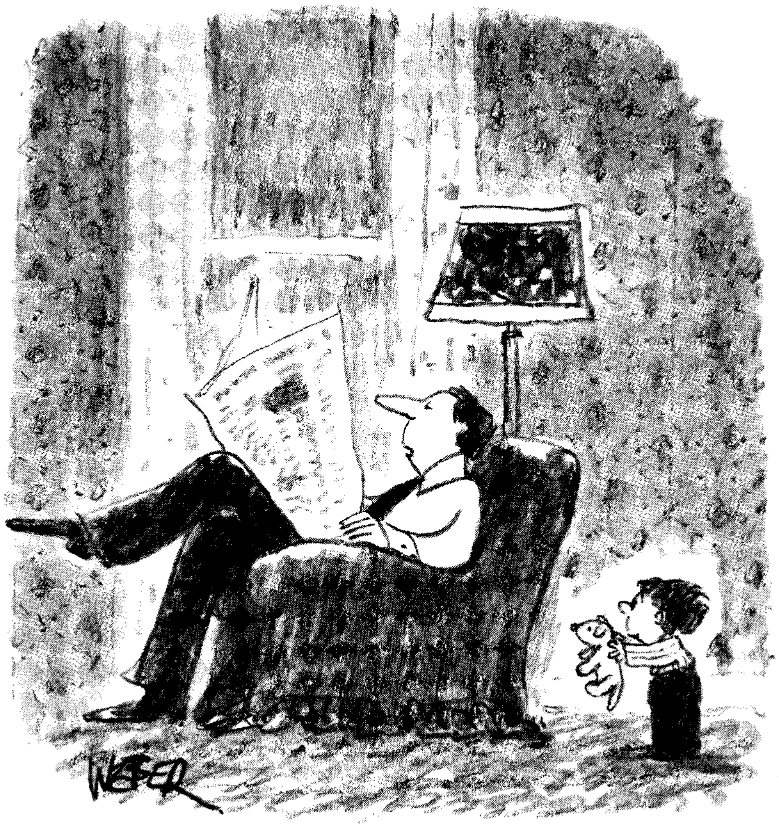
The longer I watched, the more clearly I saw that all was not going well with the Vaganova system. Whatever its strengths in the past, it was not nourishing dancers now—not connecting dancers' training to their growth as artists. The idea that perfect obedience would lead to strength and originality had worked in the coaches' day but had stopped making sense, it seemed, to current dancers trying to reanimate the old roles.

ONE explanation for this change may simply be the violent and heroic history of the city itself, which shaped the lives of the older generation much more than those of the younger one. The coaches had all been children during the Second World War, when Leningrad underwent the brutal nine-hundred-day siege by the German military and lost approximately a third of its population, most to starvation. Many of the coaches were already studying ballet and were evacuated to Perm, but Komleva, as a three-year-old, endured the worst winter of the blockade inside the city and then was taken out, to Siberia, with her mother on the last spring convoy across the frozen Lake Ladoga. Whether in Leningrad, in Perm, or in Siberia, this generation knew wartime hunger, cold, and fear, the poverty that measured food in bread crumbs and bits of sugar, the separation of families, the agony of fathers dying on the Leningrad front. (All the senior female coaches now in the Kirov lost their fathers before or during the blockade.) They also knew the time of rebuilding after the war, when people returned to the exhausted city and began, in a life of bare subsistence, to reconstruct their heritage—the neighborhoods that had been bombed, the palaces on the city's outskirts which had been destroyed by the Germans, the cultural institutions, like the Kirov, that stood for the city's elegant, élitist soul.

There had to be some correlation, it seemed to me, between the coaches' early ordeals and their grownup dedication to the theatre. "Maybe," Kolpakova said when I tried out the theory on her. Then, recalling her postwar life as a young dancer, she said, "All we had was the theatre. No clothes, no cars, no dachas. I lived in one room with my mother—one room in a communal apartment with seven other families." It's understandable that the old ballet steps, imbued with Petersburgian manners, would seem precious to the returned children of the city, and that old theatrical constructs, like the evil fairy's curse on Aurora, her hundred-year sleep, and her miraculous awakening, or Nikiya's forgiving her lover beyond the grave, would seem to be about their own lives. By the fifties, when Leningraders were recovering from the war, the idea of ballet rising from the ashes had become a familiar one in the Kirov. Ballet and the Kirov had survived the Revolution, civil war, Stalinist deportations, the siege. In some ways, the whole Vaganova system can be seen as an ingenious response to the threat of destruction—an attempt to guarantee that the old culture would live on in young bodies, whatever happened.

The coaches' generation, though, was the last to experience such collective trauma. Because Leningrad parents, like all parents, shielded their children from the suffering they had known, life for the generation of Kirov dancers born after the war was somewhat better, if less dramatic. And life for the generations of dancers that followed seemed positively American by comparison. Komleva remembers bombs and Army trucks and clothes sewn from scraps; Makhalina remembers piano lessons and the family's moves to a succession of better apartments. It's a mistake, of course, to draw many conclusions about deprivation as it relates to inspiration in dancing; many dancers have become great without deprivation of that sort. What's clear, though, is that everyone in the Kirov above the age of thirty or so remembers a very different theatre from today's—a theatre with a common sense of purpose. The coaches and older dancers speak about their predecessors not with dutiful respect but with a remembered sense of urgency about learning what those older people knew. Kurgapkina, for instance, says that she got all she needed "not just for dancing but for living from Agrippina Yakovlevna."

These dancers and former dancers look back on a theatre where reverence for elders, dedication to craft, and a Petersburgian concept of classical high culture all came together in what they had thought was an indissoluble ideal. Today, they survey a theatre where that ideal has come apart. To them, young dancers seem, as Kurgapkina says, "lazy." She recalled, "We used to practice with our partners every day. They don't



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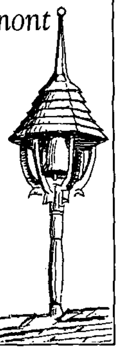
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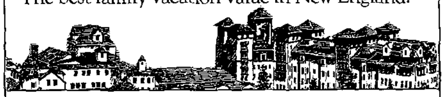
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understand how that makes it easier in the end."

Komleva said, "Ballerinas nowadays don't want to do the work we used to do, alone in the studio for hours."

"Not only that," Tatiana Terekhova said. "Dancers don't go to see each other's performances. Everyone used to watch everyone else's work. And nowadays coaches don't even watch each other's dancers."

But more painful than anything else was the sense among older Kirovians that the younger ones had somehow failed in their devotion to the city. Komleva had told two young would-be ballerinas to go to St. Petersburg's Philharmonia and listen to the music. One said that she thought she had been there. "Oh, she would remember if she had," Elena Sherstnova, a Komleva-coached soloist, said. "Those snow-white columns, the red-plush seats, the crystal chandeliers . . ."

"Imagine," Komleva said. "A ballerina who dances Aurora doesn't know what the Philharmonia is."

Of course, the older Kirovians have gilded their memories. They've left out the interventions of Party bureaucrats, and the sense of being shut away from the wider world which played such a part in the defections of Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov. But, even allowing for the warmth of memory, it was clear to me that what was now in place at the Kirov was the shell of a system that had functioned brilliantly in war and crisis and rebuilding but now, in "normal" times, was breeding cynicism and melancholy—along with pockets of intense honorableness. It was a system riddled with factions. But it wasn't just shifts in history—the gradual emergence from Stalinist isolation—that had changed the mood in the theatre; it was also the people in charge and how they had interpreted those shifts. In 1970, amid the desolation of Makarova's defection, the decade-long reign of Konstantin Sergueyev as artistic director of the Kirov—in hindsight, a stable, golden time—ended. There followed a period of unrest, in which various people, including Sergueyev, shared power or vied for it, until, in 1977, at the age of forty, Oleg Vinogradov took over.

Vinogradov has kept his hold on the company for the past fifteen years—longer than any other artistic director since the Revolution. He is a choreographer, like Sergueyev, but he is also seen as a more modern administrator than any of his predecessors. He is, moreover, a man with specific tastes and not much modesty. Under the circumstances, one must conclude that it is not just history but Vinogradov himself—his policies, his personality, his strengths, his weaknesses—who for better or worse has shaped the present-day Kirov.

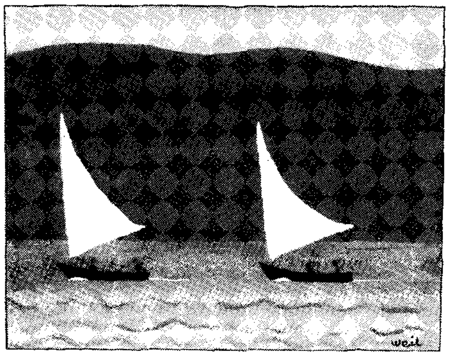
VINOGRADOV allowed me an unusually close look at him the day I arrived. I had turned up unexpectedly (on the phone we had set a month, not a day), but, with the improvisatory skill of a resourceful administrator, he cleared some time and invited me into his office—an oasis of lamplit and leather-couched modern comfort. A narrow-shouldered man with a tired yet puckish face, he was wearing a new-looking black sweatsuit embossed with a gold "Kirov Ballet," in English, and was giving off his particular brand of energy—grim and playful at the same time. In terms of Vinogradov's self-presentation, the sweatsuit was misleading. He usually wears more studied outfits around the theatre: cowboy boots and leather pants one day; white slacks and turtleneck with Gucci loafers the next; a double-breasted blue suit topped with an admiral's cap on some occasions; a red plaid Carnaby Street blazer on others. It's as if he were trying out some of the uniforms of capitalism he missed out on in his youth. But on choreography days he wears a sweatsuit.

This was such a day. Having scrutinized me shrewdly and asked me what, exactly, I wanted to find out, Vinogradov apparently made a snap decision to accept me, and dragged me down to Studio One for a rehearsal of "Petrushka," his ballet tribute to the spirit of Andrei Sakharov, which the Scottish Ballet had commissioned from him in 1988 and which he was now transferring to his own company. Two dancers—the seasoned Andris Liepa and an eager young man just out of the school, Grigory Chicherin—were waiting. The pianist struck up the familiar Stravinsky score, written for the 1911 Fokine-Diaghilev ballet. Vinogradov taught them part of a solo, with jaunty *muzhik* bows and some mock guitar strumming. This was not a repetition of the strategies of Fokine's famous choreography: Vinogradov was not interested, as Fokine had been, in using partly deconstructed classical steps to make a pointillistic panorama. Instead, he composed in crude emotional gestures and snippets of folk dance, fitted here to the most obvious beats of the music. More than the musical or rhythmic pattern, it seemed, Vinogradov was interested in the emotional implications of that old Russian archetype the clown protester. He showed Petrushka's steps with relish. He worked hard to get more insouciance into Liepa's gestures. Together, he and Liepa made up a new gesture for Petrushka's dying scene (after he is beaten nearly to death onstage by big dancers in Party-boss masks): propping himself up out of collapse and shaking a finger in mock chastisement.

In terms of the Kirov-dominated ballet world he grew up in, Vinogradov himself has behaved as a kind of Petrushka. In 1956, as a student at the Vaganova Academy, he started a jazz group with a friend, Nikita Dolgushin. In 1958, he went off to dance in Novosibirsk, and there, in 1965, he choreographed what people say was a hippie version of the Soviet classic "Romeo and Juliet." He came back to the Kirov as a choreographer in 1968 and made lively ballets like "Goryanka," about a Dagestani mountain girl who defies tribal custom to go to university and is murdered by her fiancé. In 1973, he took over Leningrad's second ballet company, the Maly Opera Ballet, revitalized it, and managed to sell it to the West for tours. Four years later, he was appointed artistic director of the Kirov—a complicated assignment. On the one hand, the Kirov's artistic director wasn't supposed to interfere with the system—the daily business of maintaining the Petipa heritage. On the other hand, he (it has always been a "he" except during Vaganova's tenure) was supposed to widen horizons for dancers by acquiring new ballets for the repertory or choreographing them himself, by handling the company's appearances in and out of town, and by bringing some fresh thought to the task of giving out roles and promotions to the dancers. Fresh thought was needed if more defections were to be avoided. Still, it was hoped that, along with whatever he did that was radical, Vinogradov, a Leningrader (he won out over the young Bolshoi Ballet candidates for the job, Natalia Kasatkina and Vladimir Vasilev), would respect the system he had grown up in.

At first, it seems, he did do that, in part. He didn't stuff the repertory with "decadent" Western ballets. He acquired a ballet each by Béjart and Roland Petit early on, but he also brought in some Western classics, like the Franco-Danish "La Sylphide," of 1832, and some French Romantic ballets, which complemented the Kirov's own classics. Meanwhile, Vinogradov's skill and energy and the Western contacts he had made as head of the Maly brought the Kirov back into the international touring circuit. All these policies can be said to have coexisted with the Vaganova system. But in his approach to the Kirov hierarchy Vinogradov has locked horns with the old way of doing things. Those young dancers who stood out backstage for their defiance—Ruzimatov, Pankova, Makhalina—were all protégés of Vinogradov. He had "discovered" them early in their careers, had cast them in major roles, had pointed them out to the press. Upon taking office, he dismissed some of the company's older dancers and invited some young dancers from other cities—from outside the Vaganova domain—to join the company. It was one of the semi-outsiders—Olga Chenchikova, a tall, bravura dancer from the Kirov-related school in Perm—who became an outstanding early protégée. As time went on, he found Asylmuratova in the Kirov corps de ballet (she was his favorite in 1982, when many American critics went to see the company in Paris), then Ruzimatov, then Pankova, and, finally, his current project, Makhalina.

Vinogradov has a personal preference for young dancers. "Ballet is an art of youth and beauty," he has said on more than one occasion. And yet, as he talked to me about his favorites, he seemed to reveal another, more self-serving reason he had chosen them. He explained his pushing the big roles on Makhalina as an "experiment"—an attempt to create a young ballerina faster than he'd been able to do in the case of Asylmuratova. "Makhalina doesn't want to go into the Kirov schema," he said proudly, and he went on, "I have to see the choreography. Pankova and Makhalina show me that. When other ballerinas perform, it's like looking at ballet class."



If one studies his protégés as a group—Chenchikova, Asylmuratova, Ruzimatov, Pankova, Makhalina—one can see that what they all had in common when he picked them was, besides youth, a high degree of self-confidence combined with a coolness toward the coaching process and, except for Asylmuratova, a fairly narrow range onstage. "They were awfully good in some things—the exotic, bravura roles," one of the coaches said. "But they were limited as all-round dancers." People inside the theatre had the feeling that Vinogradov's dancers didn't pay much attention to Vaganova standards—that they were more interested in showing themselves off as grand personages than in shaping dance steps. Moreover, some of Vinogradov's dancers were among those who overused the old Kirov custom of signalling to the conductor in performance to slow down or speed up the musical tempi—what Americans call "conducting from the stage."

By the time I first visited the Kirov, the liberties that the Vinogradov dancers took onstage and off had introduced a separate set of standards into the theatre, which seemed to work against the Vaganova heritage, and the unacknowledged clash between these two ideas of dancing was demoralizing the older dancers and confusing the younger ones. One of the senior dancers sat by me while we watched Ruzimatov rehearse in a particularly roughshod mode. "If he does it like that, why should we even bother to take ballet class?" the dancer said ruefully. And then there was Larisa Lezhnina, a blond, translucent-skinned twenty-three-year-old with a wide smile, who was everyone's golden child. Her spontaneous musicality had attracted the Kirov's most distinguished coach, Kolpakova, and also the American ballet mistress Francia Russell, who set Balanchine's "Theme and Variations" on the Kirov in 1988. Russell had surprised everyone by putting Lezhnina in the ballerina role. Vinogradov, too, had backed Lezhnina, giving her her first Aurora on her twentieth birthday, and casting her in the role in a 1989 German-Canadian film of "The Sleeping Beauty." But then, perhaps because she got nervous onstage, Vinogradov seemed to pull back; he gave "Giselle" to her rival, Ivanova, and implied some disappointment. In response, Lezhnina changed her way of working: she went for a mechanical bravura she thought Vinogradov favored, sacrificing the musical subtlety she had started out with. (She also got much thinner, explaining, "Well, he gives performances to thin people.") "What's happened to Larisa?" Francia Russell said sadly when she returned to the Kirov in the spring of 1991. "She looks studied—she's like a creature instead of a person."

The one place in the theatre where dancers could find a way to mediate between the old standards of the Vaganova system and the new and shadowy concept of personality propagated by Vinogradov was, it seemed to me, in the rehearsals of the Kirov's still new Balanchine ballets—the 1947 "Theme and Variations" and the 1952 "Scotch Symphony." Balanchine, the Imperial Ballet's greatest post-Revolutionary native son, had been off limits to the Kirov for almost its whole history, not only for political reasons but because he had made mostly one-act ballets that were titled after their music and didn't tell stories. Vinogradov, though, after finally managing to acquire these Western artifacts in 1988, had been smart enough to keep them in the repertory and let a wide range of dancers have a try at them. Balanchine wasn't easy for the dancers. Their manners slowed them down; they didn't have time to become the grand folk they usually became onstage. Whereas Vaganova had stuffed as much as she could of the musical-aesthetic context of Petipa's days into ballet steps, Balanchine had done the opposite: he had divested ballet steps of manners and period musicality, so they could be inflected in new ways, to different music. Sometimes Balanchine's steps happened on syncopated musical accents, which Kirov dancers weren't used to, or they asked for percussive action in the feet instead of the Kirov's gracious gestures with the arms. Most radical of all, they had to be danced to the tempo demanded by the music, and not to music slowed down by the dancers in performance.

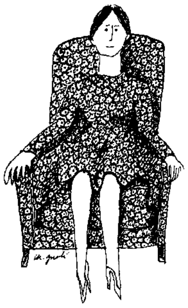
But when a dancer was daring enough to take up the challenge—as when Tatiana Terekhova in rehearsal waded into the fast ballerina variation from "Theme and Variations" (the one in which the ballerina, alone upstage, seems to reanimate the whole ballet through quick steps and turns), shouting to the pianist that the tempo was killing her but keeping up all the same, or when Larisa Lezhnina, dancing the second ballerina in "Scotch Symphony," produced a delightful illusion of effortlessness—it looked as if a solution had been found to the conflict between craft and personality. At this pitch, the dancers automatically looked modern, independent, and authentic. (In Balanchine's world, the prince and the ballerina don't act out their status; they prove it by bringing the most conviction to the steps.) Moreover, the dancers who "got" Balanchine knew what a gift they'd been handed. Lezhnina confided to me that she loved Balanchine ballets more than classical roles, because "in those newer roles you're just supposed to let go and dance." Terekhova went even further. "Balanchine is *my* choreographer," she said fervently. "I'm just sorry he's come into my life at the end of my career." She explained how the ballets had widened her very idea of ballet technique, saying, "The feet, for instance. Balanchine steps need a constantly articulate, flexible foot. I've taken those Balanchine feet right back into the classical repertory."

Terekhova and Lezhnina, though, were a minority: they were the only dancers I heard talking about how Balanchine's style related to Vaganova's. This was not surprising, however, given Vinogradov's ambivalent attitude toward Balanchine. "Balanchine is classical steps danced by undertrained American bodies," I heard him remark in the spring of 1991 to a British film crew working in the theatre, and he went on to say, "Kirov dancers do Balanchine better than Americans, because Balanchine didn't have time to put arms and backs on American bodies." Vinogradov, in short, didn't seem to grasp what was modern about the Balanchine ballets, even though he had acquired them in order to give the Kirov a modern reputation.

IN the two years since I first visited the Kirov, Vinogradov has taken the company even farther away from its home base, both figuratively and geographically, and brought it closer to his idea of the West. The company has been on the road almost constantly: in 1990 and 1991, it appeared, successively, in France, Italy, the American Midwest, Japan, Korea, Spain, the American East Coast, and parts of Latin America. On tour, it presented not just portable pieces of its own repertory ("Giselle," "Paquita") but also its newest Western ballets: two more by Balanchine ("Apollo" and "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux") and one ("Jardin aux Lilas") by the Anglo-American choreographer Antony Tudor. And, in the manner of Western companies, Vinogradov's touring groups have got younger and younger. Back in Russia, the full Kirov includes corps dancers and soloists in their thirties and forties, but—except for several older soloists, as tokens of the old theatre—Vinogradov takes on the road mostly dancers in their early twenties. Coaches rarely go on tour anymore. Kirov dancers away from home now rehearse themselves, as touring Western dancers do; only the corps de ballet has a rehearsal mistress. And, to cap off his modernizing agenda, Vinogradov last year sent his two favorite soloists, Makhalina and her twenty-two-year-old partner, Igor Zelensky, to the Berlin Ballet for four months, so that they could have even more exposure to Western ways.

Vinogradov has also been Westernizing himself: in 1990, he accepted the directorship, on a commuting basis, of the Universal Ballet Academy, a ballet school in Washington, D.C., which opened that fall. Ironically, it's a Vaganova school, and describes itself as teaching "the Vaganova method and the Kirov style"; its staff consists mostly of Petersburgian teachers chosen by Vinogradov, and includes his wife, Elena Vinogradova, and the Kirov ex-ballerina Alla Sizova. Even more ironically, the money for the school, its handsome facilities, and its full scholarships (some including room and board) for most students has come from a non-Russian and only quasi-American source—the Unification Church of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. (Strictly speaking, the academy is funded by American corporations affiliated with the church.)

Church literature says that the arts will help lead the ailing West back to a heaven on earth, and church spokespeople say that ballet, and Vaganova-style ballet in particular, is considered especially heavenly in Moon circles. (The church's special interest in ballet can probably be traced to Dr. Bo Hi Pak, who is Moon's personal aide and the former head of his newspaper, the Washington *Times*; Dr. Pak's daughter—and Moon's daughter-in-law—Julia Moon, is the prima ballerina of Korea's Universal Ballet Company.) On Vinogradov's side, the advantages of the arrangement are more tangible. He gets an American salary and an American home: he has theoretically committed himself to spending four months a year in Washington. And the school, though it is Vinogradov's personal business and is not officially linked to the Kirov, certainly benefits his plans for the company. It gives his favorite young Kirov dancers exposure in the West—they are flown in for school-related functions, and soft-focus pictures of them hang in the Universal Ballet Academy's hall—and it gives him a fund of American student dancers to swell the ranks of the Kirov when it's in Washington.



Vinogradov freely admits—at least, when he's interviewed in America—that he's building a new Kirov within the old one. "And I want it to be more civilized than the old one," he says. "I want the dancers to be less limited. I want them to be able to dance the repertory of the whole world." Aesthetically, he has enjoyed a certain success, both inside and outside the company; his protégée Makhalina has been widely praised. And reviews of the company's current tour of the United States and Canada (its New York engagement begins at the Metropolitan Opera on June 22nd) have mostly been glowing. But back home, in St. Petersburg, there is lingering opposition to Vinogradov's policies—or, rather, a persistent grieving for the Kirov that was, not just within the theatre but in the wider cultural community. Balletomanes and critics alike refer to the *degradatsiya* of the Kirov. As early as 1988, Vera Krasovskaya pointed out in an article in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* called "Foreign Currency and Devaluation" that the frequent touring in the West favored not only by Vinogradov but also by the Bolshoi's Yuri Grigorovich would lead to less emphasis on the old repertory and on the daily business of rehearsals with coaches and dancers. "And that's what's happened," she said to me recently in St. Petersburg. "The tradition we so carefully handed down is gone."

In the light of Russia's current economic plight, though, it's hard to imagine how Vinogradov could have avoided grandstanding to the West. "How can I not tour?" he said last October. "You know that in January of 1992 all the prices go free in our country. Without foreign currency from touring, how can I buy lighting gels, tape recorders, fabric, canvas, paint, satin, tulle? How can I pay Western choreographers for their ballets? And how can I insure that my dancers will live better? That is my job. I have to think of a time when the government can't help."

If the Kirov is to be judged in terms of the dancers' worldly comfort, Vinogradov looks like a hero, but a hero with an almost hopeless task. However hard he may try, he can't give his chosen dancers enough exposure to the West and enough foreign currency to match Western salaries or to keep up with rising prices and inflation in Russia. The defection last fall of two of the Kirov's corps dancers points to Vinogradov's dilemma. On October 26th, in Washington, D.C., Aleksandra Koltun and Zhanna Sinitsina packed their belongings, left the hotel where the Kirov was staying, and went into hiding, planning to seek political asylum. Their leaving was prompted not by anything Vinogradov had done—both dancers were favored by him—but by the sheer bleakness of life in Russia. The Kirov had performed in Spain for ten days and had flown back to St. Petersburg for a day before leaving

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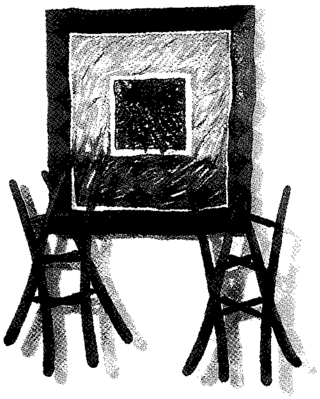

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for the United States. "It was that day that did it," Koltun said. "To come back to that bare airport with our bags, to see everyone in the airport watching the bags with greedy eyes—it was like changing from a color movie to a black-and-white one. Then there was my little brother. He's three. I had brought him a piece of fruit from Spain, and he fell on it as if it were a piece of *life*. And I thought, If I have to come back every time to this airport, I can't do it. I can't live my life like this." (Four other Kirov dancers on the tour were also rumored to be thinking of defecting.)

Nearly two weeks after the dancers left, they were persuaded, or coerced (depending on who is telling the story), to return to the company, and they were harbored near, or locked up in (again, depending on who's talking), the Vinogradovs' Washington apartment. They escaped again, with the help of a Russian-immigrant friend, and declared their desire to stay in America. It's hard to believe Vinogradov's contention that they came back on a whim, left again on a whim, and made up the story of being detained to bolster their case for asylum. But, whatever really happened, the tangle of events gives off at least a whiff of strong-arm tactics on the part of Vinogradov, and thus serves as proof of the extent to which he has consolidated power within the Kirov.

There are other signs, too, of Vinogradov's unprecedented concentration of power. One of them is the recent falling out of favor—and the exodus—of older dancers and coaches. Galina Mezentseva quarrelled with Vinogradov in the fall of 1990, and left for the Scottish Ballet. Altynai Asylmuratova now dances part time with England's Royal Ballet. Irina Chistyakova went to the London City Ballet as a guest dancer, and on her return was denied roles. Last year, Lyubov Kunakova and Eldar Aliev went on the North American tour with Evteyeva and Berezhnoi, and were also pensioned off. Of the coaches, Irina Kolpakova has been working most of the time at American Ballet Theatre since February of 1990. Olga Moiseyeva, having been dismissed as a coach by her star protégée, Makhalina, accepted a teaching position in Germany for a year. Both Kurgapkina and Komleva have spent chunks of the Kirov season out of the theatre, teaching in Europe or America.

If Vinogradov didn't actively cause these defections or absences, he created the climate in which they happened. (It was reported to me that at meetings last spring he gave the senior Kirov soloists to understand that they were "not needed"—words that represent the ultimate nightmare for Russians.) And the fact remains that, with the absence of the older performers, like Mezentseva and Evteyeva, whom Kirovians call "masters," and the weakening of the coaching system, Vinogradov himself is left not only as the organization's sole decision-maker but as its sole arbiter of style. One St. Petersburg dance critic remarked to me, "How strange that in Stalin's time, when you would have expected a single monolithic opinion to hold sway in the theatre, there were many opinions. Many people watched over our ballet tradition. Now, in this time of so-called openness, there's just Vinogradov in charge, and he's a super-monopolist."

It's hard to tell what Vinogradov's modernization, with its blotting out of the Kirov's collective ballet past, will mean to the young dancers and to the company's over-all sense of style. Yet an observer is forced to wonder not just about the Kirov's future but about the fate of the older Kirovians who have been cast out into the world, and of those who are still at home and have been relegated to the sidelines. What will become of their knowledge and their fierce loyalty to everything that the Kirov stood for? "Of course, he can do anything he wants—he's the director," Evteyeva said to me. "But we would have worked so hard for him, and for our theatre." The older Kirovians are the products, and the devotees, of a way of working that, though it may look old-fashioned in the light of *glasnost*, is notable for its coherence of style and approach. What is happening now seems to be a replay of what happened after the Revolution. The old ballet knowledge is dispersing in the wind, settling down here and there in the West. In the thirties, when ballet traditions in the West were moribund or nonexistent, that knowledge found fertile ground. Now that the West has ballet traditions of its own—some of them strong, others in decline—it's not clear how it can use the knowledge inherent in the Vaganova system. Nor is it clear whether migrating coaches and dancers who helped fuse that system together in isolated, dangerous times can now take it apart to make some of it intelligible to dancers here.

In October of 1991, in a rented studio in New York, Irina Kolpakova, the Kirov's greatest modern Aurora, was working on the second act of "Giselle" with an Australian-born dancer, one of a small army of dancers-for-hire in New York who drift from company to company, from job to job. This dancer was going off on tour to do some classical pas de deux with a partner, and had asked Kolpakova to help her. The former prima ballerina, slim and Americanized in jeans and sneakers, with only a hint of Russianness about her—in her high cheekbones and slanted eyes—sat in second position in a chair against the mirror. The Australian dancer began Giselle's famous solo of mourning and love, in which, starting from basic fifth position, feet tight together, she is supposed to raise her hands slowly above her head and lift her face as her leg draws up and extends to the side. "No, no, no!" Kolpakova called from her chair, and, in her ad-hoc English, added, "Fingers like this—dead fingers!" She held up chicken-claw hands. "Fingers must breathe." She expanded her fingers gently in the air. Then she sprang up to show what she meant. And there it all was, notwithstanding the jeans and sneakers—a body opening up, in perfect coördination, to love, to longing, to the sensations of human feeling that were strong enough to penetrate a dead maiden's soul. The face was transfigured; the hands breathed; the music seemed to be welling up inside the body. The Australian dancer tried it again. This time, her fingers were calmer. Her face wasn't contorted with fake sentiment. She was letting some kind of momentum connect her gestures. "It's better, it's a little better," Kolpakova said.

—Elizabeth Kendall

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Knife/

guillotine operator. Must be experienced. Holyoke area.—*Adv. in the Daily Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette.*

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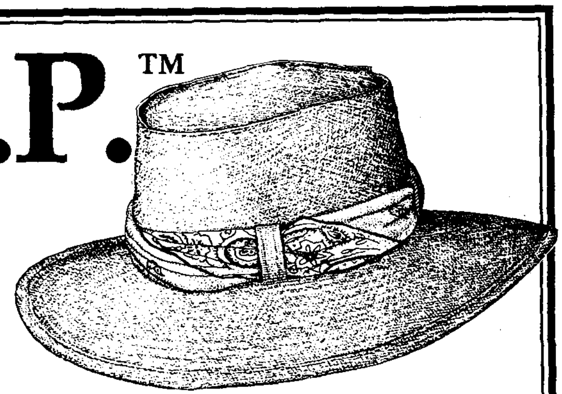

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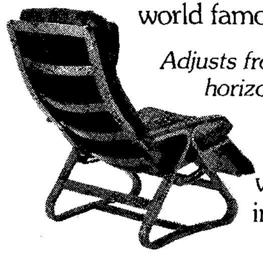

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AROUND CITY HALL

Two Cities

CONCERN with the importance of cities and the needs of the people who live in them has rarely been in political style in this nation since its beginnings. New York was the country's first capital, but many of the leaders of the new government, including President George Washington, disliked the place intensely, and made it clear that they couldn't wait to get out of town. Their departure, in August, 1790, from what was already America's largest city was the first move toward establishing the capital in a more wholesome, pastoral area, on the banks of the Potomac, just upstream from Mount Vernon. (As some disrespectful historians have pointed out, Washington chose the site himself—leading to a nice increase in the value of his own property. In politics, some things do not change.) Figures released last month, however, showed that the formerly pastoral capital now has the wretched distinction of being, for the fourth year in a row, the murder capital of the United States.

The Founding Father who is most often relied on for pronouncements on the malevolent influence of cities is Washington's fellow-Virginian Thomas Jefferson. Governments, he held, would "remain virtuous" if people did not "get piled upon one another in large cities." Writing to a friend about an outbreak of yellow fever, he said, "When great evils happen, I am in the habit of looking out for what good may arise from them. . . . The yellow fever will discourage the growth of great cities in our nation, and I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man." To this city he gave no quarter, saying that he regarded it as a "cloacina"—from the Latin word for "sewer"—"of all the depravities of human nature." It is perhaps best not to try to imagine the expression on the face of the sage of Monticello if he could have known that one of the honors posthumously paid to him would be the naming of a school in Brooklyn the Thomas Jefferson High School. It was in a corridor of "Jeff," as students in the heavily black school call it, that during school hours on February 26th two students, aged sixteen and seventeen, were shot dead by a fellow-student, aged fifteen. "BOARD OF EXECUTION" was the headline on the front page of the next day's *Newsday*. Currently, fatal shootings among high-school students, especially in large urban centers, are unfortunately not infrequent, but it was the gory photograph of the body of one of the murdered Jeff students being removed from the school that was on the cover of the next edition of *Newsweek*—an example of the downside of New York's being, as is proclaimed at City Hall almost daily, the communications center of the world. This downside also helps explain why Bernhard Goetz and such local place names as Howard Beach, Bensonhurst, and Central Park have become national shorthand for death or grave injury inflicted by members of one race on members of another. Thus the impression was spread that when it's race against race New York is the most violent and also the most volatile of cities—an impression that was confounded when New York remained relatively calm in its reaction to the verdict in the Rodney King trial. The numbers on the citywide police blotter here on the Friday night after the verdict included a hundred and sixteen arrests (a third of the total in Atlanta) and thirteen serious incidents of violence, and were described in a wire-service report as "not out of line for the first warm Friday night of the year"—a dismal commentary in itself.

A few days after the riots, a Los Angeles resident being interviewed by CBS at one of the scenes of destruction said in disbelief, "It's not something that happened overseas. It's not even New York." The fact that this city did not explode had a highly beneficial influence on the political standing of New York's mayor, David Dinkins, who in February had had a twenty-six-per-cent approval rating in the polls. The sharp improvement in his reception by the public and in the press was demonstrated during a program that involved spending a week in each of the boroughs outside Manhattan over a period of months. Dinkins announced this exercise in local tourism in his state-of-the-city speech last January, pointing out that it would allow residents of the four other boroughs to get to know their mayor better and allow their mayor to get to know them. Though he did not mention it, the plan had clearly been prompted by a column in the *News* last November by Arthur Browne, which ran under the headline "GET OUTTA DA BURROW, DAVE." (Reporters here do not stand on ceremony.)

And now for today's feature
Art Film...
Godzilla Meets Rodin
Love your work...
S. Skalisky

Dinkins' political home base is Harlem, in northern Manhattan, and the only local elective office he had held before he moved into City Hall—which, of course, is in southern Manhattan—was that of Manhattan borough president. Browne reported that the Mayor had crossed the East River into either Brooklyn or Queens only three times in September and four times in October and hadn't made an appearance of any kind in Staten Island in seven months. The Mayor chose to begin his new orientation program in Brooklyn, the city's largest borough, in February, and it was on the third day of his mayoral sojourn there that the shootings occurred at Thomas Jefferson High School. After that, much of the week was given over to prayer vigils, funeral plans, and calls for nonviolence. At one meeting of clergymen, the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, pastor of the House of the Lord Pentecostal Church, which is in Brooklyn, said sadly, "The greatest killer among African-American youth between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five is African-American youth." State officials reported last month that whereas a decade ago ten or fifteen per cent of the young offenders who were arrested were carrying guns, it is more like sixty or sixty-five per cent today. After the double shooting at Thomas Jefferson High School, a scene that was played recurrently on television showed the father of one of the slain teen-agers saying over and over, in a half-strangled voice much like that of Rodney King pleading "Can we all get along?" a few weeks later, "The Mayor can't keep the guns out of their hands. Governor Cuomo can't keep the guns out of their hands. President Bush can't keep the guns out of their hands. . . . Maybe they did all they can do. But my son's dead. And that's not good enough. The Devil is on this land."

The mayoral week in the Bronx, during the first days of April, was overshadowed by the distractions of the Presidential primary here, on April 7th. Dinkins, like Governor Mario Cuomo, did not endorse anyone in the primary, and had probably not been tempted by former California Governor Jerry Brown, who throughout the campaign here kept saying that in the seventies he had visited "burned-out buildings" in the South Bronx, and that, twenty years later, they were still there. However, he never said exactly where the ghostly structures were, and seemed, in fact, to have a problem with their location. His people called the office of Fernando Ferrer, the Bronx borough president (who had endorsed Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton), and asked where to find a "burned-out building," so Brown could film a campaign commercial showing what terrible shape the Bronx was still in. Ferrer's people suggested that he find one himself. Ferrer, whom a recent poll of local Hispanics identified as the most popular Latino politician in the city, did not bother to meet the Mayor on the steps of the Bronx municipal building when he arrived. Dinkins' rating among the city's Latinos, whose heavy vote for him in 1989 assured his victory (like blacks, they make up about twenty per cent of the local population), is at such a low point that last month when he made a trip to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic it was seen as a rather desperate effort to shore up local Hispanic support. All the Latino members of the City Council—there are nine—were invited on the trip, but only one initially agreed to go along. After considerable arm-twisting by the Mayor's office, two others also agreed to make the trip.

Dinkins' plan to allow his constituents in Brooklyn and the Bronx to get to know him better during his weeks in those boroughs was not entirely successful. Some of the constituents asked how they could get to know him, since he was forever racing past them in his chauffeured car, sirens screeching, lights flashing, on his way from one ceremonial appointment to another. Others looked on with astonishment at a scene already familiar in Manhattan: a mayoral aide standing by holding Dinkins' suit coat on a hanger to prevent it from wrinkling ("He *hates* wrinkles," the aide explained) while the Mayor moved about in a warmup jacket, playing just folks.

When the scheduled Queens week came, however (Staten Island is still ahead), Dinkins' achievement in keeping the city calm during the riots (after all, if parts of the city had become bloody battlegrounds, he would have got the blame for that, wouldn't he?) was being widely acclaimed. "DAVE, TAKE A BOW" was the May 4th headline in the *Post*, whose headlines in the past ("DAVE, DO SOMETHING") have often been a great trial to the Mayor. In Queens, no one complained about his mode of transportation or his hanger-holding minions. Everywhere he went in the borough that in the last mayoral election gave sixty per cent of its votes not to him but to his Republican opponent, Rudolph Giuliani (who is expected to make the race again, next year), people rushed up to pump his hand and congratulate him on keeping the city tranquil. The sudden upward shift in the Mayor's political fortunes naturally caused uneasiness among his most likely opponents. Giuliani commended Dinkins while conveying the impression that the change in fortunes was transitory. Andrew Stein, the president of the City Council, suggested that the Mayor should stop whining about the federal government's inattention to urban problems ("We are really responsible for our own fate"), and pointed out that Boston, Newark, and Chicago, among other cities, were also calm during the riots. Dinkins said that Stein's comments proved his "shallowness." The 1993 mayoral campaign is already getting up steam.

ONE reason the response to the Rodney King verdict was relatively mild in this city may be that events identified as outrages committed by the local criminal-justice system—very often the death or brutal treatment of blacks or Hispanics in the custody of the police—are so frequent as to verge on the routine, and so are rallies and demonstrations to protest them. It may have occurred even to more hotheaded New Yorkers that they had sufficient problems of their own without going around trashing their neighborhoods because of something—horrible as it was—that had happened out in Los Angeles (which will probably be referred to less often as La-La Land in the near future). Local protests against perceived outrageous injustice are particularly familiar in southern Manhattan, which is easily reachable by all subway lines, and whose narrow streets were laid out during Colonial times, when the outrages that marchers were protesting were those committed by George III. The favorite rallying places are City Hall and the adjacent City Hall Park. (It's not likely that today's rebellious citizens know that it was in a parade ground just south of what is now City Hall, on July 9, 1776, that General Washington sat by on horseback as a military aide read aloud to the troops a historic protest against the outrages of oppressive government—the Declaration of Independence, just delivered from Philadelphia.) Every few days—and sometimes several times a day—fist-shaking, placard-waving crowds converge on City Hall to protest budget cuts, say, or ethnic bias on the part of city agencies, or the inhumane treatment of carriage horses.

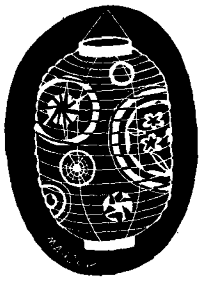
Rallies against alleged outrages of the criminal-justice system are often held instead in Foley Square, a few blocks to the northeast, on the steps of the federal or state courthouse or on the street in front of the Metropolitan Correctional Center, the main federal prison in the city. (Bureaucrats tend not to be poets, and it did not occur to them that no prisoner is likely to be moved to write a "Ballad of the Metropolitan Correctional Center.") Sometimes pedestrians who are passing by a rally and are curious about the identity of the supposed victim of outrageous injustice are in for a surprise. On May 17th, for example, some seven hundred New Yorkers gathered on the street in front of the Correctional Center shouting and waving signs that bore such messages as "What Happened to Our Constitution???" and "Fair Trial!" and "All Americans Have Equal Rights. Free John!" Among the most vocal of the demonstrators was William Kunstler, the wild-maned veteran lawyer whose name is usually associated with the vigorous, and often successful, defense of civil-rights activists; of members of groups like the Chicago Seven, which many of his fellow-citizens regard as subversive; and of local residents—the best known in recent years was Larry Davis—who are on trial as the result of violent encounters with local police. The name featured on the demonstrators' signs that day did not fit into any of those categories. The prisoner whose freedom they were demanding, in the name of the Constitution, was John Gotti, the alleged head of the Gambino organized-crime family, who on April 2nd, after a series of acquittals mortifying to the local criminal-justice system, had been convicted on thirteen counts, including racketeering, obstruction of justice, and murder. The demonstrators had been bused in from nearby Little Italy (the site of Gotti's hangout, the Ravenite Social Club), and from South Ozone Park (the site of his Bergin Hunt and Fish Club) and Howard Beach, Queens, where he lives when he isn't in federal or state custody. He will move on to some other federal-prison address after sentencing, on June 23rd, unless Kunstler, who has been brought in to handle Gotti's appeal—on the ground of "wanton deprivation" of his civil liberties—wins him a new trial.

Whether or not Kunstler is successful in the appeals court, he can be certain that in 1992 he achieved immortality of a sort. Thirty minutes after the riots broke out in Los Angeles, "Echoes of Justice: The Larry Davis Story" opened at the Living Theatre, on East Third Street. Its plot deals with the life of Davis, a young black man who in 1988 was acquitted of a charge of attempted murder of nine police officers. As head of the defense team, Kunstler had argued that Davis fired his gun in self-defense, the cops having been trying to silence him to prevent him from exposing them as drug dealers. (At present, Davis, known by the Muslim name of Adam Abdul-Hakeem, is in prison, having been convicted of the murder of a drug dealer in a case that Kunstler did not handle.) A few weeks after "Echoes of Justice" opened, a reporter for the *News* mentioned to Kunstler that in the opinion of some legal experts the Davis trial and the Rodney King trial had in common the fact that both juries had gone their own way, judging guilt from the viewpoint they came into court with, and remaining impervious to the weight of any countering evidence. Kunstler didn't see matters that way at all. He explained to the reporter that "Larry had a predominantly Third World jury that understood the situation."

Sabra Segal

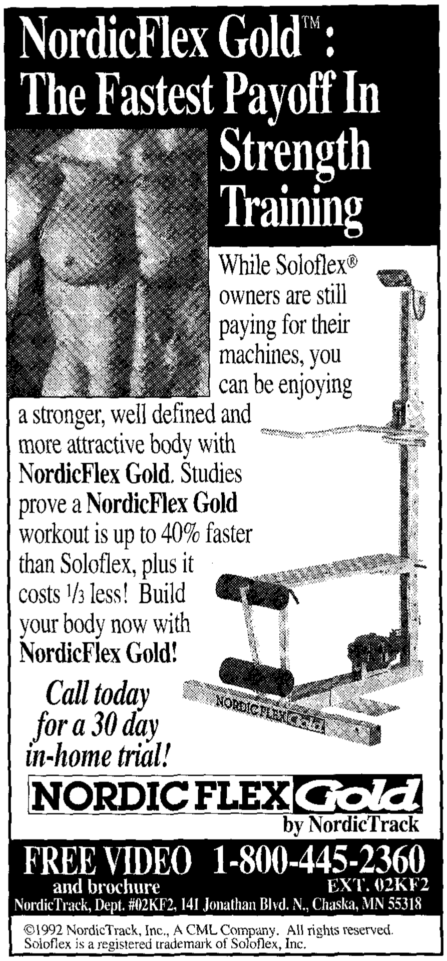
The habit here of portraying the city in hyperbolic terms—the biggest, the best, the most glittering, and also, brazenly, the worst, the most violent—may be another reason that people, New Yorkers as well as out-of-towners, were surprised that local residents went about their business while neighborhoods elsewhere went up in flames. After the destruction in South-Central Los Angeles, when newspapers listed what are considered to have been the nation's major riots in the last several decades, most people, including readers here, were astonished to discover that the last such riot in this city (after a white policeman shot a black tenth grader) was in July, 1964. In the decades since, New York has had no civil disturbances on anything like the scale that in other places resulted in the deaths of many people and the burning down of neighborhoods—which, in some cases, have not been fully rebuilt a generation later. In the summer of 1977, during the prolonged blackout in the Northeast, there was extensive looting in the city, but, when the lights came back on, blocks had not been destroyed, and there were no bodies in the streets. And the events in Crown Heights last August, which New Yorkers and others have referred to as riots, were, compared with what happened in Los Angeles, minor—though very ugly—skirmishes.

SINCE last fall, Mayor Dinkins had spoken almost daily of a planned march on Washington of mayors and others deeply concerned with the urban condition and with federal indifference to it—a situation that they hoped to change by means of a massive turnout. He made dozens of trips to testify before legislative committees in Albany and Washington and to talk about the march, always referring—always in modest tones—to his part in organizing the effort. The result, on May 16th, was somewhat less of a smash than those in charge had hoped for, especially since they had expected that the events in Los Angeles, and the need that had been demonstrated for dramatic efforts to improve the urban condition, would insure the attention of Washington and of the nation. The United States Parks Service put the number of marchers at thirty-five thousand. The Washington police were more generous: a hundred and fifty thousand. Some veteran crowd-watchers on the scene thought there were a hundred thousand at the most. The former Columbia journalism dean Osborn Elliott, who presided over the enterprise, which called itself the "Save Our Cities! Save Our Children!" march, wrote in response to a *Post* editorial pronouncing the event "a flop" that thirty-five thousand people had been bused down from this city alone, reinforcing the view that the march was largely a New York operation—a view that would not be helpful in changing the minds of members of Congress who still saw this city as cloacina territory. Heading the march, as it was shown on the front page of the *Times*, were, besides Elliott, three black mayors (Dinkins, Maynard Jackson, of Atlanta, and Baltimore's Kurt Schmoke), Jesse Jackson, and Mayor Raymond Flynn, of Boston, who is president of the United States Conference of Mayors—all Democrats (and all, incidentally, male). Although the next day Jackson pointed out that Mario Cuomo (another Democrat) was the only governor who had bothered to attend, in the mayoral elbowing Cuomo had been consigned to the second row. The writer of a letter to the editor of the Washington *Post* later observed that its lengthy account of the march had reported the presence of not a single Republican.



On occasion during the last few months, there has been a sense at City Hall that New York's mayor was so preoccupied with presenting himself as a leader of the fight to "Save Our Cities!" that he had relatively little time left for running the city he had been elected to be in charge of. In the week after his sojourn in Queens, he travelled to and from Washington every day but Thursday. On Friday and Saturday, he was in Washington for the big march. On Sunday, he was in Cleveland to discuss the platform of the Democratic National Convention, which will be held here beginning the second week in July. From Cleveland, he took off on his trip to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic, and he returned the following Thursday night. The next day, May 22nd, he held a press conference in the City Hall rotunda, attended by two of the Latino members of the City Council who had accompanied him. He explained several times that the trip, which was made at city expense, had had nothing to do with gaining political advantage among Hispanics, although the photo-ops and endorsements from Caribbean officials would presumably be a big plus for him with local Latinos. During the press conference, he complained about headlines that had questioned the worthiness of his trip—a complaint he has often made when his travels are questioned. ("Why shouldn't I go to South Africa? Why shouldn't I go to Europe?") Dominating the press conference, however, was the unwelcome voice of Israel Ruiz, of the Bronx, one of the Council members who had gone on the trip at the urging of the Mayor. In the course of the trip, Ruiz had accused Dinkins of following "a black agenda," and of discriminating against Hispanics in appointments. During the press conference, he announced to Dinkins that he would have to shape up or the city's Latinos would make the decision whether he would be reëlected next year. Understandably, Dinkins was not in a cheery mood when he flew off that evening to the Berkshires and four days of tennis at Bill Cosby's place. A band of Latin-American mayors visiting City Hall had encouraged him to lend the weight of his environmental leadership to the Earth Summit this month in Rio de Janeiro, and he had said he would love to, except "the New York media won't let me travel." Nevertheless, he planned to leave on May 30th for a seven-day visit to England, France, and Germany—a trip paid for mostly by local businessmen, in the interests of attracting more international business to the city. What provisions for the cities will emerge from the current congressional debate no one can yet tell. At a meeting of local officials and civic leaders involved in providing help for inner-city youths, which took place while the Los Angeles riots were at their height, one television figure, Felipe Luciano, made a glum prediction. "You wait," he said. "The federal government will soon pour millions of dollars into Los Angeles to pave over the violence. Here in New York, we who have held our tempers in check, though seething in rage, will receive nothing."

—ANDY LOGAN



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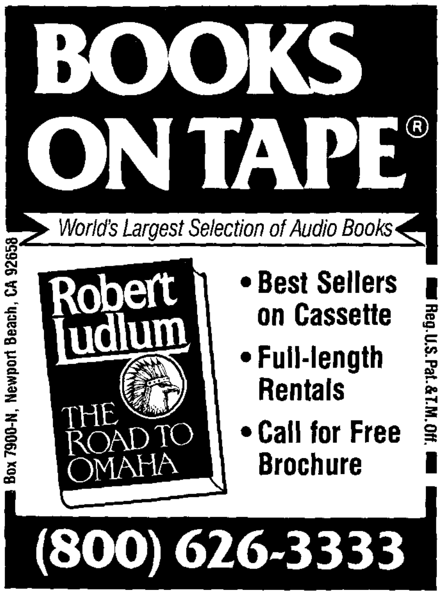

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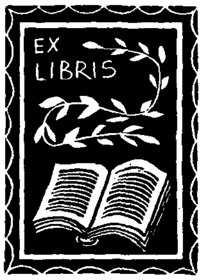
BOOKS

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

IN "Anti-Americanism: Critiques at Home and Abroad, 1965-1990" (Oxford; $35), Paul Hollander, a professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, explores the beliefs and resentments of contemporary anti-Americans. By "anti-Americanism" he doesn't mean reasoned criticism of American policies or institutions; he means, rather, a view of the world that identifies the United States as "a source and symbol of political evil in our times." It is produced by "social critics for whom everything ends and begins with the unsurpassed corruptions of America." For the most part, Hollander finds, anti-Americanism emanates from the left. Marxists or people influenced by Marxism hold American capitalism responsible for tyranny, poverty, war, racism, sexism, and the destruction of the environment. Yet Hollander also finds that most anti-American Americans are doing well under the system they despise, and that abroad, too, anti-Americanism is usually the prejudice of an educated minority. (There are exceptions. Hollander mentions a story current in Latin America that no educated person could believe—a report that Americans kidnap Latin-American babies and murder them to transplant their organs into rich, sick American children.) The least credible aspect of modern anti-Americanism has been its admiration for America's rivals, the now defunct Communist regimes and their protégés. Hollander is thoughtful and thorough. He scrutinizes institutions in which he thinks anti-Americanism is stylish, among them university departments of humanities and social studies, not only in this country but in Mexico and Canada, and he considers such rites of American anti-Americanism as pilgrimages to Sandinista Nicaragua. The result of his broad search is something like an encyclopedia of the received ideas of what the English sociologist Frank Parkin has called "middle-class radicalism."



The notions that Hollander examines are rarely persuasive or attractive. Some of his instances are loathsome: an American activist opposed to last year's assault on Iraq spoke of looking forward to "boys coming home in body bags" to stimulate anti-war protests. Some are contemptible: officials of the Church World Service, in testimony before a congressional subcommittee, praised a Vietnamese "reëducation" camp they had recently visited, where, through an interpreter, a "group spokesman" explained that the inmates were "trying to understand mistakes of the past and learn skills to contribute to the new society." Anti-American platitudes can contradict each other: American capitalist society allows too much individual freedom, on the one hand, and, on the other, misshapes individuals by making them conform. Many criticisms seem like half of a damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't equation: Hollander quotes a complaint that our higher education responds to "labor market transformations." But if it didn't, chemistry departments would graduate fully trained alchemists. Most of Hollander's citations are examples of what the French essayist Julien Benda called "*la trahison des clercs*" in the 1927 book of that title, which argued that modern intellectuals, by yielding to political passion, had betrayed their vocation of disinterestedness.

Hollander casts his net a little too wide, I think, and hauls in tendencies he disapproves of that aren't peculiarly anti-American, such as demands for multicultural education, say, or for withdrawing our troops from Europe. In several sections, despite his disclaimer, he seems to be suggesting that any disagreement with our federal government's policies is anti-American. He leaves no room for those of us who, identifying with our native land, want the nation to behave exactly as we would. Or for youth and inexperience. The eighteen per cent of American college students who say they would never serve in the military may be anti-American or they may just be young. (Heaven knows how many of the English lads who, in the nineteen-thirties, took the Oxford pledge never to fight for king and country were in uniform before the decade was out.) And his chapter on the media doesn't really seem to understand—or have much feeling for—what reporters do.

Hollander regards the anti-Americanism of some Americans as bizarre, but it's not without precedent. A 1970 book, "The Napoleonists: A Study in Political Disaffection, 1760-1960," by E. Tangye Lean, an English writer, traces a tradition of anti-British Britons over a period when Great Britain was regarded as uniquely strong, rich, and free. Lean's starting point is a little band who idolized Napoleon and, whenever Great Britain and Napoleon's France collided, insisted that their country was the aggressor. (For that matter, Julien Benda mentions Frenchmen who couldn't support their country's going to war in 1914, simply because France was *their* country, and who objected to its postwar policies, because, as a victor, it no longer qualified as a victim.) Lean's anti-British Britons share many traits that we find in Hollander's anti-American Americans. Both groups enjoy what Hollander calls "excess security"—a conviction that nothing really bad can happen to them or their country. Hollander complains of the "adversary culture," and Lean notes the Napoleonists' "commitment to opposition"; Lean remarks on the Napoleonists' habit of "attributing the evils of their private worlds to the Court of St. James's," and Hollander observes anti-American Americans' confusion between their personal woes and the ills of society. And both sets of antis, while proclaiming the unparalleled evil of their own countries, decline to emigrate. (After agreeing with anti-American adjectives that might have applied to Hitler's Germany, forty per cent of the Mexicans and seventy-six per cent of the Canadians in a survey Hollander made said they would consider living in the United States.) Lean doesn't write in as much detail about the twentieth century as he does about the nineteenth; still, it's interesting that Sir Oswald Mosley, who founded the British Union of Fascists, descends from an earlier Sir Oswald who was among the Parliamentary supporters of Samuel Whitbread, a leader of the Napoleonists who committed suicide after Waterloo.

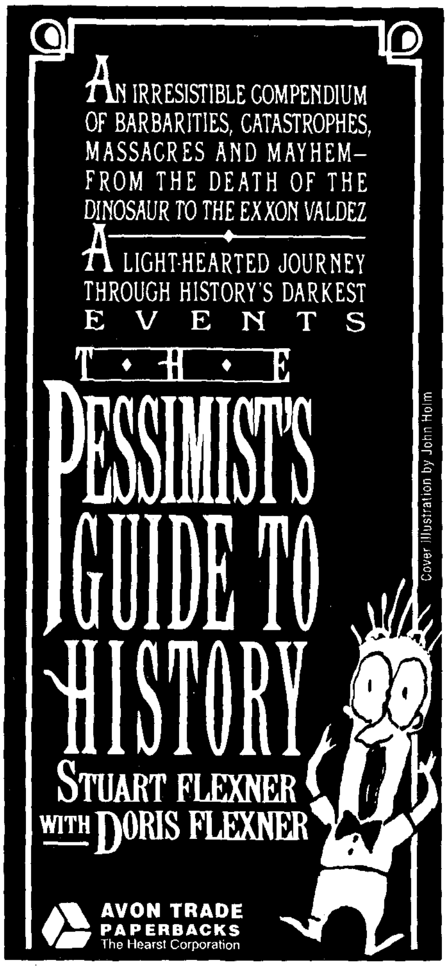
Lean thought that the Napoleonists inadvertently delayed reform, because reforms they supported had been "compromised"—in the public mind, anyhow—"as an alien menace." Have anti-American Americans delayed reforms here by causing public opinion to link them with support for foreign tyranny? That's hard to say. Much of the anti-American rhetoric quoted in this book maintains that our system is incapable of reform. An example: "Even the most liberal form of national health insurance is incapable of dealing with the structural inadequacies of the American health system." It's possible that anti-American Americans may have done more harm abroad than at home—particularly in Third World countries they profess to admire and/or pity. Hollander thinks that American anti-Americans' criticisms of America have encouraged many Third World people to use the United States as an all-purpose alibi for their own failures. It's also possible that anti-Americans have helped debase public discussion in this country by making other Americans feel the need to attribute to our country and its institutions a perfection they haven't yet attained.

The common trait that Lean discerned among Napoleonists was ambivalence toward their fathers. Hollander ascribes anti-Americanism to a "crisis of meaning" caused by the very success of our modern society, "a basically secular, excessively individualistic society which, while providing a wide range of choices and options, offers little help for its members to make their lives more meaningful." He quotes a number of authorities: the philosopher Leszek Kolakowski on the need for taboos; the neoconservative Irving Kristol admitting that bourgeois society is "prosaic," and uninterested in transcendence; and Robert Heilbroner, well to the left of Kristol, saying that "capitalism would be impossible in a sacralized world." It may be that for some people the intensities of anti-Americanism are a substitute for the transcendent and the sacred. Certainly the harping of anti-Americans on our "false consciousness," along with their eagerness to enlighten us, is reminiscent of those visits from persons bearing tracts who ring your doorbell and tell you you don't understand the Bible, or of the promise of Dianetics practitioners to transform pre-clears into clears. But, of course, the same symptoms can have different causes: one person sneezing in the doctor's waiting room is allergic, another has a cold, and the kid is doing it to annoy, because he knows it teases. So it's conceivable that some anti-Americans are ambivalent about their fathers, some are seeking a substitute for religious faith, some are looking for excitement, and some are people who have been educated beyond their intelligence. Anti-Americanism is certainly a backhanded tribute to power. Lean points out that Napoleonists always exaggerated their own government's power, and you can see that tendency persisting down to 1945, when Orwell wrote "Notes on Nationalism." He catalogued the British left's infatuation with the Soviet Union as "transferred nationalism" and its devaluation of its own country as "negative nationalism." Evidently, English leftists hadn't yet realized how greatly British power had declined; when they did, they transferred their negative nationalism to the United States.

The divergence between the apocalyptic language of anti-Americanism and the everyday behavior of anti-Americans suggests that they really see our circumstances as the proverbial Viennese crisis—the situation is desperate but not serious. Yet, despite the multitude of opportunities that their intellectual frivolity affords, Hollander avoids cheap shots. He's not a sparkling writer, and he doesn't try to be. I suppose that his sober tone, deliberate pace, and methodical compilation will infuriate not only the anti-Americans among his readers but also many patriots, who would like him to brandish the red-white-and-blue instead of doggedly trying to explain why other people don't. One of his appealing traits is an intellectual honesty that allows him to admit to uncertainty. He thought that anti-Americanism was worth investigating, he writes, but doesn't know, even now, how important it is. He offers only the modest claim that his book is "a chapter in the history of twentieth-century ideas."

IN "The Old World's New World" (Oxford; $21.95), C. Vann Woodward doesn't resolve Hollander's uncertainty, but, in reviewing European visions of America from the sixteenth century on, the noted historian demonstrates that debate about the United States has long been a feature of European intellectual history. This volume was originally a series of lectures delivered at the New York Public Library. It's informal and brief—a distillation, not a compilation. It's also sage, calm, and dexterous. Woodward finds that European attitudes toward America have rarely been dispassionate and have often been irrational. Hegel agreed with Kant's categorical statement "The American people are incapable of civilization." Woodward tells us that these eminent nonvisitors were influenced by an earlier pair of nonvisitors, the Comte de Buffon and the

Man in a Deep Depression



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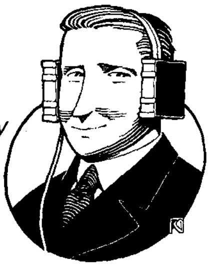

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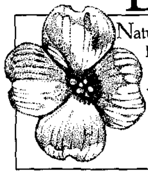

Abbé de Pauw, who maintained that all New World natives—plants, animals, and peoples—were inferior to their European counterparts, and that all Europeans, animal or vegetable, degenerated when they crossed the Atlantic. The element of fantasy in anti-Americanism that keeps popping up in Hollander reappears in Woodward: even after the naturalist Alexander von Humboldt, who explored Latin America and visited the United States between 1799 and 1804, published his accurate scientific observations on New World flora and fauna, Europeans went on quarrelling about the inherent defectiveness of American life-forms.

Eventually, European arguments focussed on the United States and its politics rather than on natural history. European visitors to this country tended to see what they came here to see: radicals packed bouquets, conservatives brickbats in their luggage before they sailed. Woodward quotes Frederick Marryat and Anthony Trollope, who agreed that all American men looked alike, because they were all absorbed in "dollar worship," and, on the other side, Fredrika Bremer, who saw Americans as "*beautiful human beings*," and Harriet Martineau, who thought the American people "a great embryo poet." Though the existence of slavery dismayed many foreigners, Europeans who were struggling for democracy at home continued to regard this country as a model: seven editions of the United States Constitution were published in France in the revolutionary year 1848.

After socialism was invented, however, radicals turned against the United States and began assailing American capitalism. Woodward tells us that there was a period of theoretical indecision, during which Marxists speculated that the United States might become the world's first socialist country, because capitalism was most advanced here, but that after the Russian Revolution the United States was assigned the starring role in Marxist demonology which Hollander finds it playing today. Woodward notices another phenomenon that Hollander also mentions: by the end of the nineteenth century, "the European intellectual élite of virtually *all* political persuasions" was solidly anti-American, typically alleging that American materialism or popular democracy permanently prevented Americans from achieving artistic or intellectual eminence or excellence. The degeneration had been transposed from the physical to the cultural.

Woodward sees Europeans imagining that our society foretold Europe's future; more often than not, he points out, they disliked or feared the phenomena we call modernization, and many Europeans used America as a metaphor for modernizing changes they deplored in their own countries. With Woodward's help, we recognize th[illegible] Hollander's anti-Americans, wherever they live, are reciting lines that were written in Europe before they were born. And, fundamentally, Woodward and Hollander agree that anti-Americanism is an affliction of the observer, not the observed.

But Woodward is less concerned with irrational anti-Americanism than he is with unrealistic pro-Americanism. He fears that peoples who until recently lived under Communism may lack much critical judgment about what we have achieved and what we have failed to achieve—that they may imagine Americanization to be a formula they can adopt to guarantee success. Though Woodward writes only of Europe, his admonitions, I think, are applicable everywhere:

> To the extent that America has ceased to be an imaginary land and become a real country, the European imagination is no doubt the poorer. It has been impoverished of many things—of mirages and nightmares, of promises and menaces, of yearnings and forebodings—not to mention assorted utopias and catastrophes. And along with these losses Europe has been—or should be by now—deprived of a metaphor that has served as an alibi for things that went wrong in Europe. But European losses should result in American gains. Living up to the demands of Europe's imaginary America has always put a strain on the nation's moral resources. It also helps account for the proliferation and durability of national myths and the energy that has gone into sustaining them. If America could accommodate herself to being somewhat less of a dream (or nightmare) and more of a reality—then the strain on the nation's moral resources would be lightened, and so would the burden of myth.

Clearly, it would be better for everybody, Americans included, if people stopped fabricating fantasy Americas.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

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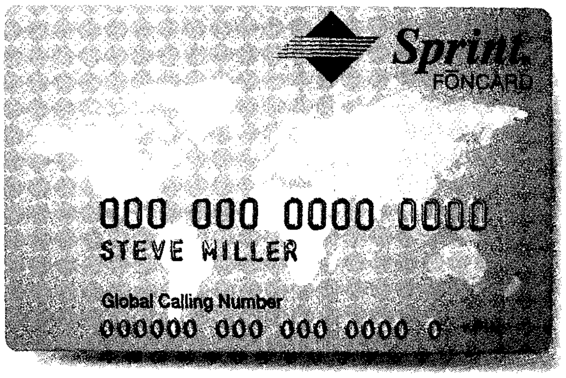

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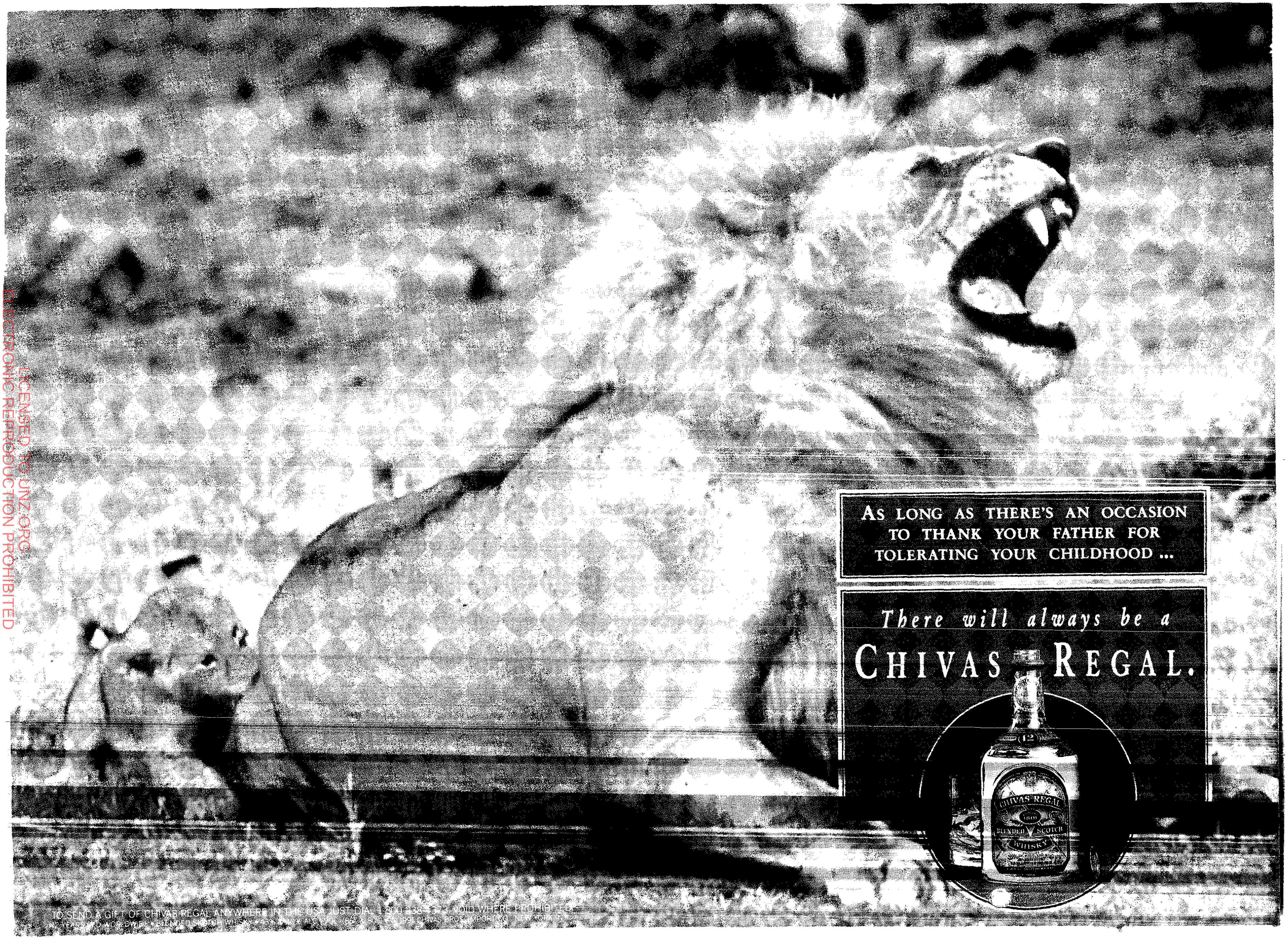
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